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AMERICA AND HUMANITY

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

JULY, 1919

AMERICA AND HUMANITY[1]

BY THE EDITOR

I HAVE come to speak to you today upon the most vital problem which has confronted the people of America since the birth of the Republic. I shall make no preface and no exordium. There are times when, in the consideration of movements affecting human progress, rhetoric has no place. This is one of those times.

We are at grips with the world and with ourselves. Not incidentals but fundamentals demand the gravest attention of you men who are about to go forth into the world charged with the solemn obligation to take from the hands of your predecessors and bear onward and upward the torch of human liberty. I congratulate you upon being young and virile. I congratulate you upon your acquisition, through study and discipline, of the power to reason. I congratulate you upon the highmindedness and broadmindedness which germinate in the life of the modern university. I congratulate you most of all—and this I speak from the bottom of my heart—upon being Americans.

I cannot doubt that you appreciate your country, that you have faith in your country, and that you love your country. For this reason, in all sincerity and without the slightest trepidation, I congratulate you upon the assumption of exceptional responsibilities to God and man.

Never before in the history of the Republic, not even

[1] Commencement address delivered at Syracuse University, June 11, 1919.

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in the dark days preceding the Civil War, has so deep an obligation been thrust so sharply and so unexpectedly upon an untried generation. Never before, I hope and pray, has such a generation been better equipped mentally, morally, and spiritually for the meeting and mastering with understanding, courage, and faith the overpowering issue which presses irresistibly for immediate solution.

The question is not whether America has failed. We all know that she has not. We behold on all sides in the unparalleled prosperity, the recognized virtues, and the modest chivalry of her sons and daughters, indisputable evidences of her unexampled triumph. The past is secure. The present is as satisfying as could be expected in a time of universal turbulence. It is the future, the immediate future, which deeply concerns us.

There is no change in the mission of America to serve mankind. The only question is whether a change in method is essential to the complete fulfillment of what has already been accomplished. The farsighted builders of our national independence had such a contingency in mind when they proposed the great Declaration which still lives as the spring from which have flown our manifold blessings. Life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness were pronounced inherent rights, but no more so than the right of the people to alter or abolish any form of government destructive of those ends.

"Prudence, indeed," it was said, "will dictate that Governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown, that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such Government, and to provide new Guards for their future security."

The direct reference, of course, was to the subjection of the Colonies by the mother country, but the principle thus enunciated applies with equal force to the present situation. Has the time come when, conformably to this fundamental truth, our form of government must be changed if we would consummate the great purposes to

which the young Republic was dedicated? That is what we are asked to do in the name and for the sake of humanity. Upon that point there rests not a shadow of doubt. No sophistries can disguise the fact that any permanent engagement with any other Power involves to some degree surrender of the absolute independence which for nearly one hundred and fifty years has been the keystone of the Republic. It follows then inevitably that alliances such as are contemplated by the proposed League of Nations involve a change, however great or small, in the form of our Government. It is equally true that the transferal of any part, however infinitesimal, of our sovereignty to representatives of other Powers, comprising an autocracy of governments, not of peoples, tends, in the language of the great declaration, "to reduce the people under that absolute despotism" which it is their duty to reject "for their future security."

These statements have not been and cannot be challenged successfully. That they are disputed I am well aware, but assertion is not argument, and mere didactics, however eloquent, persuasive and appealing, cannot withstand manifest and irresistible facts.

I shall not attempt to analyze in detail the proposed Covenant. It is not necessary to do so. Surely none can question that any engagement committing the United States to cooperate with certain Powers in waging war upon certain other Powers under any circumstances for any purpose involves permanent entangling alliances which hitherto have been avoided conformably to the adjurations of the Fathers. So much at least is plain and unescapable.

But it is maintained that this is not a vital concession because our freedom of action is reserved and the sovereignty of the Nation consequently remains unimpaired. Is this the fact? The first and chief prerogatives of sovereignty, it is axiomatic, embrace absolute and unqualified rights to make war or peace at will. Now Article X of the Covenant reads as follows:

"The members of the League undertake to respect and *preserve* as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League."

No language could be more explicit, no pledge more definite. I shall not dwell upon the consequences to lib-

erty-seeking peoples if such a compact of controlling Powers had existed in the past. They are only too apparent. France could not have come to the aid of the thirteen colonies and neither in 1782 nor since could America have achieved her independence. Your and my United States could never have come into being. True, it may be argued that our people would have fared as well, if not better, if they had continued to live under British dominion, but I cannot deem it an exaggeration to say that such has not been the common impression—not at any rate until now; and I doubt if it is today, despite the fact—and it is a fact—that if the proposed League shall become effective America will presently revert in all essentials of government to her former position as a British colony.

Cuba, of course, could not have been freed because, under the terms of the Covenant, the United States, in going to her assistance, would have been held to have declared war upon the entire League.

Take a case immediately in point. One may or may not sympathize with Ireland's ambition to achieve independence, but it is difficult to conceive of any lover of freedom contemplating with gratification her perpetual enchainment by England with the acquiescence and, if need should arise, the forceful assistance of the United States. True it is, as claimed, that the League leaves to each member the privilege of dealing with internal revolts as it may see fit, but this mere fact, taken in conjunction with Ireland's probable inability to achieve independence without foreign aid, leaves her forever at the mercy of England.

This, according to the advocates of the League, including our Peace Commission in Paris, is regarded as eminently right and proper and the only way, indeed, in which the associate members can maintain the existing "territorial integrity" of one another. But, helpless though the people of Ireland are now, confronted upon all sides by English bayonets, the time may come when they will be able to set up a government of their own, as our forefathers did, and even to attack England. That would make for "external aggression" and Great Britain would have the right to call upon the United States to join in her war against Ireland.

And the United States would be bound to respond.

Upon this point and, strange as it may seem, upon this point alone, we have the authoritative judgment of our own official representative. On May 10 the President cabled to his secretary for publication the following message:

"Happily there is no mystery or privacy about what I have promised the Government here. I have promised to propose to the Senate a supplement in which we shall agree, subject to the approval of the council of the League of Nations, to come immediately to the assistance of France in case of unprovoked attack by Germany, thus merely hastening the action to which we should be bound by the Covenant of the League of Nations."

The precise terms of the agreement under which the President has pledged, so far as he is empowered to pledge, the United States to go immediately to the assistance of France in the contingency noted have not yet been revealed, and consequently are not susceptible of enlightened consideration. But his declaration that the commitment conforms to and merely hastens "the action to which we should be bound by the Covenant of the League," is highly significant as the first clear definition we have yet had of the specific obligations of our Government as a qualified member. It is, in a word and unequivocally, to go immediately to the assistance of another member confronted by external aggression. If the engagement applied only to France as against only possible unprovoked assault by Germany within a certain period of time it would not inevitably trench upon our traditional aloofness from permanent alliances, although for other reasons, such as arise, for example, in determining whether an attack is provoked or otherwise, it is surely novel and necessarily hazardous. With that particular and so far in detail unrevealed promise, however, we need not now concern ourselves.

The essential feature of the President's declaration is that the pledge of immediate assistance in force is neither confined to France nor limited in time, but is made in common to all members of the League and in perpetuity. Although released for public inspection inferentially and perhaps inadvertently, it is none the less conclusive and, I may add, disconcerting, since the magnitude of the responsibility thus assumed can hardly be measured. Indeed, the mere suggestion that the United States might be induced, under any circumstances, to hold its armies and navies subject to

the call of any one of thirty nations, scattered the world over, for defensive or any other purposes, seems inconceivable. And yet, under the President's own admission, it is so written and so agreed in the Covenant.

Mr. Taft, to his credit be it said, proposed a plain, straightforward amendment providing that any American state or states "may protect the integrity of any American territory and the sovereignty of the government whose territory it is, whether a member of the League or not, and may, in the interest of American peace, object to and prevent the further transfer of American territory or sovereignty to any European or non-American power." This, as Mr. Taft truly says in his memorandum, is "the Monroe Doctrine pure and simple." Mr. Wilson rejected it absolutely in both form and substance. He substituted in its stead the following amazing declaration:

"Nothing in this covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace."

And in his speech presenting the Covenant he condensed his elucidation into three words, "This is new." That is all he could find to say of this definite and conclusive renunciation of our most cherished National policy,—for that is what it is and has been for more than a hundred years.

The Monroe Doctrine is not an "international engagement," it is not a "treaty of arbitration" and it is not a "regional understanding." Even if it were, this curiously worded phrase recognizes the validity, not of the Monroe Doctrine itself, but only of "engagements," "treaties" and "understandings" which resemble it. So far from reserving for our own determination this national policy, the Covenant tosses it into the air and vests the power of decision of any dispute over it in the "other Powers" comprising the League.

"Should any dispute ever arise between the American and European Powers, the League is there to settle it." Those are the exact words of the official British manifesto issued within forty-eight hours after publication of the Covenant. And that statement stands. It has not been contradicted by the President or by any other person connected with the so-called American delegation. And

silence gives consent. Both inferentially and practically the United States, in so far as Mr. Wilson can commit the United States, has accepted this open declaration of the British Government, and that acceptance, once ratified by the Senate, would be as binding as an explicit abandonment of the whole principle.

The pretense that internationalizing the Doctrine would strengthen it is palpably ridiculous. In the very nature of the case, to admit European nations to participation in the interpretation and application of the Monroe Doctrine would be to destroy its value; since its fundamental principle is that of separation from just such European meddling. It would be as rational to say that "all men are created equal" from our original Declaration of Independence is "an international engagement" or that our proclamation of the colonies as "free and independent states" is a "treaty of arbitration" or that our very Constitution is a "regional understanding." Like these great fundamental declarations, the Monroe Doctrine is basic and requires, no more than they required, interpretation from foreign sources. We need not hark back to the past for its true meaning. Grover Cleveland put it plainly when he directed Secretary Olney to notify the world that "today the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon which it confines its interposition." Theodore Roosevelt, in the last article written before his death, warned us, his countrymen, that we are "in honor bound to keep ourselves so prepared that the Monroe Doctrine shall be accepted as immutable international law." And as late as January 6, 1916, whatever may be his views today, President Wilson declared to the Pan-American Congress:

"The Monroe Doctrine was proclaimed by the United States on her own authority. It has always been maintained, and always will be maintained, upon her own responsibility."

There you have it, in the graphic words of Hosea Biglow, "plain and flat." And yet this Covenant does not authorize the United States "always to maintain it" as it "always has been maintained upon her own responsibility." On the contrary it transfers the power of both interpretation and execution to the International Council and, if any question respecting its application shall arise,

in the words of the official British pronouncement, "the League is there to settle it."

And France concurs with England.

"It seems to me monumentally paradoxical and a trifle infantile," says M. Lausanne, the chief spokesman for M. Clemenceau, "to pretend the contrary.

"When the Executive Council of the League of Nations fixes 'the reasonable limits of the armament of Peru'; when it shall demand information concerning the naval programme of Brazil (Article VII. of the covenant); when it shall tell Argentina what shall be the measure of the 'contribution to the armed forces to protect the signatures of the social covenant' (Article XVI.); when it shall demand the immediate registration of the treaty between the United States and Canada at the seat of the league it will control, whether it wills or not, the destinies of America.

"And when the American States shall be obliged to take a hand in every war or menace of war in Europe (Article XI.), they will necessarily fall afoul of the fundamental principle laid down by Monroe.

. . . "If the League takes in the world then Europe must mix in the affairs of America; if only Europe is included then America will violate of necessity her own doctrine by intermixing in the affairs of Europe."

Notwithstanding these explicit and forceful expressions of understanding from France and England and notwithstanding the golden silence of the President himself at this time when clearly he must speak or forever hereafter hold his peace, Mr. Taft with characteristic grace and complacency, in tolerant disregard of the rejection of his own amendment, makes the astounding statement that the Monroe Doctrine is fully safeguarded by the Covenant.

I denounce and oppose the ratification of this Covenant for the following reasons which I defy anybody to challenge successfully:

Because, as I have shown, it does involve our country in entangling alliances and so violates the great tradition enunciated by Washington and reiterated by every President and statesman from the inception of the Republic to and including the time of Roosevelt. This fact is undeniable and is admitted.

Because, as I have shown, it does vitiate our inde-

pendence and impair our sovereignty. Thomas Jefferson accurately and graphically defined independence as implying "full power to levy war, conclude peace, establish commerce, and do all other acts and things which independent states may of right do." Sovereignty is no less correctly defined by a later authority in these words: "A state to possess full nationality must have complete external sovereignty and complete internal sovereignty exclusively within itself, that is, possessed by its sovereign. If it lacks either, it falls short of a perfect national character. . . . There can be no actual independence of a state unless the real sovereignty is held within the state." That is the definition of our present Secretary of State, Robert Lansing.

No argument is needed to prove that full and complete nationality as depicted by these two declarations cannot be maintained under the agreements prescribed by this Covenant. That fact also is admitted. The further statement is made that other Powers do likewise, but that is a palliation, not a reason, for the sacrifice of America.

Because so radical a departure from an established system violates the first principle of a democracy that no change shall be made in either the form or the control of its government unless and until it has been approved by the people themselves. "If," said Abraham Lincoln in his first inaugural, "there be any object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time, but no good object can be frustrated by taking time." I insist that no hasty conception of any one mind, be that mind ever so sagacious, should be fastened upon this nation in direct contravention of all teachings and practices of the past until it has received the approval of the people.

President Lowell, of Harvard, declared in Indianapolis only last week that President Wilson never heard of the plan whose adoption he now demands until 1915. I deny that, in reason, any man, overwhelmed in the meantime by the conduct of a great war, could formulate in detail a project of such magnitude with any certainty or probability of its rightness, of its wisdom, or of its success. I denounce the attempt to impose it upon our country by defiantly intertwining it in a mere treaty of peace as a crime against the Republic. Only its complete separation can give to the people ample opportunity for analysis and discussion

and thus enable them to exercise their own mature judgment. And that is all I ask, readily conceding that, ever as has been, the voice of the people in this democracy ever shall be as the voice of God.

Because no nation, however well fitted by experience and equipped with statesmanlike vision is competent to become the ruler of the world. That is what Great Britain would be under this Covenant. Do you doubt it? Consider first her numerical superiority in the proposed body of delegates: Six to one as compared with the United States. Consider secondly her overwhelming influence, as contrasted with that of this country, upon the scores of smaller European, Asiatic, and African states, each of which would exercise in that body a voting power equal to our own. Consider further, in respect to the proposed council, her separate offensive and defensive alliance with Japan, which she refuses to abrogate. Consider the authority which she would continue to wield over France and Italy by virtue of their utter dependence upon her for their very existence. Consider finally that, by her own peremptory insistence and our pusillanimous concession after futile protest, she would be intrenched for all time in her present control of the seven seas.

Talk about disarmament! Does Great Britain propose to dismantle her fleet? The mere suggestion evokes only righteous indignation from the English people and derisive scorn from English statesmen. She will reduce it, yes, to save expense, but not one ship beyond the point where her navy will continue to be forever as it is today the equal or superior of any two or three navies of other Powers combined. Reduction of armies she would welcome, and why not, since thereby her superiority upon the seas would be magnified correspondingly. Not only, moreover, would she welcome it, but in this Covenant, with our acquiescence, she has provided for it.

The assertion that the United States may accept or reject the recommendations of the council respecting the limitation in size of its army is correct, but that is only at the beginning. What of the continuing situation to follow? Having once determined the size of its army in cooperation with other Powers, conformably to an avowed purpose of a common reduction, the United States agrees that, whatever unforeseen needs may arise for the preservation

of its territory or for the protection of its citizens, it will abide absolutely by that limitation, and it cannot thereafter increase its forces for any purpose except with the consent of the international council.

Much stress has been placed upon the provision that the council can take action only by unanimous vote. This provision has been heralded as a complete safeguard for and a great concession to the United States. Observe how it would work in this instance. Great Britain alone, without the cooperation of a single one of her allies or friends, would possess the absolute veto power upon a proposal of this or any other nation to increase its land forces, however dire the need, for any purpose. Is it not clear that such an arrangement would constitute the mistress of the seas the mistress of the world? Is that what Washington fought for? Is that what the men at Valley Forge suffered and died for? Is that what the brave lads whose heroism has just been celebrated in Flanders' Field made their supreme sacrifice for?

I render full acknowledgment of the magnificent service rendered to civilization by Great Britain during the past few years. I admit frankly and gratefully that, but for the superiority of her fleet, our criminal unpreparedness would have left our own fair land at the complete mercy of a ruthless invader. But never will I, nor, I hope, will you, consent to weld together the chains of dependence and subjection which our forefathers broke one hundred and fifty years ago and commit the destiny of our free Republic to the keeping of the domineering nation which we then defeated, or of any other Power upon the face of the earth.

Because this is not a league to achieve universal peace but an unholy alliance of a few powerful nations, themselves dominated by a single Power, to enforce obedience and submission upon small and helpless peoples by threatening or waging irresistible war. An autocracy such as this proposed has never been known and has never been attempted but once. I do not need to recall to your minds the time when the monarchies of Europe engaged in a precisely similar undertaking. I do not need to instance the coincidence that they too acclaimed their alliance as holy when it was unholy, but I do ask you to remember that it was this young but intrepid Republic that smashed

that infamous combination and clinched its triumph by declaring a policy which would forever safeguard the liberties of the entire Western Hemisphere.

Our fathers condemned that alliance and established the Monroe Doctrine, and in so doing made the largest contribution to the divine cause of human freedom in the history of the world. Are we, their sons, now to vitiate all the beneficent consequences of what they did then by establishing an equally vicious alliance and by crucifying the very doctrine whose promulgation wrought the downfall of that iniquitous oligarchy and whose continuing effects are still seen in the crashing of thrones?

I beg of you young men to reflect upon these things and to cherish the thought that just as Englishmen, Frenchmen, and Italians rightfully glory in the achievements of their respective countries, you have no cause to bow your head in shame as Americans, unafraid and never too proud or too timorous to fight for the country which is your priceless heritage from those dauntless ancestors who cared not for life if unaccompanied by liberty.

Because the greatest asset and chief reliance of humanity itself lie not in a conglomeration of far-flung states, kingdoms, principalities and colonies, but in this great free people united in an imperishable independent Republic. Have we not proved that to the millions who have sought and found refuge, peace, prosperity and happy homes within our borders? Could the last and greatest of battles for civilization have been won but for the irresistible power developed under our free institutions and brought finally, though laggardly, into action? Did not we free Cuba and Porto Rico and the Philippines? Who if not ourselves have kept all South America immune to aggression for a hundred years? Where, if not to America, have people struggling to win their freedom been able to look with confidence for sympathy and kindness?

Where, I should say, until recently when, as a first fruit of the new order, our President coldly notified the inhabitants of Egypt that they would better continue under a foreign yoke? A new definition, is not that, of "self-determination"? I do not question the sincerity, nor perhaps should I doubt the validity of that opinion, but I do deny absolutely the right or authority of any man, be he private, pedagogue or President, to assert, as Mr. Wilson asserted,

that he voiced the judgment not of himself alone, but of the American people.

Is that a fair example of what we are to expect under the League? Is it for that sort of thing that, in the words of the President, we stand "ready to make the supreme sacrifice and throw in our fortunes with the fortunes of men everywhere?" What is the "supreme sacrifice?" It is a term well understood. We know what it means. Upon the battlefield it is death,—death of the individual. And here it is the same,—death, death of the nation. I care not what specious pleas may be put forth in the name of pacifism or humanity, the moment, which pray God may never come, the moment we enter into this infamous compact, craftily constructed by those who have not always been our friends, that moment we sound the knell not only of our own independence but of the hopes of shackled millions throughout the world whose eyes still search the skies for the star of freedom, and whose hearts are sick with longing for the right pronounced by us from God which is as much theirs as ours.

Because this is a Covenant, not for the preservation of peace, but for the protection of power; not for the establishment of justice under the law, but for the enforcement of decrees under arbitrary rule. They say we offer nothing in its stead. That is not true. Chief among the proposals of Mr. Root was the creation of a great Court of Arbitration whose powers should be carefully defined in a new code of international law such as does not now exist, and whose judgments all nations should agree not only to accept but to enforce. There lies the true solution of all world problems, involving no sacrifice of sovereignty, eliminating all possibility of oppression and wrongdoing and guaranteeing to all peoples a fair hearing, a just determination and an inflexible enforcement of righteous judgment. That way and that way alone lies peace. But it was the way of the jurist and statesman, and the way of the autocrat and schoolmaster was substituted.

Because it destroys the powerful incentive for individual achievement and human progress of National feeling. "There are, in short," as Daniel Webster said of that other alliance, "no longer to be nations; there is to be an end of all patriotism." That clearly is what the President had in mind when he declared in his peculiar phrasing to

the French Academy that "the old enterprise of national law is played out." The new enterprise of arbitrary international power over all is to supersede it. That is the thought conveyed. And the thought is confirmed by every word and act of our Peace Commission. Englishmen have spoken loudly and effectively for England, Frenchmen for France, Italians for Italy, Japanese for Japan, but not once in the entire six months has a voice been raised for America. The President of the United States, elected by the people of the United States, to serve them and them alone, has broadened the conception of his obligation as prescribed by his oath of office to "men everywhere." Simultaneously he assumed a new and almost startling right of action when he appended this remarkable signature to the Treaty itself:

"Honorable Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States, acting in his own name and by his own proper authority."

However this be regarded, whether as an unconscious assumption of divine authority as by the kings of old or as a mere symptom of developed egomania, its strangeness as the self-designation of a servant of a democracy is only too apparent. Nothing could evidence more significantly the personal conviction that nationality is indeed played out. But is it true? Was George Washington in the wrong when he wrote to Patrick Henry:

"My ardent desire is, and my aim has been as far as depended upon the executive department, to comply strictly with all our engagements, foreign and domestic; but to keep the United States free from political connection, with every other country, to see them independent of all and under the influence of none. In a word, I want an *American* character, that the Powers of Europe may be convinced that we act for *ourselves,* and not for others. This, in my judgment, is the only way to be respected abroad and happy at home; and not, by becoming partisans of Great Britain or France, create dissensions, disturb the public tranquillity, and destroy, perhaps forever, the cement which binds the Union."

Or when after leaving the Presidency he expressed in a letter to a friend, the hope that all would turn out well—

—"If our citizens would advocate their own cause instead of that of any other nation under the sun; that is, if

instead of being Frenchmen or Englishmen in politics they would be Americans, indignant at every attempt of either or any other powers to establish an influence in our councils or presume to sow the seeds of discord or disunion among us."

Obviously a sharper antithesis between the policy then advised and the policy now advocated could not be imagined. But strong as was Washington's faith, his prophetic instinct was no less sure when he wrote to Thomas Pinckney:

"It remains to be seen whether our country will stand upon independent ground, or be directed in its political concerns by any other nation. Time will show who are its true friends, or, what is synonymous, who are true Americans."

Time is showing the true colors of all leaders—statesmen and patriots, demagogues and self-seekers alike. Of the attitude of one successor of Washington who recently passed away at least there can be no question.

"We must feel in the very marrow of our being," were among the last words of Theodore Roosevelt, "that our loyalty is due only to America, and that it is not diluted by loyalty for any other nation or all other nations on the face of the earth. Only thus shall we fit ourselves really to serve other nations, to refuse ourselves to wrong them, and to refuse to let them do wrong or suffer wrong."

Can you wonder that, in the face of this sturdy declaration, worthy of your own Chancellor, one of the foremost advocates of the League propounded this shocking inquiry:

"Was it the Power called God, working through laws that go wider and deeper than our imaginations can, or was it chance that, while the trial of the experiment was under discussion, removed to higher spheres, we trust, the one man most likely and most able to obstruct it?"

This ghoul-like chortling at the death of Theodore Roosevelt is extreme, I admit, but it is none the less typical. Daily those of us who deplore and dread what we honestly regard as a betrayal of our country, are subjected to like insults. Our motives are pronounced unworthy—partisan, personal and base. Our "pigmy minds" are "loathed" by our President. Our Senators are derided by our former President as men whom he would not trust around a corner. We all are ignorant, narrow and, most terrifying of

all, *little* Americans. But in the midst of this virulence and abuse, you may have noticed that there are two words which are never mentioned. One is Patriot. The other is American. They are taboo in the lexicon of the disciples of Humanity. They too are played out and so cast aside.

It is fitting, it is logical, it is right that this should be so—that persons engaged wittingly or unwittingly in scuttling their country should tacitly regard appropriation of those titles as a profanation.

Do I speak harshly? Not unless the truth is harsh. And whatever of blame there is must rest upon those who abjure calmness and reason and compel the fighting of the devil with fire. For it is a fight, a fight to the limit of resources and endurance to the time when the American people shall be permitted to decide whether they wish to be or are being deprived of their God-given liberties.

It is that great contest which I ask you to join, that sacred cause which I beg you to uphold with all your might and main as you go forth into the world. And I have no question of the response. If you stand for free governments of free peoples against autocratic rule over the many who are weak by the few who are strong, you stand with us. If you are for individualism and nationalism in preference to socialism and internationalism, you are on our side. If you are for justice under the law rather than for power sustained by boycotts and bayonets your minds meet ours. If you are for America first and always as the chief salvation of oppressed human beings anywhere on earth, you will clasp our hands with yours and raise your eyes in single-hearted devotion to the one banner in the whole world which gleams a star for every State and a State for every star.

The issue is clear. The line is drawn. Recall Memorial Day! Two emotions were voiced, two tributes were paid to the flower of American youth who sleep in Flanders fields. One by the Commander-in-Chief who spoke these words:

"These men have given their lives in order to secure the freedom of mankind. . . . The thing that these men left us, though they did not in their counsels conceive it, is the great instrument which we have just erected in the League of Nations."

The other by the Field Commander, under whom they fought and died, who said:

"The principles which our forefathers fought to establish, the heroic dead who lie here fought to maintain. . . . As they went to battle they were united with a holy inspiration, realizing their mighty task and their obligations to their country. Strengthened by the test of war, and with an abiding faith in the Almighty, let us be steadfast in upholding the integrity of our traditions as a guide to future generations at home and a beacon to all. The glory of our independence must remain the leaven and our flag the emblem of all that freemen love and cherish."

The words of Wilson and the words of Pershing! Which was right? Which was wrong? What thought those dauntless sons of America who bore into battle the strength and courage of their ancestors? Not long ago I asked a crippled soldier from the Argonne forest if he had visions of ideals in his dreams during the great battle. He looked at me dazed for an instant, then flushed to the roots of his hair and replied evenly, "I fought for my country and my flag, sir." His flag! His flag and ours—the first we ever saw and, pray God, it may be the last and only one upon which our fading eyes shall rest. But a new banner has appeared. It blows in the breezes off the shores of England. It has been seen in the harbor of New York in the shadow of the great statue. It is the new international flag. It is simple and quite beautiful—a blue stripe between two white stripes. What they symbolize I do not know. This flag over my head was adopted by the Continental Congress in 1777, one hundred and forty-two years ago. The first one was the product of the nimble fingers of that sturdy little patriot, Betsy Ross. Its first public appearance was over Dorchester Heights and, when it was raised, George Washington stood uncovered at the foot of the pole. It has waved ever since in its spotless beauty and untarnished glory. Shall it be lowered now—lowered so much as the fraction of an inch?

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead who never to himself hath said, 'This is my own, my native land'?"

IN THE VALLEY OF DECISION

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

THE choice must soon be made by the American people between a continuation of national freedom and the acceptance of international bondage.

Those who are urging the entrance of the United States into the League of Nations formed at Paris do not like to have the issue stated in this form; but, unless the proposed Covenant is further amended before it is adopted, that is the issue which is to be decided.

A question so vitally touching the future of the Republic should not be treated as a party difference, unless it is made so by those responsible for the Covenant. Thus far the issue has not assumed that character, and there is an easy method of avoiding it. Already the leader of the Republicans in the Senate has expressed the wish that it be not considered as a party difference. It remains for the President, the personal sponsor of the Covenant, to make a public statement that support of the combined treaty of peace and the Covenant of the League of Nations will not be considered a test of party loyalty. With such a declaration the whole question, which ought not to be regarded as a party issue, would be taken out of politics and submitted to the action of the free intelligence of the treaty-making power.

If, on the contrary, the individual freedom of judgment of the Senators regarding the terms of peace and the guarantee to enforce them is brought into question, such an attitude on the part of the Executive toward the legislative branch of the Government raises a new issue, namely, a conflict between representative and autocratic democracy. The Roman Republic was transformed into an Empire by the simple process of assigning all the important offices to Cæsar. Such a proposal has not yet been made in this

Republic, but a resolution has been offered in the Senate by a partisan of the President which contemplated a delegation of unlimited power not authorized by the Constitution or the laws of Congress. If there is to be a new political issue, it is here, and not in the attitude of chosen representatives of the people, that it is to be found.

Since the failure of that proposal, an attempt has been made to force a dictated policy upon the Senate against its expressed dissent. The wisdom or unwisdom of that policy is not the main issue. The real question is, Is the advice of the Senate in a matter of vital interest to the country to be respectfully considered, or is the expressed opinion of a Senator to be treated as mere partisan opposition? If the Senate of the United States should, under the party whip on the one side and any form of reproach on the other, permit its constitutional responsibility for safeguarding the national interests to be diminished, a precedent would be established which would empower any future President of the Republic to exercise uncontrolled personal authority in determining its foreign relations; for, if the President can dispense with advice and free consent in the Conference at Paris, he can also dispense with them in the Council of the League of Nations at Geneva.

It will perhaps be said that, when the President has confidence that he is acting in the public interest and believes he will be sustained by the popular will, he ought not to be under any restraint. In the case of the League of Nations, it is assumed, the President does represent the popular will. All good citizens desire peace; and the League, it is asserted, will secure peace.

The major premise in this argument is a bold appeal for autocratic, as distinguished from representative, government. It may be predicated of an Emperor with as much force as of a President. It is a false doctrine, accompanied by a retinue of false assumptions. It is not proved that the President represents the preponderant will of the nation. The test of it would be for him to resign and stand for a re-election, as a prime minister must do. It is not true that a President should be unrestrained in the execution of his plans, for the Constitution provides an effective restraint. It is true that all good citizens desire peace, but not at the price of our free institutions. There is no certainty that this proposed League of Nations will prevent

war, while it pledges this nation to engage in wars that have no relation to the American continent and no sure basis in principles of justice.

When it is said that the people of the United States desire this League, the modicum of truth in the assertion is that they desire exemption from strife and an opportunity to devote their energies exclusively to the pursuits of peace. An extended and expensive propaganda has, no doubt, by an *ex parte* interpretation of the Covenant of the League of Nations, convinced many persons that the League is an insurance against war. The proper question to put to the people is this: Are you personally willing to serve, or to send your sons and brothers to serve in foreign lands, to settle racial quarrels, to subdue and rule refractory populations, to guarantee their frontiers, and to preserve the possessions of the surviving empires in Europe, Asia and Africa? If you are, you should be in favor of this League; for this is what we must promise to do if we accept the Covenant.

Honest Americans must answer these questions before they can honorably say that they are in favor of binding their posterity, as well as the present generation, to the obligations of this League as a "burden of national duty." No man personally unwilling to perform this duty should wish to bind others to it. It is easy for theoretical pacifists no longer of military age to employ fine phrases about the moral responsibility of the nation, but there is in truth no national duty which does not resolve itself into a personal duty; for the nation can do nothing except by means of the lives and resources of those who compose it.

The advocates of the proposed Covenant have justified their suppression of the more serious side of its engagements on the ground that they will in reality never have to be fulfilled, as if the elements it is intended to hold in check would not immediately profit by the knowledge that they would not in fact be opposed! The extreme poverty of the arguments for the League is made evident by the assertion that, since the Covenant has been amended, we can withdraw from it on two years' notice; but without reminding us that no nation can withdraw unless, up to the time of actual withdrawal, "all its obligations under this Covenant have been fulfilled."

I do not hesitate to affirm that this Covenant does not

embody the ideals for which jurists have been working for a generation. It does not unreservedly adopt International Law as a standard of conduct, but its own "understandings"; that is, its own policies. It contains no declaration of rights, and the members are not bound by any statement of judicial principles. It not only does not accept International Law, it deliberately abrogates it. There are to be henceforth no "neutral rights,"—rights for which this Republic throughout its history has constantly stood, and in which it has at times found its safety. In this League sovereign States are no longer equal. Most of them are distinctly subordinated to the five great Powers. These are to act with preponderant force in their own interest. As Mr. Root has pointed out, this Covenant does not build on the historical development of International Law or of judicial procedure. He justly says: "Instead of perfecting and putting teeth into the system of arbitration provided for by the Hague conventions, it throws those conventions on the scrap heap." Those conventions needed nothing to render them effective except an agreement to defend them as law; and yet this Covenant makes no reference to them, and offers no substitutes for them. Although less important amendments have been made to the first draft of the Covenant, Mr. Root's proposed first amendment, intended to remedy this defect, together with all his other proposals, has been entirely ignored. The result is that the Covenant as it stands neither makes provision for International Law nor for a judicial court. The Council itself is to decide between nations and claims the right to coerce them; but, in Mr. Root's language, "Its function is not to decide upon anybody's right."

As I have said elsewhere,[1] no one can carefully examine this Covenant without discerning that it is the work of politicians and not the work of jurists. They have created an organ of power, but not an institution of justice. They have not distinctly recognized any rights, or made any provision for determining them on judicial grounds.

Only novices in the history of international arbitration are favorably impressed by the articles of the Covenant dealing with that subject. Treaties now in force between the United States and the most important members of the League, not to mention those not included in it, not only

(1) *Present Problems in Foreign Policy*, p. 120.

cover the whole ground contemplated by the arbitral provisions of the League, but more specifically and with more certainty regarding the standards of law by which judgment would be rendered. There is, therefore, no advance made by this League, absolutely no advantage to be obtained, so far as the judicial settlement of international disputes is concerned. Mr. Root, who is the leading American authority on this point, has not hesitated to say of the Covenant, "It puts the whole subject of arbitration back where it was twenty-five years ago." This is a strong statement, but every jurist familiar with the history of the subject knows it is true.

The important fact in this singular arrest of the normal development of international justice is not that, through possible oversight, there have been omissions, but that the omissions were deliberately made in opposition to notified dissent from the first draft of the League as proposed by the Conference. An amendment on this subject prepared by Mr. Root was endorsed by the American Society of International Law, and other highly competent bodies of jurists of a non-partisan character, before it was sent to Paris, where it was entirely ignored. From this fact the inference is justified that the Conference had no intention of placing the League on a juristic basis, or of accepting that basis as an aim or ideal to be realized in the future. On the contrary, it was force, not justice, which was regarded as the foundation of this association of Great Powers and their protégés.

As a result, it is made difficult for some of the small States, and among them the most truly democratic, to become members of the League, without renouncing their most sacred traditions. Take, for example, the case of Switzerland, a republic surrounded by powerful neighbors who have been almost always involved in controversies and frequently in war. In order to assure her existence as an independent sovereign State, Switzerland has adopted the policy of complete neutrality; and, at her own request, has long been recognized in the public law of Europe not only as a neutral but as a legally neutralized State. This is essential to the existence of the Swiss Confederation, and this little Republic not only desires to continue this neutrality but is prepared to defend it with force of arms, as it has during the Great War.

How regardless of such interests in the case of the small States the Conference at Paris has been may be seen by the determination to abolish, nominally in the interest of peace, but actually in the interest of war, that neutrality which has so often restricted the spread of military operations. Without doubt it would be a real advantage to Switzerland to enjoy the protection of an organized Society of States, under a rule of International Law which would defend her neutrality and offer her a tribunal where the unfair exactions of her neighbors might be peacefully met. But this Covenant offers no such inducements to Switzerland. If a member of the League, this hitherto neutralized State would be required and pledged, under Article XVI, "to afford passage through its territory to the forces of any of the members of the League which are co-operating to protect the covenants of the League." This would involve an abandonment of neutrality on the part of Switzerland, and thus expose her, as a co-belligerent of the League, to justified invasion by any hostile Power with which the League might be at war.

No small State can regard without alarm, or at least without apprehension, a combination of Great Powers, such as this League would be, claiming the right of coercion, especially economic coercion, unless that combination is based frankly and explicitly upon International Law as a standard of conduct, a declaration of rights as a guarantee of juristic equality, and itself subject to a tribunal of justice not under *ex parte* control. These conditions are not fulfilled by the proposed Covenant of a League of Nations, which is a military corporation under the control of five Great Powers.

It may, of course, be said that the founders of this League, no matter what it omits, or however defective it may seem, are sincerely aiming at what is right, and especially at peace. This is not a time for impugning the motives of any of these Powers. They are such as may be expected to operate at the close of a terrible war, when all the contestants are exhausted, are desirous of peace, and most of all anxious to come out of the war with the greatest advantages attainable and the fewest disadvantages.

Obviously, such a time is not the most auspicious for a general reconstruction of the world. The situation of necessity involves two opposite points of view, with many

national divergences of interest. In making a concrete peace there are the victors and the vanquished. They cannot possibly see things alike. Unless the peace is made a peace of victory, and not merely a peace of compromise, the whole moral value of the war is lost. The criminal nation must be made to realize its crimes, and to accept a merited punishment. Such a nation cannot possibly see in this League anything but an enemy, a triumphant enemy, who aims at nothing but the means of crushing the vanquished.

It is morally necessary that this punishment be inflicted, that the aggressor be rendered powerless, and that he should never again be able to repeat the offense. The peace of victory should, therefore, have been made promptly and effectively at the moment of victory.

Instead of this, the prospect of a compromise peace has been steadily before the eyes of Germany. Defeat has never been accepted and is now denied by Germany. An opportunity for immediate national rehabilitation—so it is represented—was offered by the fourteen rubrics of peace set forth by the President of the United States as a pledge to a government of the German people. In this Germany professes to have been deceived. She also is now beginning to speak of "scraps of paper."

There never was a reason why Germany should expect peace without paying a penalty for starting the war and prosecuting it in such a ruthless manner. There should never have been any thought of a compromise peace. There should have been, first of all, a prompt announcement of just chastisement, not a belated imposition of a complete servitude of unknown duration, and then the earliest possible chance for a better international order based on justice, in which a renovated Germany might have a place when her act of repentance had been performed.

But we must face the facts as they have been created: an impenitent, self-deceived, and revengeful Germany; a triumphant Britain, coming out of the war with her losses all behind her, and, if the United States will aid in defending her scattered possessions, with nothing, apart from domestic troubles, but the prospect of increased imperial gain and power ahead; a sorrow-stricken France, desolated, fearful of the revived strength of a powerful neighbor, but glorious in her tribulations, and victorious in her fight for life; an Italy in part reintegrated, her great persecutor, Austria-

Hungary, dismembered, a Slav rival creeping toward the Adriatic after much suffering and bitter disappointment; a Russia disorganized and demoralized; and between this demented giant and a hostile Germany, Poland still uncertain of her fate.

Certainly, in this scene of confusion there is need of international solidarity on the part of the free nations, especially of the nations whose united efforts have been victorious in the war. They still have work to do. The problems are European, but as a participant in the war America also is interested in them. No one can doubt the existence of our national duty. The problem is to define it.

Plainly, we cannot honorably retire from the war without participating in the conclusion and guarantee of peace. We have before us then two legitimate problems: a decision regarding the kind of peace that should be made, and the form of guarantee we are prepared to give.

Since last October those two problems have been before this nation. The consideration of them should have been participated in not only by the treaty-making powers under the Constitution, but by the intelligence of the country at large. As a matter of fact, they have been touched upon only incidentally. The whole discussion, so far as there has been any serious thought about these two questions of national duty, has centered about the League of Nations, which to most minds has had no definite meaning, and has been regarded merely as some kind of an expedient to prevent war in the future.

Thus far, it may be said with safety, thought on this subject has not advanced beyond the speculative stage. The central idea of the proposed Covenant is that, if the United States will place all its resources, economic and military, at the permanent disposal of a League composed of the victors in the Great War, the League would possess a power so preponderant that it could impose peace everywhere on its own terms. The idea is not new. Prussia also had it.

To Europe the motive for entering into the League of Nations is a defensive alliance with America. To America the motive is the pacifist ideal. Aside from the President, —who has taken up the idea from the League to Enforce Peace, but without a very generous acknowledgment of his indebtedness—the most active protagonists of the Covenant in the United States are the officers and remaining members

of that society. They know that it is not an embodiment of their own plan, but they hope it will improve with age.

If the aim of the League of Nations were justice rather than power, it would make an appeal which it would be wrong to disregard. As a matter of fact, however, the League is a child of Mars. It is based upon the idea of enforcing peace by the use of power, and not of securing peace by the organization of justice. The Council of the League does not promise to be any more just or any less secret than the Conference which has organized it; and that Conference has found it possible to be unjust, both in principle and in fact: in principle in refusing to accept the idea of the juristic equality of nations; and in fact, by refusing to return to China a rich possession, taken from her by force, the Alsace-Lorraine of the Orient, the Shantung Peninsula. If China's strength were equal to her right, the Conference would not have done this wrong, which the United States is invited to sanction by its guarantee of the League of Nations.

As respects the preponderance of the League through the adherence of America, that depends entirely upon the continued willingness of the United States to bear the cost in money and in lives of regulating the affairs of the world according to the decisions of the Council of the League. Outside the League, acting upon its own decisions, the Republic could freely render all the aid it may be dutiful to offer, in its own manner and upon its own conditions. Within the League, this nation would be bound by all the obligations of the Covenant, and would be no longer free. The decision before the Senate clearly is whether the nation shall retain its freedom or consent to be bound. There are grounds for believing that both peace and justice would be more certain if America, being disposed to do battle for either, were free to act in her own way.

The obligations of the Covenant distinctly involve war. When the contingencies involving it arrive, ex-President Taft asserts, Congress will have no choice but to declare it; and there is no means of knowing against which Powers, or how many Powers, or for what duration, it must be declared, even though no American interest may be affected. By this Covenant every war becomes a World War, in so far as the obligations of the Covenant are concerned. Unless the Covenant is a mere illusion and pretense, the United

States would be bound to participate on one side or the other—the Council would determine on which side—in every Balkan frontier quarrel involving a resort to arms; for, whatever errors the cartographers at Paris may make, under Article X the United States would be pledged to "preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League." Not only all the newly formed States, but all the surviving Empires scattered over the earth, become by this article protégés of the United States.

No one at the beginning of the war would have imagined that it could lead to this result. Although the oriental interests of Great Britain are vital, Sir Edward Grey, on July 25th, 1914, said to the British ambassador at St. Petersburg: "I do not consider that public opinion here would or ought to sanction our going to war over a Serbian quarrel."

That a pledge to do what Sir Edward Grey thought ought not to be done would be provocative of trouble rather than a means of averting it hardly admits of doubt. It would tend to destroy national responsibility. Such protection would undoubtedly be presumed upon. The United States could exercise a far greater influence if its favor had to be earned and deserved by right conduct than if it were bound in a compact from which it could not escape without a breach of faith.

It is unfortunate that the treaty of peace and the form of guarantee are united in a manner that is intended to be indissoluble; for here are two separate questions: (1) What should be the terms of peace? and (2) In what manner should the United States undertake to guarantee the execution of them?

It has been intended that the Senate should have nothing to say regarding either the terms of peace or the form of guarantee. Both have been decided upon at Paris, and yet the guarantee is not satisfactory to France, which refuses to trust to the effectiveness of the League and desires a separate compact for her security.

What is most objectionable in this forced combination of the terms of peace and the guarantee is that the League of Nations Covenant is not merely a pretended guarantee of the peace with Germany, in which we have a national interest, but an attempt to involve the United States in mat-

ters which in no way concern this Republic. It draws the United States into responsibilities remote from the causes which determined the entrance of this country into the war.

Our first duty toward our co-belligerents was obvious. It was to aid in imposing a peace of victory upon the common enemy, and to do so as promptly as possible. Having done that, it was our next duty to write into the treaty of peace that a renewal of the war by an unprovoked attack upon any of our co-belligerents would be regarded as an attack upon them all, including the United States. This would be, so far as the treaty is concerned, an effective guarantee. During the execution of the treaty, and until a real Society of States can be formed on a basis of justice rather than of force, the existing Entente should be continued, with all the community of counsel and discussion that were found necessary in the conduct of the war; for a treaty of peace is not a payment, it is only a promise to pay, and the war will not be really ended until the treaty has been executed.

The League of Nations, it will be said, is designed to take over this responsibility and to see that the treaty is enforced; and it is, therefore, necessary. This virtually ends the Entente, which should be continued until the peace with Germany is executed, and creates an Imperial Corporation which is by no means a universal Society of States, yet claiming authority over every other nation, an authority which the Entente never claimed to possess and never contemplated. Professing to be the "reversionary" of dismembered empires, it proposes to rule them with sovereign authority by "special Acts and Charters." This aspect of the League, which has thus far received but little attention, I have elsewhere discussed at length.[1] Into this new and lawless *imperium,* the United States is invited to enter as a participant, with the assurance of its author, General Smuts, that "the League will have a very real rôle to play *as the successor to the empires"!*

By what principle of law or equity can a constitutional State like the American Republic become a successor to empires, with some of which it has never been at war?

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

(1) *Present Problems in Foreign Policy,* pp. 104, 139.

A REPLY TO LORD ROBERT CECIL

BY JAMES M. BECK

LORD ROBERT CECIL, Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, has made an unusual appeal to the American people in behalf of the League of Nations. His prominent position in the English Government and the conspicuous service he has rendered to his country in the conduct of its foreign relations in the last five years give to his statement peculiar significance.

As Minister of Blockade, it was his delicate task to combat the nagging objections which the Wilson Administration in the period of American neutrality made to the Allies' blockade of Germany, and he handled a situation of extraordinary difficulty with exceptional tact and skill.

In all these negotiations, it was evident that he followed the policy of his distinguished father, Lord Salisbury, who as Prime Minister was disposed to make any reasonable sacrifice to maintain harmonious relations with the United States. As an able and far-sighted statesman, he appreciated, both before and during the present World War, that the best hope of the world lies in the *rapprochement* of the two great divisions of the English-speaking race.

In a formal statement given from Paris on June 2nd, Lord Robert, evidently fearful that the Senate of the United States may not ratify the League of Nations in its present form, appeals to the American people in the following gracious phrases:

> I see it suggested in some places that the United States should not accept membership in the League of Nations because it might involve some sacrifice of national sovereignty. It would be foolish to deny that if nations are to make any organization for peace each of them must be content to modify in some degree, however slight, its liberty of action. That is the inevitable result of coöperation, and I do not wish to underrate the sacrifice involved. . . .

> The United States, as some people are never tired of reminding us, came into the war at a comparatively late period, and, though she threw her whole heart into the struggle and spared no effort to victory, it necessarily followed that her actual sacrifices, both in men and material, were less than fell to the lot of some of her associates. On the other hand, she declared at her entry that she sought no profit, either territorially or otherwise, and that declaration she has fulfilled. I doubt if there is any example in history of a nation, which has taken part in a struggle of comparable magnitude, which has at the end asked for no direct national reward. Yet America may feel that she has done this. That her national interests in the widest sense have been neglected is not true, for the greatest national interest of every civilized State is peace. America has striven for peace, but it has been peace without material reward. She has sought no territorial aggrandizement and no financial advantage.
>
> That is the glorious record, of which, if envy between our countries were possible, I should be envious. *It would indeed be deplorable if, at the end of the conference, something happened to mar this record.*

Guarded as his language is, the implication is unmistakable. It assumes that the refusal of the United States Senate to accept membership for America in the League of Nations would in a moral sense mar her record, and thus make her part in the great struggle less creditable and honorable.

We are left to conjecture what prompted this appeal to the American people. It cannot be doubted that more than one-third of the United States Senate does not look with favor upon the League of Nations covenant in its present form. If ratification is finally secured, with or without amendment, it will unquestionably be an unwilling assent that the Senate will thus give to a final and fatal sacrifice of those great traditional policies, to which America was dedicated from its birth and under which she has grown to be one of the master states of the world.

Lord Robert's appeal to the American people is plainly actuated by fear that the United States Senate may prefer the tried traditions of the Republic to the illusory pretensions of the proposed League of Nations. While he is a skilled diplomat and most guarded in his language, it can hardly be disguised that his formal statement is either an appeal over the heads of the United States Senate to the American people, or an appeal to the Senate itself not to "mar" America's record in the war. In either aspect, its wisdom can well be questioned.

Lord Robert should have taken warning from President Wilson's similar appeal to the Italian people. Its success was not conspicuous. It is true that Lord Robert sustains the position of President Wilson, and may justify his intervention in American affairs on that ground; but he should remember that President Wilson's function with reference to the negotiation of a treaty with the Central Powers will end, at least for the time being, when Germany accepts the treaty, and it is formally submitted to the Senate, whose duty will then begin to determine, as the final treaty-making power in the United States, whether it will accept the result of President Wilson's negotiations. In that conflict of opinion, which may develop into a grave constitutional crisis, no foreign statesman can wisely take part.

Downing Street may not even now fully appreciate the real nature of the treaty-making power in the United States. At one time it was apparently of opinion that the President was the sole treaty-making power and that the Senate was morally bound to ratify that which the President negotiated in the name of America. Perhaps it was encouraged in this erroneous view of the Federal Constitution by President Wilson's academic discourses on the Constitution in his *Constitutional Government in the United States,* in which he taught the thus misguided undergraduates of Princeton that the power of the Senate in the matter of treaties was more nominal than real. He said:

> The President cannot conclude a treaty with a foreign Power without the consent of the Senate, but he may guide every step of diplomacy; and to guide diplomacy *is to determine what treaties must be made,* if the faith and prestige of the Government are to be maintained. He need disclose no step of a negotiation until it is complete; and, when in any critical matter it is completed, *the Government is virtually committed.* Whatever its disinclination, the Senate may feel itself committed also.

Both President Wilson and his confreres at Paris have discovered that such is not the fact, and that the Senate of the United States will not in this crisis so easily surrender its high prerogative to determine the foreign policy of the nation.

Even now it is still assumed by many, even in America, that the President and the Senate are equal powers in the conduct of America's foreign relations. While the initia-

tive in diplomatic negotiations is given to the President, yet he can only act "with the advice and consent of the Senate," and this obviously means, however precedent may have temporarily increased the Presidential prerogative, that the authoritative voice, at least in any final decision, is that of the Senate.

The Senate is thus the dominant force in the treaty-making power; for, if I instruct my agent to draft a document subject to my "advice and consent," can it be questioned who has the greater voice?

I shall not discuss the very disputable question whether the proposed League of Nations will make for the peace of the world or whether the participancy of the United States in its Executive Council would be either for the good of the United States or for the welfare of the League. I content myself with saying that the developments of the Paris Conference do not justify the hope that the admission of America into the somewhat discordant family of European nations would serve the cause of peace. The attempt of the American peace representatives to determine the future of Fiume, Dantzig and Shantung has neither helped America nor her Allies. Would not our Allies have made a speedier and better peace if America had followed her traditional policy of "minding her own business" by refusing to take part at the Peace Conference in any questions that were peculiarly European or Asiatic?

My only purpose is to discuss briefly the possible effect of the League of Nations upon Anglo-American solidarity. Lord Robert would undoubtedly agree that the best hope of mankind lies in the *rapprochement* of England and America, and I use the word, not in its broader sense of a reconciliation—for, fortunately, there is nothing to be reconciled—but in its narrower sense of a "coming together" in sympathy and interest. Such was undoubtedly the opinion of Sir Robert's illustrious father, one of the greatest and most far-seeing Prime Ministers who ever presided in Downing Street. He believed that England should make every reasonable sacrifice to retain the good-will of the United States.

With this in mind, the Marquis of Salisbury refused to quarrel with the United States over the Venezuelan controversy, and later in 1898 refused to enter into any European coalition to defend Spain.

Thus began the *rapprochement* of England and America. Notwithstanding some minor discords, which must in some way be resolved into fuller harmonies, great progress was made in the development of an Anglo-American *entente,* and this movement finally received an enormous impetus, that otherwise a century could not have given to it, in the mutual appreciation and understanding of the World War. No one can question the whole-hearted sympathy of the American people for the cause of the Allies, or its admiration for England's part in the great tournament of the nations. The reception, which Balfour received when he came to America, did not differ from the popular triumph accorded to Joffre and Viviani. Last December, a thousand American cities and communities united in a tribute of respect and admiration for England's part in the war. Such a popular demonstration of appreciative admiration would not have been possible five years before.

If Lord Robert should visit America—and he or any of his associates in Downing Street would be most welcome—he would find that the proposed League of Nations is slowly undermining the Anglo-American *entente.* There is in America a growing sense of irritation that she should be forever entangled by the proposed League in the spider-web of European politics. This does not mean that the American people desire to resume a policy of isolation, which in fact they abandoned twenty years ago when they declared war against Spain and took permanent possession of the Philippines. It is a common error to suppose that America has no choice except between two alternatives,—the one a hermit-like isolation, and the other, complete participation in world politics by membership in the League. There is a middle course which retains independence without isolation. It recognizes that America, as one of the master states of the world, and potentially the most powerful, should assume responsibilities in civilization and should not restrict its political activities to the Western Hemisphere. Many thoughtful Americans believe, however, that this responsibility can be met without sacrificing the independence of America, and they believe that America will render its greatest service to the world, if it is allowed to express its opinion as an independent and impartial state, as each crisis in civilization arises. America's

influence will also be greater if in international affairs it reserves its judgment for the very great questions, which affect all civilization, and does not take part in every local dispute between nations, such as the Fiume controversy, or that with respect to Teschen or the Banat of Temesvar. This influential class of Americans believe that for many reasons America cannot take part to any advantage, either to itself or to civilization, in questions that are primarily of European or Asiatic origin, and that, if it attempts to do so,—as has been done in its name at the Paris Conference in the cases of Fiume, Dantzig and Shantung—it can only dissipate the immense moral influence which America would otherwise have.

These views are not held in America by the enemies of England, but by many of her warmest friends. Many of the most distinguished proponents in America of the League of Nations were formerly either pro-German or, in any event, pacifists, who ardently supported President Wilson's policy of neutrality. On the other hand, the opponents of the proposed League are mainly those who from the beginning of the war advocated the participation of America on the side of the Allies.

The sense of irritation, with which many good Americans view the "entangling alliance" of the League, is likely to grow in the immediate future, and it can only be hoped that it will only be temporary and that the potent tie of blood-comradeship in arms will overcome the growing feeling of irritation which the discussion has brought about.

If Lord Robert and his confrères in Downing Street value above every other result of the war the Anglo-American *entente,* let them consider, before it is too late, the effect upon Anglo-American relations of a grudging ratification of the League of Nations by the United States Senate. It cannot be questioned that a majority of the United States Senate look upon the League with disfavor. Indeed, if it were not for the natural desire of the Democratic members of the Senate to sustain the policies of the Administration, especially on the eve of a Presidential election, it can hardly be questioned that an overwhelming majority of the Senate, representing both parties, would refuse to accept membership for America in the League of Nations.

As I write, it is altogether probable that, unless the League is amended and Article 10 is eliminated or radically modified, the proposed League will not secure the assent of the requisite two-thirds, or even a majority, of the Senate. It is not difficult to imagine the deep irritation that will result on both sides of the Atlantic if America rejects the League of Nations. While its own representatives proposed the League at Paris, they did so without any mandate from the American people and in the teeth of an overwhelming vote last November, with which the American people refused to give a blank power of attorney to President Wilson to carry out his peace policies.

Let us assume that in view of the present crisis in civilization the Senate in the supposed interest of peace ratifies the League. In my judgment, no greater harm could result to Anglo-American unity than such reluctant assent. The Senate would in that event accept a League of Nations which more than one-third of its membership have already denounced, not because they believed it was for the good of America, but solely because it had been so interwoven in the Peace Treaty that it could not be rejected on its merits without prolonging the agony of the world. In that event, the Senate would bitterly resent the fact that their high prerogative was virtually destroyed by the ingenious device of so interweaving the Peace Treaty with the League of Nations that the duress of events deprived the Senate of its ordinary freedom of decision.

Even assuming that a majority of the American people favor this course, is it not probable that when the League of Nations begins to function and America finds itself entangled in far removed controversies, in which it has little sympathy and even less interest, that there will be a great reaction against the League of Nations? In that event the cause of Anglo-American unity will suffer a fatal setback, for the impression is unfortunately widespread in America that the League is of British origin. Thoughtful Americans know better and fully realize that this misbegotten venture has its true source in the very pacifist movement in America, that did all it could to keep America from any participation in the World War.

The present policy of the British Government may meet a temporary emergency; but it seems to me short-sighted. It invites the hostility of America and not its friendship. If

the League of Nations had never been proposed, America would have been a sincere friend and in important crises a useful ally to Great Britain and France. The folly of the dog who dropped the bone to grasp at its reflection in the water, is repeated in England's and France's effort to tie America by parchment and red seals in an alliance which can only convert a willing friend into an unwilling partner. The United States will render a greater service to the cause of civilization, if its service be voluntary and not a matter of contractual obligation.

That a European League of Nations is a desirable thing is probably true, and that the United States should from time to time coöperate with it in preserving the peace of the world, is equally clear; but I am satisfied that the American people will render a greater service and have a greater moral influence, if it determines its course as each crisis in civilization arises, and as an impartial and independent arbiter.

The immense moral influence that the United States had in the World War, even in the days of its neutrality, was due to the fact that it viewed the great controversy from a detached position and in an impartial spirit. Its judgment in the future will have greater force if it preserve that position of independence and impartiality, than if it impairs its influence by taking part, as a member of the League, and one of the self-constituted "voting trust" of Five Nations, in the inevitable intrigues between nations, to which that League will necessarily give rise, with reference to purely European and Asiatic questions.

The proposal of a League of Nations postponed peace and aggravated by inordinate delay the present anarchy in civilization; but also gave rise among the Allies to a disunity in spirit if not in aims, which otherwise would never have existed. Only Germany is whole-heartedly in favor of it. Certainly she would be the greatest beneficiary. She clamors for admission into the League as the most hopeful method of dividing the Allies by intrigue.

When the armistice was signed, a great majority of the American people would have welcomed the recognition of an *entente* between Great Britain, France, Italy and the United States; but, instead of such an *entente,* a misguided attempt was made to draw the United States into an obligatory covenant, which sought to compel it with little com-

pensatory advantage to underwrite the territorial boundaries and political independence of possibly all the nations in the world.

Undoubtedly, when the covenant of the League was first proposed, a large majority of the American people favored it in principle. It appealed to them because the idea was a big one and because it was inspired by a great ideal; for America, notwithstanding its material interests, is a nation of idealists. But, as soon as the plan was studied in the concrete, thousands of thoughtful Americans, remembering the most sacred traditions of our country, under which we had grown and prospered, deeply resented an indefinite and entangling alliance with all the nondescript nations of the world.

If I had the child-like faith which enables some to believe that the League of Nations will bring about a durable peace with justice throughout the world, then I could reconcile myself to the disadvantages which I have suggested; for such a peace is so great a *desideratum* that there is no sacrifice in reason that any nation can make that it should not make. Believing, as I do, that the League will be ineffective for that purpose, and rather tends to cause wars than to prevent them, I can only regret that the moral value of America's verdict will, in future crises of civilization, be greatly impaired by such participation in the purely local politics of Europe and those of the Far East as we have witnessed in the Peace Conference.

The future relations of England and America depend less upon written treaties and formal covenants than upon mutual appreciation and understanding. The potent sentiment of loyalty to the great destinies of the English-speaking race will do more to keep Great Britain and the United States in friendly coöperation than the artificial covenants of any league. The latter may mar, they cannot make, an Anglo-American Entente.

Lord Robert admits that America made great sacrifices in this war without asking for any material return. He truly says that such a course of altruism is without precedent in the world's history. Perhaps he does not wholly realize the extent of America's sacrifices. It is not alone that three hundred thousand of our soldiers were either killed or wounded or that we have saddled upon future generations of Americans a stupendous debt, which is likely to amount

to thirty billions of dollars before the debts of the war are fully paid; but, in a manner that Lord Robert cannot fully appreciate, our institutions have suffered a serious impairment.

The greatest of America's traditions was its detachment from European intrigue, which enabled it to pursue its own path and to decide successive crises free from the embarrassment of entangling alliances.

An American may well ask: "Why should America make this final sacrifice? How will it 'mar its record' of disinterested service, if, asking nothing for itself in return for immeasurable sacrifices, it now declines to turn its back forever upon the great tradition of independence in world affairs, which it owes to its Founder, George Washington, and in which every American statesman and party consistently concurred until Mr. Wilson became President?"

As an American, who from the beginning of the World War believed in the cause of the Allies and America's duty to participate, I cannot believe in such abandonment of her tried policies. I am not an advocate of isolation. America's place will always be by the side of the liberal democracies of the world. So believing, I look with apprehension upon this misguided attempt of doctrinaire statesmen to draw America into an impossible and "entangling alliance" with many nations, liberal and illiberal, hostile and friendly. I prefer President Washington's definition of our foreign policy to that of President Wilson. So finally will America decide, and in so doing will not "mar" her glorious "record."

JAMES M. BECK.

WANTED—ARMY REORGANIZATION

BY HON. HENRY J. ALLEN, GOVERNOR OF KANSAS

WHY did a victorious army which made the supreme test in France come home with a "grouch"?

Why did a lot of wholesome, young Americans. who had given themselves without reluctance to the task over there, who had served with conspicuous dash and bravery, who had been cited, and decorated and "general-ordered" for their great work, come home hating the army? Why did so many of them say on the day they landed in America, "My first desire is to get out of this uniform and into 'cits'"?

When the war opened, the country heard with approval that this was to be a scientific war so far as America was concerned. The entire management was to be turned over to the regular organization. The National Guard units were to lose their identity as such and become merged into a general army. West Point was to have a chance to put into practice everything it knew about war; the country was to contribute sufficient money and war materials with which to equip a huge army and the raw man-power with which to provide reserve officers and soldiers.

Everything worked out admirably on paper, and West Point stood forward to take up its load. The country had ample confidence, ample money and ample raw man-power. And the country exhibited another trait at that hour, which America exhibits only when meeting a real crisis, a determination to see the game through without complaint or criticsim while the stress was on. The people contributed willingly not only their sons, but their wealth. They adopted a patriotic and unquestioning attitude; they submitted to a censorship as drastic, if not as intelligent, as that which was ever exercised in Germany—they did it all gladly for the cause. They quit talking, but kept thinking,

and praying and watching the one great contribution we made—the raw man-power, and they kept hoping the best of West Point.

Now the war is over. Something more than a million men have returned from overseas, and out of the tongues that are loosed America is getting a very adequate and faithful realization of how things went.

One contribution made by America stood out. No man may cast a reflection upon it. The European world has appraised it, acclaimed it, decorated it. That contribution was American man-power. After we have given due praise to that, the holiday seems over.

For many years we had been calmed by the assurance that, while we didn't have much of an army, we were long on a trained staff; that all we needed was to distribute the West Point and staff college wisdom and training throughout a civilian soldiery. We expected the professionally trained soldier to create a scientific army and a scientifically trained supply staff to equip it. All the country had to do was to pay the bills and wait.

Our first disillusionment was in the creative genius of the staff which was to provide us with transportation, ordnance, material and airplanes. The officers who had charge of the supply end refused to be hurried. They had their own notions about machine guns, and they seemed to proceed upon the theory that the battle would wait until we had made a special gun, more suitable to American use than any being used in the world.

We spent some millions, and, what was more valuable than money at the hour, some valuable months, carrying on debates and experiments in the very face of a crowded emergency which called for guns. Finally we fought at Chateau-Thierry, at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne Forest with machine guns purchased from our war-burdened allies. We wanted an airplane all our own, and the scientific gentlemen who were running the war for us locked up a room full of airplane experts and bade them produce a wonder. They expended six hundred million dollars before making a plane. They wasted months of time, and the most mechanical nation in the world—the nation that had been pioneer in the science of flying—sent its troops into their crucial hour in the Argonne Forest unprotected from the air.

Everything the supply staff touched seemed to suffer delay. We did not do so well producing munitions for ourselves under stress as we had done for our allies under the ordinary routine of commercial production. As a result, after a year and a half of hurrying up, backed with uncounted millions in money, representing a land that possessed fabulous mechanical resources, the American army took charge of its sector in September, 1918, with less material of war supplied by our own country than the troops of Indu-China would have had if they had occupied a place on that line.

Early in September General Pershing, in command of the American Forces, sent messages to Washington begging for more war material and giving a list of the shortages in animal transportation, motorized transportation and other war materials. He was obliged to go into the battle of the Argonne Forest September 26th with these shortages, and suffered ghastly losses because he was obliged to send raw man-power against the superb mechanical equipment of the German army.

On October 13th he again cabled the War Department that its "failure to fill tonnage allotments resulted in the improper equipment of regiments and the uneconomical diversion of vehicles urgently needed for other purposes." He called attention to the fact that only one hundred and fifty cars for reconnaissance and staff observation purposes arrived during the months of September and October. He also called attention to the lack of repair trucks and the general motor transport situation, and said,

> On account of the non-arrival of motor transports and animals as heretofore requested, our situation in respect to animal transport is becoming increasingly and alarmingly serious. Unless supplies are furnished when cabled for, our armies will cease to operate.

For two weeks before this message the Americans had been going forward through the gloomy Argonne Forest, assaulting without adequate war material the Hindenburg Line. They couldn't wait. Pershing had taken over that part of the line. There was nothing to do except to oppose the thoroughly equipped and mechanically supported German line with our partially equipped army.

It has taken some time to make the people at home realize the handicap under which the American army fought, because the censorship had created a deliberate lie about

the real situation. The impression had been studiously built up that we had over 7,000 airplanes in Europe, that there was American ordnance in plenty, that there was ample transportation and that the material equipment of the army left nothing to be desired. This studied misrepresentation was the most audacious chapter in the history of the war. It reflected real genius. It transcended ordinary lying and reached into the realm of constructive literary talent. Now when the situation is exposed, the defenders of a policy of misrepresentation say "Well, we won the war, didn't we?" Some of them add that it was necessary to carry on the false pretenses to save the morale of the people at home. A man who acted as a corps commander in France has made that silly statement to me within the last ten days.

The production and supply situation fell down in Washington for the same reason that army efficiency fell down elsewhere. Many of the old army men could not expand. They became hopelessly entangled in their own red tape. Their system precluded the possibility of speed and they did not have the elasticity to meet emergencies. In fact, they had never had any emergencies to meet before. A professional army school has no emergencies—everything runs like clockwork.

There were many magnificent officers who made great progress, but the unanimity with which the returned civilian soldiers are expressing their discontent, the similar manner in which they assail the system under which they fought in France, indicates that something more than the natural reaction against army life of soldiers returning from an overseas campaign must be considered as responsible for their attitude.

I have just received from a private soldier who returned only a week ago from Germany a letter in which he says, "I am in sympathy with any effort to improve the army system. There is too much 'for officers only' in it. In the place where there should be democracy we find only officers and enlisted men. The enlisted man gives up everything and gets nothing." This is a crude declaration, but it voices a sentiment I have heard from many men. No one of them with whom I have talked wants to be an enlisted man again.

"We have been 'West-Pointed' to death" said a tall sergeant to me at Camp Upton. He was an intelligent,

young giant with a Distinguished Service Medal pinned to his jacket and back in his Western home he has a diploma from a college of liberal arts. He went to war with all the cheerfulness that belongs to youth confronting danger. He made a good soldier, but he came back hating the American army system.

"They forgot we were men and tried to make mere automatons of us," he said bitterly.

This reaction is so general among the men that it can be accounted for only upon the ground that the professional army officer failed to realize that he was dealing with a different class of Americans than those who make up the regular army in days of peace. The army which went to France in National Guard and National Army units was a cross-section of whatever community the unit came from. In the ranks were men who were socially and mentally the equal of their superior officers. They all realized that discipline was necessary, but they also realized that the system of military caste which characterized the West Point attitude was not American. With very accurate discernment they called it a "Prussian" military attitude.

The gulf between the men and the officers under this system was as wide as the gulf between the professional military man and the civilian had been in days of peace. When I talked to reserve officers, their reflections were unanimous to the effect that the system of West Point has produced rigidity, narrowness and a cheap aristocracy in officers. It created out of a democratic American lad a stiff sort of snob, who lost his initiative and suffered that peculiar mental debility which results from training only one set of faculties to look at life altogether from one single viewpoint.

An intelligent observation by a Lieutenant Colonel of Engineers from civil life ran something like this:

"The officers from civil life caught on rapidly because they knew their need of training. They were bound to no system. Their minds had been kept alert by their practical problems in private enterprises. Their sense of initiative had not become atrophied in an atmosphere of ancient theories. They developed into valuable men for the emergencies of the day over there because the background of their lives before they joined the war was full of actual problems."

I think this officer spoke a truth that is fundamental. He had come from the real life of the civilian, not the artificial life which is presumed necessary to fit the professional soldier. In real life from which these civilians came there was one unvarying standard of success—a man must make good. If he held a position requiring efficiency, it was a position won and kept by actual merit. In this practical school there was no protection for an inefficient man, no masonry of military cohesiveness that kept a man in a position where he commanded other men even though he was markedly unfit to lead.

The professional army has some instincts that resemble the rules of a mutual benefit association—the strong men carry the load and the weak men keep their jobs. The elasticity of a system in which a man must make good in order to hold his job is conspicuously absent from the West Point condition.

There were splendid officers from the West Point group. Their success was due more to their native talents than to their professional army training. This was proved over and over again by the continued presence of notoriously unfit officers of the regular establishment who had graduated from West Point and served long and colorless careers. Although they were conspicuously weak, they kept commands.

The army administrators did not know how to get away from set rules. One of the more ghastly manifestations of this fact was the manner in which they handled the casualty reporting from France. They chose deliberately a system which was bound to fall down. It disregarded every simple and direct method and introduced such a highly organized system of inefficiency that it was bound to give us the results it has given us—today, with the war eight months in the background, we are still receiving casualty reports.

When an intelligent civilian pointed out to the chief of the casualty bureau the fact that the ponderous system the army had adopted was bound to result in a long delay and suggested that the simple method of reporting casualties direct to the United States from the hospital bases and divisional areas be adopted, the haughty chief stared at the civilian and said, " I never heard of such a thing."

When the civilian replied that it was the identical sys-

tem used by the British army, and that through this more simple method of reporting casualties direct, instead of sending them around through a central records office in France, the British army reported all of its casualties within ten days or two weeks, the officer said,

"Just because one army wears red pants is no reason why our army should wear red pants."

Yet this regular army officer, whom I knew very well, was neither unintelligent nor consciously inconsiderate of the rights of the next of kin. He was merely joined to his red tape and you had to let him alone.

I realize that all the criticism now being visited upon the regular army system is of no avail unless it produces for the future a system which is better than the one we have had in the past. That we must have professional training to create a proficient army is, of course, obvious; and it ought to be the frank and eager effort of every American to save what is good in the present situation without continuing the growth of its faults.

The suggestion has been made that West Point shall hereafter be a finishing school rather than a training school. This plan would have some strong arguments in its favor. A lad selected out of a political potpouri who goes to West Point at seventeen years of age and grows up in that atmosphere is no longer a rounded citizen. He is a soldier, trained to fight in a certain way. He has missed all the opportunity of becoming a generally informed citizen. He would be a better officer if he had taken a course in liberal education in a civilian university, studied along with his other departments of knowledge the fundamentals of a military education and gone to West Point for a finishing course. His mingling with other citizens in a civilian university life would have given him a breadth not possible to attain in a soldiers' professional school.

The suggestion has also been made that no man should be admitted to West Point until he has served a period in the ranks and become acquainted with the rights and the duties of a private soldier from the private soldier's viewpoint. The advantage of this is palpable. Such knowledge would have saved from being failures in their commands a good many West Pointers during the past two years.

All of our history has proved that our wars in the last analysis are fought by civilian soldiery, the regular army

being used as a sacrifice to hold the line while the civilian forces are coming up. What we need, of course, is a system which will guarantee the growth of a sufficient military intelligence to provide officers for the future. The composition of the differences between West Point and the National Guard, so that each may be strengthened, is greatly to be desired.

It has been suggested that National Guard officers and reserve officers of proved ability should be permitted to enter staff schools and the war college. Every opportunity should be given to develop real leadership. No man can be a successful officer without this natural quality. Any man with this natural quality and an educated mind can be turned into a first class officer. No amount of education can make a man without this quality a brilliant officer.

Possibly the best American system would be to have a small regular army, with a well trained force of officers qualified to aid in the training of a great force of citizen soldiers, these soldiers to come from men who are not permitted to carry on their occupations and at the same time have an extensive military training. There can be no doubt as to the benefit of military training. Every man who is returning from France today attests it, though most of them oppose the idea of a compulsory system. The National Guard units in this war proved that men who have had even a limited training are of great value.

I have heard it suggested both by regular and civilian army officers that residence of officers at army posts should be abolished. They should be obliged to live in communities where they would be in touch with citizens. More of them should be detailed to the National Guard as instructors. The contact with this civilian atmosphere would be broadening.

If in creating the new system of training officers an effort should be made to use West Point as a finishing school and the staff colleges as post-graduate institutions, it is suggested that every officer should have a preparatory education in some American college. This would broaden the citizen instinct of the officer and give him a better grasp on his work when he comes to the emergency which demands that he train soldiers taken from citizen life.

I have often heard the suggestion within the past two years in France, when the subject of army reorganization

has been under discussion, that our professionally trained officers in time of peace should be detailed to service in telegraph offices, railroad enterprises, manufacturing concerns, store-keeping, and other practical commercial institutions which constitute a part of the nation's war strength in time of trouble.

No re-organization of the army system would be, of course, complete which did not take into consideration the need of a broader education for the staff. The recent war have proved the need of more comprehensive intelligence touching the resources of this country in order that, under the stress of a hurried call, the mobilization of our resources may be secured with more celerity and at less expense. Staff officers should have intelligence in these matters similar to the best intelligence possessed by the leaders of industry, whose services were finally summoned in the recent conflict. The last hour of a conflict, which must have appeared inevitable to the administration for many months, found the army staff wholly unprepared for a general mobilization of our resources, and without an adequate conception of what we had or what we would need. The utter failure in relation to this important matter cost the nation untold wealth and a poignant sacrifice of life.

The American historian who writes of the period immediately preceding the recent great conflict will find himself utterly at a loss to explain the stupid failure of a usually keen nation to make any preliminary preparation for a crisis whose inevitable approach must have been apparent to those in power.

HENRY J. ALLEN.

CHAPTERS OF ROOSEVELT'S LIFE

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

THE PRESIDENT AND THE KAISER

DURING the first years of Roosevelt's Administration he had to encounter many conditions which existed rather from the momentum they had from the past than from any living vigor of their own. It was a time of transition, the group of politicians dating from the Civil War was nearly extinct, and the leaders who had come to the front after 1870 were also much thinned in number, and fast dropping off. Washington itself was becoming one of the most beautiful cities in the world, with its broad avenues, seldom thronged, its circles and squares, whose frequenters seemed never busy, its spirit of leisure, its suggestion of opulence and amplitude, and of a not too zealous or disturbing hold on reality. You still saw occasionally a tiny cottage inhabited by a colored family cuddled up against a new and imposing palace, just as you might pass a colored mammy on the same sidewalk with a millionaire Senator, for the residential section had not yet been socially standardized.

Only a few years before, under President Cleveland, a single telephone sufficed for the White House, and as the telephone operator stopped work at six o'clock, the President himself or some member of his family had to answer calls during the evening. A single secretary wrote in long hand most of the presidential correspondence. Examples of similar primitiveness might be found almost everywhere, and the older generation seemed to imagine that a certain slipshod and dozing quality belonged to the very idea of Democracy. If you were neatly dressed and wide awake you would inevitably be remarked among your fellows; such qualities would imply superiority; and to be superior was supposedly to be undemocratic.

Nevertheless this was a time of transition, and the vigor which emanated from the young President passed like electricity through all lines, and hastened the change. He caused the White House to be remodeled and fitted on the one hand for social purposes which required much more spacious accommodation, and on the other for offices in which he could conduct the largely increased presidential business. Instead of one telephone there were many working night and day, and instead of a single long hand secretary, there were a score of stenographers and typists. Before he left Washington he saw a vast Union Station erected instead of the overgrown shanties at Sixth Street, and he had encouraged the laying out of the waste places beyond the Capitol, thus adding another and imposing section to the city. His interest did not stop at politics, nor at carrying through the reforms he had at heart. He attended with equal keenness and solicitude to external improvements.

Now at first, Roosevelt's chief duty was to continue President McKinley's policies, which concerned mostly the establishment of our Insular Dependencies, and the readjustment of our diplomatic relations. He closed the dispute over the Alaskan Boundary, over our joint control with England concerning the Isthmus of Panama, and he circumvented the attempt of the Colombian blackmailers to block our construction of the Canal.

We must now glance at a matter of almost equal importance—our relations with Germany. The German attack on civilization, which was openly delivered in 1914, revealed to the world that for twenty years before, the German Emperor had been secretly preparing his mad project of Universal Conquest. We see now that he used all sorts of base tools,—German Exchange Professors, spies, bribers, conventional insinuators and corrupters, organizers of pro-German sentiment, and societies of German-Americans. So little did he and his lackies understand the American spirit that they assumed that at the given signal the people of the United States would gladly go over to them. He counted on securing North and South America by commerce and corruption, and not by armed force. The reaffirmation of the Monroe Doctrine by President Cleveland in 1895 seriously troubled him; for he contemplated planting German colonies in Central and

South America without resistance, but the Monroe Doctrine, in its latest interpretation forbade him or any Foreign Government from establishing dominion in either American Continent. Still, two things encouraged him; the Americans were, he thought, a loose, happy-go-lucky people, without any consecutive or deep-laid policy, as foolish republicans must be; and next, he knew that he had the most powerful army in the world, which if put to the test would crush the undisciplined American Militia at the first onset. He adopted, therefore, a double policy: he pretended openly to be most friendly to the Americans; he flattered all of them whom he could reach in Berlin, and he directed an effusive propaganda in the United States. In secret, however, he lost no occasion to harm this country. When the Spanish War came in 1898 he tried to form a naval coalition of his fleet with those of France and England, and it was only the refusal of England to join in it which saved this country from disaster. The United States owe Mr. Balfour, who at that time controlled the British Foreign Office, an eternal debt of gratitude; because it was he who replied to the Kaiser's secret temptation: "No, if the British fleet takes any part in this war, it will be to put iself between the American fleet and those of your coalition."

The Kaiser expressed his real sentiment towards the United States in a remark which he made later, not expecting that it would reach American ears, "If I had had ships enough," he said, "I would have taken the Americans by the scruff of the neck." As it was, he showed his purpose to those who had eyes to see it, by ordering the German Squadron under Diederichs to go to Manila and take what he could there. Fortunately, before he could take Manila or the Philippines he had to take the American Commodore, George Dewey, and when he discovered what sort of a sea fighter the mountains of Vermont had produced in Dewey, he decided not to attack him. Perhaps, also, the fact that the English commander at Manila, Captain Chichester, stood ready to support Dewey, caused Diederichs to back down. The true Prussian truculence always oozes out when it has not a safe margin of superiority in strength on its side.

The Kaiser was not to be foiled, however, in his determination to get a foothold in America. As the likelihood

that the Panama Canal would be constructed became a certainty, he redoubled his efforts. He tried to buy from a Mexican Land Company two large ports in Lower California for "his personal use." These would have given him, of course, control over the approach to the Canal from the Pacific. Simultaneously he sent a surveying expedition to the Caribbean Sea, which found a spacious harbor, that might serve as a naval base, on an unoccupied island near the main line of vessels approaching the Canal from the East; but before he could plant a force there, the presence of his surveyors was discovered, and they sailed away.

He now resorted to a more cunning ruse. The people of Venezuela owed considerable sums to merchants and bankers in Germany, England and Italy, and the creditors could recover neither their capital nor the interest on it. The Kaiser bethought himself of the simple plan of making a naval demonstration against the Venezuelans; if they did not pay up, he would send his troops ashore, occupy the chief harbors, and take in the customs. To disguise his ulterior motive he persuaded England and Italy to join him in collecting their bill against Venezuela. So war ships of the three nations appeared off the Venezuelan coast, and for some time they maintained what they called "A peaceful blockade." After a while Secretary Hay pointed out that there could be no such thing as a peaceful blockade, that a blockade was, by its very nature, an act of war. Accordingly the blockaders declared a state of belligerency between themselves and Venezuela, and Germany threatened to bombard the seacoast towns unless the debt was settled without further delay. President Roosevelt had no illusion as to what bombardment and occupation by German troops would mean. If a regiment or two of Germans once went into garrison at Caracas or Porto Cabello, the Kaiser would secure the foothold he craved on the American coast within striking distance of the projected canal, and Venezuela, unable to ward off his aggression, would certainly be helpless to drive him out. Mr. Roosevelt allowed Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, the American Minister to Venezuela, to serve as special Commissioner for Venezuela in conducting her negotiations with Germany. He, himself, however, took the matter into his own hands at Washington. Having sounded England and Italy, and learned that they were willing to arbitrate, and knowing

also that neither of them schemed to take territorial payment for their bills, he directed his diplomatic attack straight at the Kaiser. When the German Ambassador, Dr. von Holleben, one of the pompous and ponderous professorial sort of German officials, was calling on him at the White House, the President told him to warn the Kaiser that unless he consented, within a given time—about ten days—to arbitrate the Venezuelan dispute, the American fleet under Admiral Dewey would appear off the Venezuelan coast and defend it from any attack which the German Squadron might attempt to make. Holleben displayed consternation; he protested that since his Imperial Master had refused to arbitrate, there could be no arbitration. His Imperial Master could not change his Imperial Mind, and the dutiful servant asked the President whether he realized what such a demand meant. The President replied calmly that he knew it meant war.

A week passed, but brought no reply from Berlin. Then Holleben called again at the White House on some unimportant matters. As he turned to go, the President inquired, "Have you heard from Berlin?" "No," said Holleben; "of course his Imperial Majesty can not arbitrate." "Very well," said Roosevelt. "You may think it worth while to cable to Berlin that I have changed my mind; I am sending instructions to Admiral Dewey to take our fleet to Venezuela next Monday instead of Tuesday." Holleben brought the interview to a close at once and departed with evident signs of alarm. He returned in less than thirty-six hours with relief and satisfaction written on his face, as he informed the President, "His Imperial Majesty consents to arbitrate."

In order to screen the Kaiser's mortification from the world, Roosevelt declared that this transaction—which only he, the Kaiser and Holleben knew about—should not be made public at the time; and he even went so far, a little later, in speaking on the matter, as to refer to the German Emperor as a good friend and practiser of arbitration.

Many years later, when Roosevelt and I discussed this episode, we cast about for reasons to account for the Kaiser's sudden back-down. We concluded that after the first interview Holleben either did not cable to Berlin at all, or he gave the message with his own comment that it was all a bluff. After the second interview, he consulted

Buenz, the German Consul General at New York, who knew Roosevelt well, and knew also the powerfulness of Dewey's fleet. He assured Holleben that the President was not bluffing, and that Dewey could blow all the German Navy out of the water in half an hour. So Holleben sent an urgent cablegram to Berlin, and Berlin understood that only an immediate answer would do.

Poor, servile, old bureaucrat Holleben! The Kaiser soon treated him as he was in the habit of treating any of the servile creatures, high or low. Deceived by the glowing reports which his agents in the United States sent to him, the Kaiser believed that the time was ripe for a visit by a Hohenzollern, to let off the pent-up enthusiasm of the German-Americans and to stimulate the pro-German conspiracy here. Accordingly Prince Henry of Prussia came over and made a whirlwind trip, as far as Chicago; but it was in no sense a royal progress. Multitudes flocked to see him out of curiosity, but Prince Henry realized, and so did the German Ring here, that his mission had failed. A scapegoat must be found, and apparently Holleben was the chosen victim.

The Kaiser cabled him to resign and take the next day's steamer home, alleging "chronic illness" as an excuse. He sailed from Hoboken obediently, and there were none so poor as to do him reverence. The sycophants who had fawned upon him while he was enjoying the imperial favor as Ambassador, took care not to be seen waving a farewell to him from the pier. Instead of that, they were busy telling over his blunders. He had served French instead of German champagne at a banquet for Prince Henry, and he had allowed the Kaiser's yacht to be christened in French champagne. How could such a blunderer satisfy the diplomatic requirements of the vain and petty Kaiser? And yet! Holleben was utterly devoted and willing to grovel in the mud. He even suggested to President Roosevelt that at the State Banquet at the White House, Prince Henry as a Hohenzollern, and the representative of the Almightiest Kaiser, should walk out to dinner first. But there was no discussion, for the President replied curtly, "No person living precedes the President of the United States in the White House."

Henceforth the Kaiser understood that the United

States Government, at least as long as Roosevelt was President, would repel any attempt by foreigners to violate the Monroe Doctrine, and set up a nucleus of foreign power in either North or South America. He devoted himself all the more earnestly to pushing the sly work of peaceful penetration, that work of spying and lying in which the German people proved itself easily first. The diabolical propaganda aimed not only at undermining the United States, at seducing the Irish and other hyphenate groups of Americans, but at polluting the Mexicans and several of the South American States; and later there was a thoroughly organized conspiracy to stir up animosity between this country and Japan by making the Japanese hate and suspect the Americans, and by making the Americans hate and suspect the Japanese. German intrigue was also working in Bogota, and influenced the Colombian blackmailers in refusing to sign the Hay-Herran Canal treaty with the United States, and peered about in the hope of snapping up the Canal rights for Germany.

Outwardly, during the first decade of the nineteenth century the Kaiser seemed to be most active in interfering in European politics, including those of Morocco, in which the French were entangled. In 1904 the war between Russia and Japan broke out. Roosevelt remained strictly neutral towards both belligerents, making it evident, however, that either or both of them could count on his friendly offices if they sought mediation. At the beginning of the war it was generally assumed that the German Kaiser shed no tears over the Russian reverses, for the weaker Russia became the less Germany needed to fear her as a neighbor. At length, however, when it looked as if the Japanese might actually shatter the Russian Empire, Germany and the other European Powers seemed to have a common feeling that a decided victory by an Asiatic nation like Japan would certainly require a readjustment of world politics, and might not only put in jeopardy European interests and control in Asia, but also raise up against Europe what the Kaiser had already advertised as the Yellow Peril. I have no evidence that President Roosevelt shared this anxiety; on the contrary, I think that he was not unwilling that a strong Japan should exist to prevent the dismemberment of Eastern Asia by European land grabbers.

By the Spring of 1905 both Russia and Japan had

fought almost to exhaustion. The probability was that Russia with her vast population could continue to replenish her army. Japan, with great pluck, after winning amazing victories, which left her weaker and weaker, made no sign of wishing for an armistice. Roosevelt, however, on his own motion wrote a private letter to the Czar, Nicholas II, and sent George Meyer, Ambassador to Italy, with it on a special mission to Petrograd. The President urged the Czar to consider making peace, since both the Russians and the Japanese had nearly fought themselves out, and further warfare would add to the losses and burdens, already tremendous, of both peoples. Probably he hinted also that another disaster in the field might cause an outbreak by the Russian Revolutionists. I have not seen his letter—perhaps a copy of it has escaped in the Czar's secret archives the violence of the Bolshevists, but I have heard him speak about it. I have reason to suppose also that he wrote privately to the Kaiser to use his influence with the Czar. At any rate, the Czar listened to the President's advice, and by one of those diplomatic devices by which both parties saved their dignity, an armistice was arranged and, in the Summer of 1905, the Peace was signed. The following year the Trustees of the Nobel Peace Prize recognized Roosevelt's large part in stopping the war by giving the prize to him.

Meanwhile the irritation between France and Germany had increased to the point where open rupture was feared. For years Germany had been waiting for a propitious moment to swoop down on France and overwhelm her. The French intrigues in Morocco which were leading visibly to a French Protectorate over that country, aroused German resentment, for the Germans coveted Morocco themselves. The Kaiser went so far as to invite Roosevelt to interfere with him in Morocco, but this, the President replied, was impossible. Probably he was not unwilling to have the German Emperor understand that, while the United States would interfere with all their might to prevent a foreign attack on the Monroe Doctrine, they meant to keep their hands off in European quarrels. That he also had a clear idea of William II's temperament appears from the following opinion which I find in a private letter of his at this time: "The Kaiser has weekly pipe dreams."

The situation grew very angry and Von Bülow, the Ger-

man Chancellor, did not hide his purpose of upholding the German pretensions, even at the cost of war. President Roosevelt then wrote—privately—to the Kaiser impressing it upon him that for Germany to make war on France would be a crime against civilization, and he suggested that a Conference of Powers be held to discuss the Moroccan difficulty, and to agree upon terms for a peaceful adjustment. The Kaiser finally accepted Roosevelt's advice, and after a long debate over the preliminaries the Conference was held at Algeciras, Spain.

That Roosevelt understood, or even suspected, the great German conspiracy which the Kaiser's hirelings were weaving over the United States is wholly improbable. Had he known of any plot he would have been the first to hunt it down and crush it. He knew in general of the extravagant vaporings of the Pan-Germans; but, like most of us, he supposed that there was still enough sanity, not to say common sense, left in Germany to laugh such follies away. Through his intimate friend, Spring-Rice, subsequently the British Ambassador, he had early and sound information of the conditions in Germany. He watched with curiosity the abnormal expansion of the German Fleet. All these things simply confirmed his belief that the United States must attend seriously to the business of making military and naval preparations.

Secretary Hay had already secured the recognition by the European Powers of the policy of the Open Door in China, the year before Roosevelt became President, but the struggle to maintain that policy had to be kept up for several years. On November 21, 1900, John Hay wrote to Henry Adams: "At least we are spared the infamy of an alliance with Germany. I would rather, I think, be the dupe of China than the chum of the Kaiser. Have you noticed how the world will take anything nowadays from a German? Bülow said yesterday in substance: 'We have demanded of China everything we can think of. If we think of anything else we will demand that, and be d——d to you—and not a man in the world kicks."[1]

By an adroit move similar to that by which Hay had secured the unwilling adherence of the Powers to his original proposal of the Open Door, he, with Roosevelt's sanction, prevented the German Emperor from carrying out a

[1] W. R. Thayer, *John Hay*, II, 248.

plan to cut up China, and divide the slices among the Europeans.

Equally adroit was Roosevelt's method of dealing with the Czar in 1903. Russian mobs ran amuck, and massacred many Jews in the city of Kishineff. The news of this atrocity reached the outside world slowly; when it came the Jews of Western Europe, and especially those of the United States, cried out in horror, held meetings, drew up protests, and framed petitions, asking the Czar to punish the criminals. Leading American Jews besought Roosevelt to plead their cause before the Czar. As it was well known that the Czar would refuse to receive such petitions, and would regard himself as insulted by whatever nation should lay them before him by official diplomatic means, the world wondered what Roosevelt would do. He took one of his short cuts, and chose a way which everybody saw was most obvious and most simple, as soon as he had chosen it. He sent the petitions to our Ambassador at Petrograd, accompanying them with a letter which recited the atrocities and grievances. In this letter, which was handed to the Russian Secretary of State, our Government asked whether His Majesty the Czar would condescend to receive the petitions. Of course the reply was no, but the letter was published in all countries, so that the Czar also knew of the petitions, and of the horrors which called them out. In this fashion the former Ranchman and Rough Rider outwitted, by what I may call his straightforward guile, the crafty diplomats of the Romanoffs.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

AS A BRITISH ADMIRAL SAW IT

BY ADMIRAL SIR PERCY SCOTT, R. N.

I

ON the 4th of August, 1914, war was declared against Germany. I wrote to the Admiralty and offered to serve in any capacity they thought fit. I suggested that I might possibly be of use in assisting to get Director Firing into our ships, or hastily mounting heavy guns for land service. Their Lordships did not even condescend to acknowledge the receipt of my letter, so I amused myself gardening at Ascot, where I was living.

In the early stage of the war the state of our Navy as regards gunnery efficiency was deplorable, though two years had elapsed since it had been clearly demonstrated that Director Firing was the only system of firing which would give us a chance of success in action, although it was well known that the Germans had some form of Director Firing in all their ships. *When war was declared we had only ten ships fitted to fire their heavy guns by Director, and not one ship fitted, or being fitted, to fire her 6-inch guns by the same method.*

I urged the authorities to do something, but they would not move. I was informed that the First Sea Lord, H. S. H. Prince Louis of Battenberg, who was responsible to the nation for the efficiency of our Fleet in gunnery, had the matter well in hand.

On the 1st November, 1914, my old ship the *Good Hope,* in company with the *Monmouth, Glasgow,* and *Otranto,* engaged the German cruisers *Scharnhost, Gneisnau, Leipzig* and *Dresden* in the Pacific. After a short action the *Good Hope* and *Monmouth* were both sunk by the Germans' superior shooting. These ships were caught in bad weather, and as neither of them was fitted with any

efficient system of firing their guns in such weather, they were, as predicted in a letter I wrote to the Admiralty on 10th December, 1911, annihilated without doing any appreciable damage to the enemy.

These two ships were sacrificed because the Admiralty would not fit them with efficient means of firing their guns in a seaway. Had the system with which I had fitted the *Good Hope* been completed and retained in her, I daresay she might have seen further service and saved the gallant Cradock and his men on this occasion.

During October, after the heavy losses that our Navy had sustained, and because of the feeling of the general public that we ought not to have a foreign Prince at the head of our Navy, Prince Louis of Battenberg resigned his position as First Sea Lord on the 30th October, his place being taken by Admiral of the Fleet, Lord Fisher.

On the 3rd November, 1914, the First Lord, Mr. Winston Churchill, sent for me, and informed me that their Lordships had decided to employ me at the Admiralty on special service in connection with the gunnery of the Fleet, and I was appointed "Adviser to their Lordships on matters connected with the gunnery efficiency of the Fleet." I was further directed to investigate the question of attacking the enemy's submarines, and to put forward any suggestions that I could in that direction.

At the beginning of the War it was my opinion that we could better afford to lose a battleship than a merchant ship; but this was not the Admiralty opinion. They commandeered merchant ships in the most ruthless and reckless manner, sinking them to make breakwaters, and putting them to any use except bringing food to England. It was further proof that the Admiralty did not believe in the submarine menace; the warning I had given to them and the nation was still unheeded. It was not until the third year of the war, when four million tons of shipping had been sent to the bottom, that the Admiralty woke up and began to order the building of merchant ships, and even then their orders were so bound up with red tape that the builders could not proceed with alacrity. A shipbuilder told me that the Admiralty, in ordering, sent him so many forms to fill in that he had to tell them they could have the ships or the forms, but they could not have both.

With regard to attacking submarines, as the Admiralty

before the war had regarded them as little more than toys, it was only natural that no progress had been made in the direction of taking measures for destroying them. A Committee had certainly been considering the question for some time, but they had evolved nothing.

When I came on the scene, which was about one hundred and twenty days after war was declared, I found that they had not even taken steps to put rams on our trawlers and torpedo-boat destroyers, or to give them a weapon to attack a submarine if they happened to pass over her. The *Badger* had rammed one, but her round stem did not do enough damage to sink the submarine, and when she passed over her she had no bomb to throw down at her.

We were terribly short of fast surface craft[1]—the submarine's greatest enemy—and we had no suitable depth charge to attack them with.

I had these matters put right, but it took, of course, a long time. After we had been at war a year, only a few vessels had been fitted with rams, and a quite inadequate number were supplied with depth charges.

As I had laid before their Lordships all the suggestions I could think of in regard to the destruction of submarines, I next had to turn to a much more difficult problem, namely, the gunnery of the Fleet.

I went up to Scapa Flow in the Orkneys (November 13th, 1914) and had a long interview with Sir John Jellicoe, then Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Fleet.

The Fleet was assembled in this harbour so as to keep them as far away as possible from the German submarines. They, however, frequently saw submarines, and two or three ships had narrow escapes.

It was very gratifying to find the Fleet all cheery, drilling night and day at their guns, and doing everything possible to improve the efficiency of themselves and of their weapons. It was the weapons that I had been sent up to enquire about, and the conditions made me very anxious. Only ten ships of the whole Fleet had their main armament fitted for Director Firing, and all the work of fitting

[1] In June, 1914—that is, just before the outbreak of war—one of the guests at a dinner party asked what was the antidote for submarines. In my reply I mentioned that very fast surface boats carrying a gun would be useful. Exactly one year after that, on the 30th June, 1915, this gentleman brought me a good design of a very fast (40 knots) hydroplane motor boat 60 feet long. I took the design to the Admiralty, and they promptly turned it down. One year after this they ordered a few hydroplane 40′ long motor boats. They were not of much use. A year afterwards, in April, 1917, they ordered a large number of similar boats 55 feet in length. Two years' waste of time, and we were at war!

the other ships had been suspended at the outbreak of war. Practically a hundred days had been lost, and, to make matters worse, none of the necessary electric cables and fittings had been ordered. Fitting the secondary armanent with Director Firing had not been contemplated.

Such a state of things seems incredible. One would have thought that, although their Lordships paid no attention to my warning in 1911, the moment war was known to be inevitable they would have bestirred themselves and ordered all the material necessary to put the Fleet in a state of gunnery efficiency. They, however, did not wake up. They proceeded on their ordinary unbusinesslike lines of red-tape, occupying their time in letter-writing. Practically nothing had been done.

I had a conference with the First Lord (Mr. Winston Churchill) and the First Sea Lord (Lord Fisher) and pointed out to them the serious state of affairs and how badly we should fare if the German Fleet came out.[1] They realised the situation, and approved of practically all the ships being fitted with Director Firing, including vessels of the *Warrior* and *Defence* class, and some small cruisers of the *Cordelia* class. I took their approval to Sir James Marshall, the Director of Dockyard Work, and to the late Mr. Forcy, the Director of Stores; without any letter writing they acted on it at once. Drillers were sent up to the Fleet to commence the wiring, and the necessary cables and fittings were ordered. A motor car company ceased making motors and made Director instruments instead. Consequently the fitting of the ships went on rapidly, and had the push been maintained, our whole Fleet would have been equipped by the end of 1915.

In May, 1915, unfortunately for the nation, Lord Fisher left the Admiralty, and all the push ceased. I no longer had any influence; the authorities went back to their apathetic way of doing things; time, even in warfare, was not considered of any importance by them.

The result of this was that at the Battle of Jutland, fought on the 31st May, 1916, the Commander-in-Chief, Sir John Jellicoe, had only six ships of his Fleet completely fitted with Director Firing—that is to say, main as well as secondary armament; he had several ships with their

[1] Fortunately for the country, the German Fleet did not come out until eighteen months afterwards.

primary armament not fitted; he had not a single cruiser in the Fleet fitted for Director Firing; he had no Zeppelins as eyes for his Fleet; and his guns were out-ranged by those of the Germans.

In one portion of the Fleet I had a very personal interest—the cruisers of the *Warrior, Black Prince,* and *Defence* classes. They had a mixed armament of 9.2″ and 7.5″ guns, and consequently were very difficult ships to fight unless they had Director Firing. Lord Fisher approved of this class of ship being fitted with Director Firing in November, 1914, but the Admiralty did not place the order until April, 1916. It was their Lordships' intention to place the order in January, 1915 (which was far too late), but the papers were mislaid, which caused a delay of three months.

The Germans in the Jutland battle sent these three ships to the bottom, and I lost my elder son, a midshipman, sixteen years of age. A week before he went into action he said to me: "Father, if we have a scrap our gunnery lieutenant says we shall not have a dog's chance, as our extemporised director which we have rigged up is not reliable, and the Germans can outrange our guns. We have only got 15° of elevation; the Germans have got 30°. They will be pumping shell into us and ours won't reach them by a couple of miles."

My midshipman son was quite correct; all our guns were outranged by the Germans. This superiority of range was conceded by our own Board of Admiralty to the German nation. In 1905 I had paid a visit to Keil, and on my return had informed the Admiralty that the Germans were giving their guns 30° of elevation. The Director of Naval Ordnance at that time, Sir John Jellicoe, was in favour of increasing our elevation, but the Director of Naval Ordnance was Director only in name. He was not a Lord of the Admiralty and had no power, so nothing was done. We continued to give our guns only 13½° of elevation. In 1907, we increased the elevation in new ships to 15°. In 1911 we increased it to 20°, and in 1915, a year after war was declared, the Admiralty did what they ought to have done ten years before, that is, they decided that in all new ships the guns should be capable of firing at 30° of elevation. Finally, in 1917, they increased the elevation in some ships to 40°.

What a curse to the nation Admiralty red-tapism was during the War! I received a letter containing a shocking example of it. At Malta there were three of our submarines eager to go out and sink the *Goeben* and *Breslau*. They were not allowed to do so because they had been sent to Malta for "Defence purposes." How could they have better defended Malta than by sinking these two ships?

On the 13th January, 1915, I was sent for by the First Lord (Mr. Winston Churchill) and he told me that H. M. S. *Queen Elizabeth* was going out to the Dardanelles, that the Navy was going to smash all the forts and go through to Constantinople, and that I could go in command.

I could not accept the offer, as I knew it was an impossible task for the inefficient ships then in the Mediterranean to perform. What was done is now a matter of history; practiaclly everything we could do wrong we did.

For our legislators, the Dardanelles campaign will probably be the blackest page in the war's history; for our seamen and soldiers it will be one of the brightest. They landed under conditions which no other troops in the world would have faced, and displayed bravery unequalled in any other theatre of war.

II

On Wednesday, the 8th September, 1915, by the mercy of Providence, a Zeppelin came over London and dropped some bombs. I say that it was a mercy of Providence, because it showed the futility of our defence, and compelled the authorities to realize it. Two days afterwards Mr. Balfour wrote to me as follows:

ADMIRALTY, 10th September, 1915.

MY DEAR SIR PERCY SCOTT:

Will you take the Gunnery Defense of London under your charge?

1. The office can only be temporary, because in the fulness of time, the War Office must take over work which should always have been theirs.[1]

2. Your *means* of defense are, I fear, at present very inadequate, but they will be improved as fast as the manufacture of new guns and the necessities of the Army and Navy permit.

I am sure you will find the work interesting, and it is certainly important. Nobody is better qualified than yourself to carry it through.

Yours,

ARTHUR JAMES BALFOUR.

[1] The War Office took it over on the 16th February, 1916.

I accepted and had a look around the so-called Defence. After fourteen months of war it consisted of:

8 3-inch high-angle guns,
4 6-pounders, with gun-sights, and
6 Pom-poms, which would not fire up as high as a Zeppelin, and were consequently a danger only to the population.

The ammunition supplied to the guns was of the worst possible description, and was more dangerous to the population than to the Zeppelins.

In selecting the ammunition to fire at Zeppelins the authorities should have known: First, that a shell with a large bursting charge of a highly explosive nature was required so that it would damage a Zeppelin if it exploded near; second, that all that went up in the air had to come down again, and that, in order to minimise the danger to the public from falling pieces, they should have used an explosive in the shell which would break it up into small fragments.

The ammunition supplied was exactly the opposite to what we wanted. The shells had so small a bursting charge that they could do no harm to a Zeppelin, and they returned to earth almost as intact as when they were put into the guns.

Before the War, the War Office was as certain that a Zeppelin could not get to London as the Admiralty were certain that a submarine could not sink a ship. Consequently no provision was made for attacking either Zeppelins or submarines, and anyone who suggested the possibility of attacks by them was looked upon as a scaremonger.

Some time after War broke out, the citizens of London realised that the German Zeppelins could come and bomb them whenever they liked. On their behalf, the Lord Mayor of London went to the War Office and suggested that they should take some steps to keep the Zeppelins away. The War Office said that they could do nothing. The Lord Mayor then applied to the Admiralty, and their Lordships the Commissioners promised to form an Anti-Air Corps, and supply them with the necessary material to defend London.

The Army, of course, ought to have done their own work, but as the Admiralty decided to undertake it, they

should have realised the importance of their task and set about it properly. Had they done so, London, by the end of 1914, could have been defended by at least 50 guns, with serviceable ammunition; instead of which, after fourteen months of war, London was defended by 12 guns firing ammunition which did more harm to the population than to the Zeppelins.

General Gallieni, who was in charge of the defence of Paris, had to defend his 49 square miles of city; he had 215 guns and was gradually increasing this number to 300. He had plenty of men trained in night flying, and lighted-up aerodromes. I had 8 guns to defend our 700 square miles of the metropolitan area, no trained airmen, and no lighted-up aerodromes, and this notwithstanding the fact that a Cabinet Minister had told the country that when the Zeppelins came over they would be attacked by our hornets (aeroplanes).

This was the state of affairs when the Admiralty handed the colossal blunder over to me. To cheer me up, they informed me that they could not give me any more guns; that, although they had been experimenting for ten years, they had no time-fuse suitable for exploding high-explosive shell; that the only guns they had mounted on mobile mountings were Maxims, which were of no use against Zeppelins; that they had not ordered any guns for the defence of London; that they had no airmen who could fly at night, and if they had they would be of no use, as there was no ammunition suitable for attacking a Zeppelin. Practically, although the Admiralty had seriously undertaken to defend London, they had done nothing in fourteen months—or, at any rate, nothing in the right direction.

As regards the gunnery defence of London, the most criminal part of the Admiralty negligence was in the ammunition.

Nothing having been done, it was very easy to do something, and as Captain Stansfield, C. M. G., the head of the Anti-Air Department, was an efficient officer, and had under him a capable staff, we quickly got to business. Our only difficulty was to get clear of the Admiralty red-tapism.

The first thing was to find a satisfactory fuse. The Admiralty said that they had been trying for ten years to get one and had not succeeded. One of my staff, Commander

Rawlinson, C. M. G., solved the difficulty in ten minutes. The next thing was to get a design of a high explosive shell which could be quickly manufactured. This was arrived at, but now the difficulty came. Having got the designs, how were we to get the shell made? My proper course was to ask the Admiralty, but their system would allow of nothing being done quickly; the paper work would have taken at least a month to get through; the Admiralty had to be avoided. So I took the designs over to Paris, and placed the order with a motor car manufacturer, who executed the work well and quickly. In a very short time I saw my way to providing most of the guns used for the Defence of London with satisfactory time-fuses and high-explosive shells.

Admiral Vaughan Lee, C. B., of the Air Department, undertook to get lighted-up aerodromes and trained men in night flying, and Lieutenant Brock, of the R. N. A. S., quickly produced a bullet that would set a Zeppelin on fire.[1]

The next thing was to get more guns. I knew that the Fleet had some they could spare, which could be converted into anti-Zeppelin guns. I applied to the Admiralty for these guns and promptly got an emphatic "No." I had anticipated this reply by writing to Sir John Jellicoe, the Commander-in-Chief of the Fleet, and asking him for them. He promptly wired back that I could have twenty, so that quashed the Admiralty opposition.

We extracted out of the Admiralty with difficulty another fourteen guns; Lord Kitchener promptly gave me some; and with others that we picked up I found that in a short time we had increased our number from twelve to one hundred and eighteen. But, unfortunately, mountings had to be made for these, which took a considerable time.

The few guns we had for the Defence of London were mounted permanently in positions as well known to the Germans as to ourselves. We had no guns mounted on mobile carriages which could be moved about and brought into action where necessary.

The French, I knew, had some of their splendid 75 m.m. guns mounted on automobile carriages. I suggested to

[1] In 1916 our airmen and aerodromes were ready, and when the Zeppelins came over they got a very warm reception, numbers of them being brought down. The Germans lost their opportunity. For fifteen months they could have come to London as often as they liked; we were late in preparing for them—they were late in coming.

the Admiralty that they should ask the French Government either to supply or lend me one to copy. This their Lordships agreed to, and I have no doubt that in a few months they would have got the necessary papers through. However, I was determined not to work in their way. I wanted the gun, not papers, so I ordered Commander Rawlinson, a very clever officer who spoke French like a Frenchman, to go over to Paris at once and either beg, borrow, or steal a gun. I told him he was to have it on the Horse Guards Parade, under Mr. Balfour's window, in less than a week. Twenty-four hours after leaving me he wired, "Have got gun, two automobiles and ammunition."

What he did is best described in his letter to me., which was as follows:—

ADMIRALTY, 22nd September, 1915.

SIR:

In obedience to your order that I should endeavor to obtain from the French Government a 75 m/m anti-aircraft gun, mounted on an automobile, on the 16th September, I proceeded to Paris.

I first interviewed General Gallieni, who in a most courteous and charming manner pointed out that much as he would like to help London, he could not himself give me a gun, but he felt sure that General Joffre would give full consideration to anything that London wanted.

I proceeded to Chantille and saw General Pellet, the Chief of General Joffre's Staff, and without any delay a telephone message was sent to the Minister of War in Paris telling him that I could have the gun complete with two automobiles and ammunition.

The gun in my presence was tested and fired by a French crew, who also very kindly drove it to Boulogne, and shipped it to London, where it arrived on the 21st.

The whole transaction from the time of my leaving London to my return with the gun took four days.

I attach photographs of the gun and cassion.

I have the honor to be,
Sir,
Your obedient servant,
A. RAWLINSON.

With the French gun as a guide we very soon mounted up eight of our own three-pounders on motor lorries, which gave a start to the mobile section of our defence.

Although the Admiralty did not give me any assistance as regards the Defence of London, they wanted me to comply with their unbusinesslike methods. Had I agreed to do so, it would have taken me fifteen months to get 12 guns, whereas I was aiming at getting 150 guns in six months.

So I did not agree, and wrote to Mr. Balfour as follows:

ADMIRALTY, 18th October, 1915.

DEAR MR. BALFOUR:

On the 10th September, you asked me if I would take the gunnery defense of London under my charge. I accepted, and, in doing so, considered that you intended me to procure what was necessary for the Gunnery Defense of London.

Up to last week I was led to believe that the Admiralty had ordered guns for the Defense of London.

On Friday, the 15th, you informed me that they had not done so. I at once ordered some guns. The firm with whom I placed the order wrote to the Admiralty for confirmation. The Admiralty have not confirmed the order.

If I am to be responsible for the Gunnery Defense of London, I must be allowed to do things in my own way, and not to be interfered with by the Admiralty. If the Admiralty are to settle what guns are to be used for the Defense of London, and how they are to be obtained, then they become responsible for the Gunnery Defense of London, and I resign.

If I am to remain in charge of the Gunnery Defense of London I must have a free hand to procure what is wanted how and best I can, and not to be handicapped by Admiralty red-tapism.

PERCY SCOTT,
Admiral.

Mr. Balfour kindly arranged that my work should not be hampered by the ordinary Admiralty red-tapism, so I was able to go ahead, and the Defence of London, as far as guns were concerned, advanced rapidly. But not rapidly enough, so I went over to France, to see if the French would help me again. When I told General Gallieni the number of guns we had, he laughed and expressed surprise that the Zeppelins did not come every day. After five minutes conversation, it was decided that I should have 34 of the celebrated French 75 m.m. guns and 20,000 shell with fuses complete. This brought our total up to 152.

At noon on the 16th February, 1915, the War Office took over the Gunnery Defence of London, and consequently I was no longer responsible for it.

On the following day I was asked if I would accept the post of Adviser to Field Marshal Viscount French on Air Defence questions. I accepted, so we two, who fifty years before joined the Navy side by side, were working together again.

PERCY SCOTT.

THE FRENCH PEACE COMMISSIONERS—III

BY MARCEL KNECHT

CAPTAIN ANDRE TARDIEU, GENERAL COMMISSIONER FOR FRANCO-AMERICAN WAR MATTERS

THE Lorrainer Poincaré, the Breton Clémenceau and the Franc-Comtois Pichon were to have as a colleague a representative of the City of Paris whose heroism, in olden and in recent times, will remain immortal.

That son of old Lutetia, the capital of Saint Geneviève and Etienne Marcel, who unites to such an exceptional degree Parisian critical sense and fearlessness with finely-shaded intelligence, is the man whom our American friends affectionately style Captain André Tardieu, of the Blue Devils.

He was born in Paris, of an old and respected family, and it was there in the early years that he attended school, and later made the university, taking honors. After being admitted to the *Ecole Normale Supérieure,* M. André Tardieu passed his examinations for the diplomatic service and was sent to Berlin as an attaché of the French Embassy. While in this service he met the Hon. Maurice Casenave, who in 1917 was to become his eminent financial co-worker and in 1919 General Director of French public services in the United States.

The French Embassy in Berlin is not far from the Potsdam Church, where are collected all the flags taken from France in 1870 and the trophies of the army of Metz, a constant reminder of our defeat. When M. André Tardieu caused to be inserted in the peace treaty that touching clause regarding the restitution of the 1870 flags, it was probably because he had not forgotten how deeply he had suffered in his patriotism during his short stay in Berlin.

After having, as secretary to Waldeck Rousseau, learned from that famous statesman the difficult art of intellectual concentration and of classic oratory, M. André Tardieu for a short time, but with undeniable success, filled a general administrative post which prepared him for his future war activities.

In 1904 he was the favorite assistant of that great journalist, M. Adrien Hébrard, editor of the *Temps,* who gave him the most flattering of tasks, but at the same time the most delicate in Europe—the writing of the daily leader on foreign politics. In those articles of one or two columns, M. André Tardieu proved not only to Europe but to the world at large how great were his journalistic gifts, how perfect his knowledge of history, and above all, what unfailing vision he possessed. In their luminous French clearness, and sober style free from all unnecessary embellishment, these editorials became the guide-posts of European politics from 1905 to 1914.

Those privileged persons whose good fortune it was to be received by him at the *Temps* between twelve and one, will remember men of world-wide prominence, both Frenchmen and foreigners, waiting for an interview with the Foreign Editor. The door of the Foreign Editor's office would open, and then would be heard a metallic voice, used to giving orders, with the "r" rolled as they do in Franche-Comté, and one would catch a glimpse of General H. Langlois, a member of the Academy and Senator for Nancy, one of the inventors of the 75 m. m. gun, who after retiring from the army became the *Temps'* military authority and liked to exchange ideas with his young friend Tardieu.

Besides having a professorship at the *Ecole des Sciences Politiques,* M. Tardieu also lectured at the famous War School, which has given France so many illustrious generals. There he met Colonel F. Foch, head of the School, and these two men, whose sole object was to protect France against German ambition, immediately understood each other and have never ceased working together in the closest cooperation.

The military genius of Foch was respected and admired by André Tardieu, who gave him his whole-hearted support in the columns of the *Temps.* Foch, whose marvelous brain took as keen an interest in diplomatic and political

problems as in military questions, always enjoyed the concise and original conversation of the younger man.

As soon as King Edward VII gave Germany to understand that he would not allow her to molest France, at the time when Presidents Loubet and Fallières, and Ministers Delcassé, Pichon and Clémenceau were participating in the Entente Cordiale with the British Empire, André Tardieu became the champion of the Triple Entente, and fought for that necessary conception with pen and tongue and—it need hardly be added—always successfully.

During those years of crisis and odious German provocation—1904, 1905, 1908, 1911 and 1914—the formidable writer with his merciless logic entered resolutely into the fray and gave many a thrust that demoralized Morel and other kindred pacifists. He could wield foil and sword with the knowledge and sureness of a member of the Hoche Club. The foreign editorials of the *Temps,* from 1904 to 1914, kept up the morale of the nation and vigorously upheld the action of our diplomacy.

As soon as he became connected with that paper, founded and managed chiefly by faithful Alsatians, M. André Tardieu took his stand in favor of the eternal claims of Alsace-Lorraine: Wetterlé, Laugel, Blumenthal, Helmer were well aware of his almost filial devotion to their little country.

In March, 1914, we had the great joy, at the Lorraine Academy of Nancy, of receiving this diplomat and writer who made over fifteen hundred enthusiastic people, several of them delegations of officers and soldiers of the 20th Corps, applaud the principle that it was necessary for France to have a strong army, with respected and carefully selected chiefs. To the future heroes of Morhange, Nancy, Ypres and Verdun, who six months later were to make the supreme sacrifice, M. Tardieu gravely stated his fears but concluded by preaching hope.

General Foch, who had been in command of the 20th Corps since October, 1913, presided at that historic assembly. Who could have dreamed then that a few years later these two men would be constantly together, working hand in hand to save their country! After the meeting, a telephone message from Paris informed Tardieu that the German authorities forbade the lecture he was to deliver on the following day at Mulhouse. Eastern France, of course,

understood more clearly each day that the hour dreaded by far-sighted Frenchmen like Langlois, Foch, Tardieu, was slowly drawing near.

In May of that year M. André Tardieu yielded to the pressure of his numerous friends and ran for deputy for the department of Seine-et-Oise.

When mobilization was decreed, the young deputy left his seat in Parliament and became an officer of France; during August, he was a valued worker at Joffre's Grand Headquarters. At the time of the retreat towards Paris, when Foch regretfully left his beloved 20th Corps, in the midst of the battle of Nancy, because he had been ordered to take the command of a new army on the Marne, he sent for Lieutenant André Tardieu. Foch succeeded, the German center was cut through, and the race to the sea started, following the victory of the Marne.

Marching through Doullens, we saluted on the way an irreproachable cavalryman, Lieutenant Tardieu, a member of the Staff of General Foch, in command of the armies of the North. He told us his pride at serving under a chief such as Foch and his joy to be leading the hard life of a soldier. From there, the Foch Staff settled in Flanders, and then came the battle of Ypres. Later Lieutenant Tardieu went back to General Headquarters, where he rendered great services.

Then came dark hours. Hundreds and thousands of young French lives were mown down, and still the enemy held out. As he was eager to set the example of sacrifice, André Tardieu joined a division staff, that of the fine 70th Reserve Division, at the head of which was Fayolle. He was promoted to a captaincy in the Alpine Chasseurs, in one of its most famous battalions, and in the mud of the Artois trenches, under shell-fire, he did his full duty and obtained several glowing citations.

Then came physical collapse. Suddenly suffering from serious congestion, Captain Tardieu was evacuated to a hospital where for several weeks he hovered between life and death. This was in 1916, when Parliament was beginning to realize the urgency of giving more authority to its commissions. The Sub-Commission on Armament asked the hero to give them his assistance and to take charge of the heavy artillery. M. Tardieu accepted upon the advice of his physician, who felt he was too weak to

go back to the hard life of the trenches. So for many a long month M. Tardieu methodically and successfully worked to develop the unparalleled heavy material required by Foch and Pétain.

In August, 1916, when German propaganda was doing its best to divide the Allies and disparage their respective efforts, M. André Tardieu, in response to the appeal of his colleague, M. Stephen Pichon, and of the Municipality of Geneva, before two thousand enthusiastic Swiss, delivered an admirable lecture on the effort of Italy during the war. The Italian Government and people were very grateful to him for his fine homage in a neutral country, in the very heart of Central Europe.

. . . . . .

M. René Viviani and Marshal Joffre, in April, 1917, came to America the fervent missionaries of heroic and martyred France; just as in 1914, 1915 and 1916 Ambassador Jusserand was its knight "without fear and without blemish." All America was aflame with the same feelings as in the days of Lafayette and Rochambeau. The enthusiasm of the people promised Joffre all the soldiers he wanted, and Viviani all the moral and financial support that was required. But there was urgent need of some practical organization that would establish close cooperation between the two countries.

France and her Government chose the best man for this gigantic task, and the appointment of Captain André Tardieu as French High Commissioner in Washington, and later as General Commissioner of Franco-American War Matters in Paris, enabled France and her allies to get the best results from America's generous effort.

France has already rewarded him by giving him a place in the foremost rank: at the Peace Conference the former Berlin attaché has been entrusted with the settling of the Eastern frontiers of France, and the soldier who was witness of such vandalism is now president of the Commission on Reparation.

France, who prizes so highly Franco-American friendship, is grateful to Captain André Tardieu for having upheld with so steady and sure a hand her holy cause—the cause of Liberty.

MARCEL KNECHT.

THE STRATEGY ON THE WESTERN FRONT—VI

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL H. H. SARGENT, U. S. ARMY

FOCH'S GREAT COUNTER-OFFENSIVE

DURING the 15th, 16th and 17th of July, 1918, the tremendous battle of the fifth great German thrust had raged over a seventy-five-mile front extending from the Argonne Forest to Chateau Thierry. It was the supreme and last effort of the Germans for a military decision on the Western front. For a month they had prepared and planned and were now striking with all their power. Although they had been held by the desperate fighting of the French and Americans throughout the greater part of their long battle line, they had with overwhelming forces and stupendous efforts succeeded in driving a wedge into the base of the Reims salient up the valley of the Marne towards Epernay. Another day's advance, one more blow upon the wedge, would obliterate the Reims salient, decrease greatly the vulnerability of the Chateau Thierry salient, and lead, very probably, in the end to a German victory. The time had come to strike. Where to strike was the question?

Ever since the formation of the Chateau Thierry salient, it had been evident that its sides near its base were most vulnerable to an Allied attack; not only because of the narrowness of the salient, but because of the direction and extent of the lines of communication of the troops occupying it. Examining it, we notice the following distinguishing features: The Soissons-Fismes-Reims railway cuts directly across its base; and for the greater part of the distance it parallels the Vesle River. On the Western side, and parallel to it, one of the main highways of the salient joins Soissons with Chateau Thierry, and is itself paralleled throughout by a narrow gauge railway; both of which lie only four or five miles from the line which

separated the fronts of the opposing armies. The Reims-Fismes-Paris railway crosses the highway at about its middle point and is practically at right angles to it.

Over the highway and railway connecting Soissons with Chateau Thierry, the Germans along the Marne and in the nose of the salient, obtained practically all their munitions and other supplies; very few, if any, came by way of Fismes, for the reason that there was no line of railway connecting that town with the main German supply lines to the northward.

In this situation, in which the Germans, while holding the west face of the salient, had, of necessity to maintain continually a front to a flank position, it is evident that an advance of only a few miles by the Allies on this side would sever the communications of the Germans in the nose of the salient and compel them to retire. It is also evident that an advance made at the same time by the French and Americans on the other side of the salient towards Fismes would hasten the retirement of the enemy and might result in their capture, since it would threaten the Fismes-Paris railway and, if pushed far enough, deprive the Germans of its use in withdrawing their troops and supplies from the salient back behind the line of the Vesle. Another feature which favored the Allies was that there were woods along the west side of the salient where the Allied divisions could be assembled out of sight of the enemy until the moment for opening the attack arrived.

General Foch had foreseen all this; and in preparation for an attack on the west side of the salient had assembled, under the command of General Mangin of the French army, eight or nine French and American combat divisions in and near the Villers-Cotterets Forest, among which were the First and Second American divisions and the famous Moroccan Division of the French army. Early on the morning of July 18, 1918, he ordered Mangin forward against the Germans on a front of about twenty-five miles, from the outskirts of Chateau Thierry to the Aisne, some six miles northwest of Soissons. In the advance, the Moroccan division occupied an intermediate position between the two American divisions.

The Allied attack was a surprise to the Germans, and for the first two days was highly successful. On the first day the French and Americans forced back, or drove

through, the German line, capturing many thousand prisoners and many guns and villages. By the afternoon of July 19 the French artillery from the hills overlooking Soissons were sweeping that city and the railway and highway leading thence to Chateau Thierry; and the French cavalry and tanks had crossed these lines of communication, making it absolutely necessary for the Germans to withdraw immediately from the salient. Coincident with these great successes, the French and Americans on the other side of the salient had completely checked the movement of the Germans on Epernay.

Immediately the result of Foch's counter thrust became apparent. On the evening of July 17, the Allies were on the point of losing the Reims salient, which was almost certain to bring disastrous consequences. On the evening of July 19 all had changed, the Germans were about to lose the Chateau Thierry salient; and with it all hope of final victory.

Realizing fully their perilous position, the Germans saw that they must at all hazards hold open the gap between Soissons and Reims through which their guns, supplies, and troops had to be withdrawn, if they were to escape capture. For this purpose they massed their troops in great strength near Soissons on one side and near Reims on the other; and for the next week or ten days fought desperately to keep the gap open; while the French and Americans fought with equal determination to close it.

The Germans were successful in keeping open the gap; and, aided by the skillful and fierce fighting of their rear guards, were able to withdraw from the salient to the Vesle and, ultimately, to the Aisne with an inconsiderable loss of men and guns. But on July 18 and 19 they had already lost some 700 guns and 35,000 men. However, these great losses were of little moment compared to the immense consequences of their defeat.

On March 21, 1918, they had launched a great thrust to obtain a military decision on the Western front, and had followed it by four other great thrusts, in each of which they had made considerable progress towards accomplishing their purpose. But in the fifth and last thrust they were checked, turned back, and forced to retire some thirty miles.

It was the turning point of that tremendous battle. It

was more than that; it was the supreme crisis of the great world war. And it was all brought about by a counter offensive upon the most vulnerable front of the German line. Such a counter offensive upon any other front of the long line would have produced no remarkable results; but here, where the thrust in the very first stages of the onset cut the main highway and railway leading into the Chateau Thierry salient, it was at once productive of mighty consequences. Immediately the Germans had to abandon their great offensive and to fight with desperation to save from capture or annihilation the troops occupying the salient. Immediately the whole character of the war was changed. In the twinkling of an eye, so to speak, the initiative was lost by the Germans and gained by the Allies. Fighting now on the defensive, the Germans could no longer dominate the situation. No longer could they choose their point of attack and mass overwhelming forces against a sector of the Allied line. Already they were outnumbered; and, owing to the rapidity with which the Americans were being brought into active operations, were certain of being confronted in the near future with still greater outnumbering forces.

Here we have a splendid illustration of the application of that principle of strategy of striking at the communications of the enemy without exposing your own to his attack; and of that other principle closely related to it, that where two armies are in such a position that an attack from either cuts the communications of the other, that army whose communications are cut, or even seriously threatened, will invariably turn back to fight for its communications rather than to press forward along its original front.

Hardly had the Germans been driven across the Vesle and the Chateau Thierry salient been wiped out when General (now Marshal) Foch[1] turned his attention to the Amiens salient. On August 8 the Fourth British Army under General Rawlinson launched a terrific attack south of Albert and towards Chaulnes, along the flank of the Amiens salient and across the German lines of communication, while the French First Army under General Debeney made a similar assault along the Montdidier front towards Lassigny and Roye. In these assaults, in which

[1] General Foch, commander-in-chief of the Allied forces, was made a Marshal of France on August 5, 1918.

many small, swift tanks were used by the British to smash through the enemy's line, the Germans were surprised; their loss in prisoners was nearly 30,000; in guns more than 700; and their front was forced back some twelve miles to the Albert-Chaulnes-Roye-Lassigny line.

Thus we see that by attacking the Germans on each flank of the salient the Allies here forced them back in much the same way as they had done in the Chateau Thierry salient; but as this was a much broader salient and the attacks were made much nearer its nose, only a part of it was wiped out. It was necessary to strike again.

Accordingly, Marshal Foch brought Mangin's army, which had been operating about Soissons, into the angle of the Aisne and Oise, northeast of Compeigne, and threw it against the German line towards Noyon; and at about the same time on the other flank he threw Byng's Third British Army towards Bapaume on a front between Arras and Albert. Both attacks were decisive; each army took some twenty or thirty thousand prisoners and penetrated deeply the flanks of the German position. This penetration, which compelled the Germans to fall back again towards the Hindenburg line, virtually wiped out the Amiens salient.

Meanwhile during these operations the Germans were gradually and methodically withdrawing from the narrow Lys salient just south of Ypres. Knowing its extreme vulnerability, they did not purpose giving Marshal Foch the opportunity to attack it in force.

Foch's next offensive was to strike eastward from Arras with Horne's British army towards Cambrai and Douai. This thrust was very ably executed by General Horne, who forced the Germans back, took about 20,000 prisoners and a considerable quantity of guns and material, and even succeeded in breaking through in places some of the permanent German defenses in the vicinity of the Hindenburg line and in reaching country that had been held by the Germans since 1914.

But the principal strategical value which this thrust had on the situation was that, taken in connection with Mangin's thrust towards Noyon in the preceding operations, it created a sort of salient of the intervening territory occupied by the Germans west of the Hindenburg line and made it much more vulnerable to future attack; and as Mangin's thrust had also exposed the flank of the Germans

occupying the territory between the Vesle and the Aisne, General Ludendorff, who at this time was directing the operations of the German armies, saw the futility of trying further to hold the German line in these positions, and decided to fall back to the Hindenburg line from the Cambrai front to Reims. By September 8, one month after Rawlinson had struck eastward from Amiens, all this was decided and in the course of being carried out. In that one month the German prisoners taken numbered 115,000; and since the begining of Foch's counter offensive on July 18, the captures exceeded 150,000 and included 2,500 guns and vast quantities of munitions and supplies.[1]

Having practically obliterated the Chateau Thierry, Amiens, and Lys salients, Foch now turned his attention to the St. Mihiel salient, the only German salient still remaining. Even here, Ludendorff already had begun to make preparations for an early withdrawal.

The operations against this salient were under the direct command of General Pershing, who, having made the necessary preliminary and secret preparations, launched his attacks early on the morning of September 12. They were highly successful. The Americans from the south side of the salient and the French and Americans from the west side each forced their way through the German lines, and in two days had closed the gap and were in possession of the salient. During these operations the Americans, at the cost of only 7,000 casualties, mostly light, took 16,000 prisoners and 443 guns, besides a great quantity of munitions and supplies.

In all these counter offensives the plan invariably followed by Marshal Foch was to make in each case a double thrust against the salient, one on each side of it; and in such a direction as to cut or threaten the communications of the troops occupying it. It was this that produced the great results, for an army's communications are vital to its being. Destroy them and the battle is lost; even threaten them and disaster will frequently follow. Hence it is that the communicatiois of an army are of such vital concern to a commander-in-chief. Not only his adversary's but his own; for if he would strike at his adversary's communications he should first make sure of the safety of his own. If an able soldier, he will give the most careful considera-

[1] Frank H. Simonds in October, 1918, *Review of Reviews*, p. 375.

tion to their protection, direction and extent. "While distant spectators," says Hamley, "imagine a general to be intent only on striking or parrying a blow, he probably directs a hundred glances, a hundred anxious thoughts, to the communications in his rear, for one that he bestows on his adversary's front." [1]

But this, General Ludendorff failed to do. He was intent on striking his blows, but seemed to have little concern as to the vulnerability of his communications. After his great thrust of March 21, 1918, which created the Amiens salient, he continued to make other great thrusts creating other salients, each thrust greatly lengthening the German line and making it more and more vulnerable, until, finally, when the time came for Foch to strike, there were four great German salients in all of which the communications of the troops occupying them were vulnerable to Allied attacks. Seeing all this, Foch began his great offensive of July 18, and continued to follow it up with swift and powerful blows until all the salients were wiped out.

(*To be continued*)

[1] Hanley, *Operations of War*, p. 40.

NERVOUS NEW ENGLAND

FREDERICK E. PIERCE

WHEN a chronically absent-minded young lady walks to the marriage altar carrying a cake of ivory soap instead of a prayer-book; when a morbid rural lover sulks cantankerously among his furrows instead of "having it out" with his sweetheart; and when the traits of such young people become symptomatic of their race—is the situation one for amusement or for scientific alarm? A past decade answered "amusement"; our own answers "alarm." Only yesterday, it seems to us, literature was reflecting rural New England as full of genial and humorous oddities, fit subjects for the amused and amusing pen of Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. Since 1910 there has been a change. Robert Frost, Edith Wharton, Amy Lowell, and many lesser writers, have consecrated farmhouse and hillside to the spirit, not of comedy, but of tragedy. Side by side with this picture in verse and fiction has developed one equally grim in the charts of the psychologist and economist.

We would like to believe this panorama of want and morbidity exaggerated. Certainly New England is a region representing great extremes in wealth and poverty, in society and isolation, in old stock and new blood; in vigorous health and morbid decay. Few among its people live in the tragic poverty of Miss Wharton's Ethan Frome. The neurotic horrors of Amy Lowell's *Overgrown Pasture* represent something that is terribly true in individual cases, grossly misleading as a typical picture. Moreover, our whole continent has been growing nervous. Everywhere we have had a steady increase in all forces making for neuroticism, from adulterated liquors to compulsory education. Yet we cannot lay the flattering unction to our souls that local conditions are normal. For one face to face with the alarming amount of nervous derangement in rural New England, there are few objects entitled to deeper

and sadder interest than this degenerating region, once the cradle alike of a nation's political freedom and of its intellectual life.

What causes underlie this decadence? May one who is neither a scientist nor a wide traveler suggest an answer? He was himself once a struggling, brooding young farmer; he is now a trained university scholar; and perhaps the double vision resulting from those two points of view may see something which either eye alone would miss.

In many cases, unquestionably, these neurotic conditions are the aftermath of the old Puritan theocracy, the racial reaction to that long, abnormal strain. I remember as a boy pondering in a nightmare of horror on whether I had or had not committed the unpardonable sin. Yet I was a husky young fellow who never shrank from my ten hours at the plow-tail, and had been brought up under a liberal modern theology. The thing which convulsed me with fear was not a religious conviction but a nervous reaction from dead ancestors. I have seen it working in scores of people. At first it was a religious dogma in those grim old days when clergymen would lean toward a young lady across their pulpit and strive with the hands of prayer to snatch her from the waiting subterranean flame. Then from a religious dogma it faded into an ethical prompting, that terrible New England sense of the "ought" which, according to circumstances, might seem either noble or abnormal. Now in these later days, from an ethical prompting it has declined to an unreasoning neurotic instinct, prodding its poor victims with incessant pins in unending flight from they know not what. Racked and exhausted in the treadmill of their own subjective abnormalities, one after another the sufferers have collapsed.

But the loss of new manhood has been even more destructive than the retention of old melancholies. How great has been the exodus of youth from our rural districts any economist can tell. The daughters have left by thousands and the sons by tens of thousands. Like the stricken Persia of ancient Aeschylus,

> The land is wailing for its young men.

That exodus has created among our hill farms an economic sieve through which the fit have sifted away, and in which the automatically-sorted unfit have remained. With

imperfect schooling and inadequate markets, face to face with the stark problem of existence among unresponsive gravel flnolls, the strong only were the ones who could break away, and they under such pressure went to a man. We New Englanders have boasted so proudly and so truly that our barren hillsides furnished the brains of a nation. Why did we forget the inevitable corollary that these little hill towns could not furnish the intellectual leaders for a people and still have genius at home? One no longer sees among our fields and barnyards the best type of old time farmer boy, with the hayseed in his hair and the vision in his eyes, over-alls and ambition, dung-fork and daring. In his place the automatically assorted weaklings of his race have produced a degenerating stock.

It was not merely inferiority *by nature,* however, in those who remained, not merely inherent defects, which produced existing conditions. The long continued exodus set in motion forces that tended to crush down even the strong man when circumstances held him at home. Chief of these was the growing loneliness. Solitude may be bearable in a new country that has always been solitary, where people have come by their own choice, where they see the future peeping over the horizon. But solitude in regions that have once been populous, where memory at every turn creates vacancies which it fails to fill, where abandoned farms look down on crowded graveyards—that is another thing. Solitary widows and widowers in deserted homes from which noisy families had scattered, young girls withering away in retired hamlets stripped of prospective lovers, little groups of gaunt old women in churches that once had buzzed with laughter and sweethearting—these created an environment in which thought gave way to brooding and enterprise to stagnation. That loneliness was increased by what seemed an economic blessing, the great and rapid improvement in labor-saving machinery for agriculture. This may have relieved the strain on muscles, but it increased the tension on brain and nerve, for it made fewer laborers necessary in a farming district and the loneliness so much the more crushing. Seventy years ago my grandfather would have half a dozen men in haying time besides himself and his sons, none too many when his acres must be covered by the old-fashioned scythe. Hard work, no doubt, but gregarious work with social rewards; jokes and

stories, laughter and racing, tribal assemblies round the cider jug under some cool maple, where theology, politics, and indecent stories were as rife as at a corner grocery. Today all that is needed to cut those meadows is one man with a modern mowing-machine; and he drives there through the long forenoons—alone. Instead of human voices and interchange of thoughts he hears only the creaking of his whiffle-tree, the clicking of his knife-bar, and an Ossianic wind blowing through neighboring shade trees. Where four or five young men and women used to bring the milk home, laughing and coquetting, now one dreary-eyed, lonely old man handles his thirty cows with an up-to-date milking machine, no human being in sight, no voices but those of cattle. Not only have the children of the farmer left him; the old-time unique and picturesque groups of farmhands have gone as well, a veriform appendix amputated by new industrial conditions. The little tenant-houses in which they used to live are tumbling to decay. The number of lights that shine out at evening by solitary hill and valley decreases as steadily as the number of people who gather around each lonely lamp. It is easy to see how such an environment produces hopelessness, discouragement, lack of purpose in life. Still more ominous is the tendency of these isolated lives toward oddity and morbid brooding, toward those mental ruts that gradually engulf even intellects of natural power, toward that terrible *ingrowing mind* which turns more and more in on itself and cuts deeper and deeper into the sore it makes.

Another cause of neurotic decadence is probably to be found in sanitary conditions. The hereditary heir of her rustic culture was as much inferior to German-trained engineers in sanitation as he was superior to German-trained philologists in literary appreciation. Ill-balanced diets that overloaded the stomach and undernourished the body, badly chosen sites for houses and still worse ones for barnyards with their dangerous drainage, too much fresh air in the woods by day and too little in one's chamber at night, a traditional distrust of doctors which usually called them in in time for the epitaph rather than the diagnosis, ill-regulated excesses in tea, coffee, pork, and patent medicines—all these militated against that rosy-cheeked serenity which farmers were supposed to have and had not.

Factors mentioned so far have been working for many

years. Yet it is only in the last decade that conditions seem to have grown bad enough to force themselves generally on the eyes of author and scientist. That fact would seem to imply some additional cause, which began its work more recently and precipitated the results of all the others. Such a cause can be readily found in the financial crisis of the Cleveland and Harrison administration. The last decade of the nineteenth century was a despondent, dreary, drudging period for the New England farmer. According to economists, his profits in 1897 reached the lowest level that they had touched in half a century. I distinctly remember —for it was my peculiar privilege to be an inexperienced boy farmer at that time—I distinctly remember selling potatoes at twenty-five cents a bushel and milk at one and three-fourths cents a quart.

Conditions in our rural districts during those closing years of the nineteenth century became positively grim. If the exodus of the young had been serious before, it grew doubly so then, when poverty, celibacy, and stagnation were the only heritage at home. And on those who remained, held fast by age, by poverty, by sickness, by incompetence, or by dependent relatives, on those least fitted in the struggle for existence, fell its intolerable burden in the hour of an economic crisis. It fell on minds rendered restless and gloomy by Puritan theology, devitalized by an antiquated hygiene, dulled and crushed by a lonely isolation that increased around them daily. The scarcity of vigorous young men and the difficulty of getting even the barest living threw on the shoulders of the sickly and middle-aged a crushing load of overwork and incessant worry, ideally conducive toward nervous break-downs. Is it any wonder that within a dozen years after 1897 the literary pictures of New England grew both numerous and tragic, that the pathologist and the social worker began ominously to shake their heads over her? Once the breeding-ground of authors, she has now become their feeding-ground, a source of plentiful copy for them to graze on. When that literary vogue is over—whether the future belongs to the immigrant or the beef trust—the curtain must fall forever on a social life that was once the brain center of a continent. Its peculiar virtues, vices, and misfortunes alike have eaten into its being like deadly acids.

FREDERICK E. PIERCE.

UNDER THE YELLOW FLAG

By KATHERINE MAYO

THE yellow flag was flying in Franklin County. Over those beautiful hill-sides a deadly wave of smallpox was creeping, as bush-fires creep in the fall. The thing had begun in one remote village, had gained headway before it was noticed, and now, with its out-reaching tentacles, spread fear in the land.

Dr. Dixon, the Health Commissioner, had sent his Assistant Chief Medical Inspector to stamp out the scourge, and the Assistant Chief, Dr. J. C. Hunt, wise, vigorous and full of nerve, was exactly the sort of a man for the task. He promptly took all the steps that the emergency indicated. He identified the infected houses, declared them quarantined, explained to the inmates and to the people at large the meaning and necessity of the measure. And then, to insure strict observance of rules, he swore in a large number of local residents to act as guards, and gave them deputy's authority.

The best element in the communities came forward for this service, appreciating its literally vital importance as the less intelligent classes could not do. And then the doctor and his assistants started in to vaccinate the countryside while there was yet time.

But they did not believe in vaccination. More than that, they believed it bad. Whole villages united in common outcry against it. Evasion, passive resistance, could not content them here. They would run away from the doctors, simply, but if the doctors used Lem Patterson and his guards to capture and hold them, then they would fight. And fight they did, with such arms as they possessed.

Moreover, now that the ice was broken, they brought their arms into wider employ. They attacked the doctor's guards set upon infected houses and drove them away with shotgun fire. Then they paraded out openly by the front-

door, such of them as were well enough to walk, and went where they pleased. And the discomforted citizen guards threw up their jobs.

"We don't mind the work," said they to the doctor. "We'd be glad to do that. But we do object to being the helpless targets for guns. And the whole thing's a farce, anyway. You can't control the situation. The disease will run its course."

Incidentally, the course on which it was embarked involved a peculiar threat. Raging first in the towns and hamlets, it had spread through scattering settlements, and thence abroad over the hills. Directly in its line of progress rose Mont Alto. And on Mont Alto stands the State's greatest tuberculosis Sanatorium, with its hosts of sick. Smallpox introduced into that dense throng would be horrible beyond words, and smallpox was drawing nearer to it every day and hour. Under such pressure, and after it had exhausted all the means at its own command the Health Department appealed to the Department of State Police.

On May 20th, three men from "D" Troop arrived on the scene. Eleven days later four men from "B" Troop were sent to re-enforce them, the combined details thenceforth working under command of Private William A. Kane, late Corporal 21st United States Infantry.

The men were generally quartered in Waynesboro, the most central available point in the infected field. At once they laid hold on their task in the Force's fashion, while the late citizen guard stood by and watched them work. Their first step was to look over the situation and master its details. This, because of their training, they could do with speed, so that Trooper Kane was shortly in a position intelligently to organize and put his system in motion.

At six o'clock in the morning, as the plan worked, the Troopers rode out on patrol. Their route covered thirty-four miles. At ten o'clock at night the day patrol returned to quarters. At ten o'clock at night the night patrol rode out, returning to quarters at six in the morning. The men were all in uniform and, by constantly varying their route and the hour of their appearance at any given point, they contrived to make their scanty numbers tell to the greatest advantage.

But another influence worked with them, far more potent than numbers. Another power hovered over them,

immeasurably strengthening their hands. They rode surrounded with the prestige of their fame.

This was the county that had bled and paid and bitten the dust for year on year at the whim of Israel Drake and of Carey Morrison. These were the men—these silent men in sombre uniform, these "State Wildcats," these "Black Hussars," who with a single stroke had delivered the country from Drake and Morrison as a child is delivered from a bad dream.

"If the State Police want a man out of here they send him a postcard and he comes in," the saying ran. Quietly and without debate the people obeyed the State Police.

So the citizen guard, having made its observations, came back to the doctor, and said: "Now we will work with you, and do our best. We are satisfied that no one will attack us while the Troopers are on the job."

The accession of this aid facilitated the Troopers' work. The citizen guards were in the main reliable and intelligent. Under proper protection they were efficient.

The local authorities now placed them wherever cases or contact cases were known to exist, and the Trooper patrols, arriving at unexpected moments, day or night, to inspect each post, inspired vigilance in the guards as well as obedience in the guarded. By this means, the Troopers soon learned not only which of the deputies could really be trusted, but also which of the infected families were sufficiently intelligent and conscientious to be left unwatched. Once assured of this latter point, they procured the removal of the guard, liberating him for real service elsewhere.

Accompanying the Health Department doctors on trips of investigation, they saved much precious time merely by the attitude that their presence inspired. Again, they escorted the doctors on vaccination tours, producing orderly submission where without them no vaccination could have taken place. Often, at first, parents would send their children out into the woods to hide, at the news of the doctor's approach. Discovering this, the Trooper escort would lead the doctor away on his route and then, by a quick reverse, would bring him back through the woods to the house. By this means they would catch the children returning to their homes, and then and there care for them. Often, also, it was necessary for the Trooper to

stand by the patient's side, in an infected house, while the doctor worked, and thus each man in the detail became familiar with every aspect and care of the disease.

The knowledge was of inestimable value to them later on, as they extended their patrols into districts too sparsely settled or too distant for the busy doctors to visit except on positive knowledge of need. As they rode over the mountain trails, from cabin to cabin, or across country among the scattered valley farms, they took pains to acquaint themselves, in their friendly way, with the composition and the individuals of each household. When one was missing, they enquired where he had gone. If they learned or suspected that he was ailing, they managed a glimpse of him, and then their knowledge of the disease told them how to act.

Daily, as they discovered the presence either of the sickness or of contact cases, they were obliged to impose quarantine on new houses. And in remote points the imposition, so necessary to the general welfare, would have worked great hardship but for the passings of the patrol. The Trooper, on his daily round, would stop to enquire the condition and needs of the family, and would see, moreover, that those needs were supplied. He would get the message to the grocer or the druggist in the nearest settlement, and, whatever might have been his action otherwise, no grocer, druggist or any other purveyor neglected a request made through the State Police.

In the course of this work, the Troopers acquired a minute knowledge of the entire country-side, and found and relieved many cases of acute suffering and destitution that must otherwise have gone on to a pitiful end.

Thus, early one morning, Trooper Kane was circling about the Mont Alto Sanatorium, on a five-mile radius, when he came upon a trail that suggested a dwelling somewhere back in the woods. Following it, he discovered a little frame house hidden away in the brush. It was paintless, grey and weatherbeaten. A gnarled old apple-tree spread its arms before it, as though to protect it with the outreaching hopes and care of an earlier and happier generation. But the little farming that had been done around it, by weedy and stunted rows, by sickly growths and crooked planting, told its own story of discouragement, weakness and lack.

As Trooper Kane reined up his horse at the opening of the trail, and stood for an instant quietly looking at the house, its door opened and a man came out. He was a young man, dressed in the mountain garb. His attitude bespoke utter misery. Without so much as a glance about him, he dropped down on the step and buried his head in his hands.

"Good morning!" called Trooper Kane, riding closer.

The man raised his head. His eyes were full of fever. The mark of the pest was upon him, strong and beyond dispute. But he made no reply.

The Trooper bethought himself. This must be the man he had heard about, down at the valley blacksmith shop—the trapper who had lived here all his life alone, until, some eight months since, he had married and brought the girl home to his solitary abode.

"How's your wife?" the Trooper essayed.

The question unlocked the other's lips. "She's sick!" he moaned, "awful sick. She's got a terrible pain in her side. And we ain't got no food in the house at all. And —I don't know what's come over me—but I can't seem even to tote my gun to go hunt a little meat for her. She's starving."

Again his head dropped into his hands, his fingers clenched weakly in his sunburnt hair. The tears were splashing slowly on the door-step.

"Cheer up!" said the Trooper. "I'll see to this. Do you have a family doctor?"

"No."

"Where does the nearest doctor live?"

"Down in Quincy. But he won't come here. I've sent for him different times, but he always says no. He knows we can't pay."

"How about groceries? Where do you deal?"

"We ain't got no money left, I tell ye. We can't get groceries nowhere, nor nothin' else."

Trooper Kane knew that the State Doctor could not be brought to that remote point before late afternoon; knew also that this household must be relieved immediately; further, that it lay outside of the confines of Franklin County, in the County of Adams.

So, hastening to the nearest telephone, he called up the

Poor Department of Adams County, and officially notified it to send out a doctor and supplies at once.

The Doctor, on his arrival, diagnosed the girl's trouble as appendicitis in an advanced stage, and confirmed the Trooper's judgment of the ailment of the husband. He then assumed general charge. But it remained incumbent upon the State Police, nevertheless, to see to the maintenance of quarantine.

Next day the sick girl died.

And then it appeared that all the mountain-side, that had taken no thought of her while she lived, that would have let her die of starvation, was bent on coming to her funeral! Now, half this ambitious public either actually had smallpox in a light form, or had been so much exposed to it as to be dangerous. Should such an assemblage take place, the other half could scarcely fail to be infected. Trooper Kane therefore forbade the funeral party. But, knowing the passion of the mountain-folk for that form of gathering, he dared not trust to their obedience. So he arranged that his best citizen allies should be stationed at the graveyard, in numbers sufficient to control the mountaineers should they try to break through by force; and that others, meantime, should guard the infected house from curious visitors.

But now, as the hour drew near, the husband himself complicated the case, entreating to be allowed to go to the grave. "Seems like I *couldn't* let no one else touch her," he moaned.

"Do you think it could be done?" asked the Trooper, moved by that piteous grief.

"Well," growled the doctor, "he'd have physical strength enough and plenty, with the desire that's in him. But you know the danger as well as I do."

"I wish we could fix it, somehow. It surely is hard!"

"I'll tell you," the Doctor conceded. "If you want to go with him yourself and see not one soul comes near, I'll say yes."

"All right, I'll do that much for the poor chap. Will you get word to the guards at the graveyard that they're dismissed, and tell them to tell the people I'm taking their place."

"I'll do it myself," said the Doctor, and hurried away.

The trapper owned no kind of wagon. All his little

journeyings had been made on foot, or on the back of an old saddle horse, his wife riding pillion behind him. For work about his place, he had used a drag, such as Indians make of long sapling poles, two ends serving as shafts while the other two rest on the ground, supporting the burden between them. Today it must serve for another purpose. There was nothing else to use.

Green branches lay in a heap by the doorstep. He had gone to the heart of the wood for them and had chosen the freshest. Now he led out his horse, harnessed between the shafts of the drag. Over its rough lashings he spread the boughs orderly, standing back to survey them with anxious eyes, covering here the brown of a branch, there taking away an imperfect leaf, while the Trooper, waiting apart, looked on in silence. At last, his preparations done, he disappeared into his house and shut the door. Some moments passed without sound from within. Then the door opened, and the trapper came forth, bearing his dead in his arms. No need to ask whence came his strength to do it. Gently he laid her down on the boughs, tenderly he disposed her dress, and touched her soft yellow hair with his trembling fingers. There she lay, among the leaves of oak and ash, and the flowering laurel branches, her long hands folded on her breast, her young face turned up to the blue sky, white as the floating clouds and as peaceful.

A moment the two stood looking at her there. Then the sick man turned to the Trooper.

"I guess we'll be goin'," said he. "Come, Jim." And the old horse started down the leafy trail.

Where has been seen a procession more touching? Under the arching green of hemlock and birch, over grey stones and thick, soft mosses, the ancient horse, lean, sunken-eyed, moving slowly with hanging head. At his bridle a man of body sick unto death, of heart more desolate, a man poor and weak and pitiful always. Then the couch of green boughs and rosy blossoms and the dead girl lying on it, sweet and holy, her white face turned to the sky. And last their one friend on earth—the tall young soldier in his rigid, faultless uniform, brave and kind and very sad and reverent, speaking power from every line of his clean, hard limbs and his strong, intelligent, trust-inspiring face. So the branches close behind them, over

the narrow trail, and they pass slowly on, unseen, to the burial place.

In the little mountain grave-yard, they found the grave dug, ready, a spade left sticking in the fresh earth heaped at its side. On the verge stood a rough pine box, its lid loose, a hammer and nails upon it.

Once more the sick man lifted his dead, and laid her down in that rude coffin, with the oak and the ash beneath her and the laurel near her face. Then the soldier nailed the lid fast, and so they two together lowered the coffin into its place. No clergyman was there, no minister, only those two, with old Jim and the dead.

They looked at each other, hesitating.

"I wish there could ha' been something said" . . . murmured the man sick of a fever, his cracked lips quivering.

. . . "Couldn't you say a prayer?" ventured the other.

"I never knowed a prayer in all my life. But—she'd ha' wanted it . . . she'd ha' wanted it bad."

Then the Trooper knew what was required of him. In the many years of his service his duty had come in multitudinous shapes, cast by the multitudinous sudden needs of the people. But this one thing had never come before. An enormous diffidence engulfed him, in which his brain gasped and drifted. But there lay that poor, bare coffin, waiting in the grave, and there were the hungry helpless eyes of the man fixed upon him. He started back, blankly. He could not refuse. But where were the words? Where? . . . Then, like a fragment out of a dream he saw himself kneeling at the chancel rail, the chalice passing, heard the voice of the celebrant.

"I can only remember one little one . . ."

"Please!"

So the young soldier bared his head and knelt, the other following. Very slowly he spoke—very clearly, very reverently:

"'The blood of our Lord Jesus Christ, which was shed for thee, preserve thy body and soul unto everlasting life.' Amen."

"Amen," echoed the sick man. Then he turned away and covered his ears with his hands, while the Trooper grasped the spade.

Endless were the deeds of mercy that the patrols performed, while riding their long tours through regions but for them unvisited; merciful the order that they imposed, checking the spread of disaster. But the work, for themselves, was heavy. As to the horses, only by the best of care could they have borne such taxing.

At ten o'clock every night, at six o'clock every morning, when the patrols came off duty, each man worked long on his horse, rubbing him, bathing him, bandaging his legs, before giving a thought to his own comfort. And then, very frequently, when the horse was at ease, the man would start away on foot in pursuit of some extra service, unrelated to the quarantine work, and therefore to be undertaken only outside the hours of quarantine duty.

Acting according to the principle of the Force, Trooper Kane encouraged his men, on patrols, not to be content with the simple duty of the moment, but to take every opportunity to inform themselves of the character, general and particular, of the people among whom they passed. Stopping at the store, or the blacksmith shop, calling on the doctor, they were tactfully to feel out the personnel of the place. What wrongs had been done there in recent times? Who had gone to prison and why? In what manner had he done his deed?—down to the last detail. If he had since been released, what was his subsequent history?

All these matters the Trooper led his men to relate and talk over together when they met, at meals or elsewhere, in order to increase their general knowledge and to store their minds for future need. For it is a fact known to criminology that a man's style in crime is almost as distinctive as his style in handwriting. The whole State was the province of these young officers of the law, and it behooved them to learn all that they could of the person and habits of every criminal therein.

Then the people themselves, appreciating their rare opportunity, and believing, apparently, that State Police officers were immune from need of sleep or rest, brought them a hundred requests for help in matters that they knew not how otherwise to handle.

A matter that cost them many a period of the sleep they had so richly earned by long, hard hours of patrolling, was the arrest of one Bill Barnes, undertaken at the

request of the local authorities. Bill Barnes was the gadfly of his people—a sort of stinging will-o'-the-wisp, not deadly as yet, but irritating, destructive, subversive of peace. Many warrants were out against him, for assault and battery, malicious mischief, robbery, but to serve those warrants was beyond the ability of the local powers. His delight was to terrorize the women at the times when the men were away at work—to enter their houses and demand food at the revolver's point. He revelled in sudden appearances at farmers' outdoor festivals, at church lawn-parties and the like, when, for example, he would swagger into the place, seize an ice-cream saucer from the hands of a girl, whirl it high into the air, shoot it to bits as it whirled, kiss the girl, help himself to what he liked, shoot all the glasses from the telephone poles, and be off at his own good will, protected by his proven skill in the arms he brandished.

He came of respectable village parentage, but his fancy was for the hills. He knew every trail in the mountains, and lived among the heights for considerable periods without any other shelter than such as he made from night to night of fresh-cut boughs. On the lower slopes, in the valleys, he was as wary as a bird. In the high forest he mocked all pursuers. Moreover, when there, he was beyond any constable's jurisdiction.

If the Troopers, one or two of them, could have settled down to uninterrupted attention to the trial of Bill Barnes, it would have been another matter. But they could chase him only at intervals, when off quarantine patrol, when in the time allotted them for sleep. Night after night, following some word of his whereabouts, the men off duty jumped out of their beds and raced away in the dark. They could not use their horses, of course, for the horses must have their scanty rest; and this added to the handicap.

All this contributed hugely to the gaiety of Bill Barnes. Often he would stop farmers on some lonely road, relieve them of their tobacco and odd cash, and instruct them to carry an invitation to the State Troopers to come to an indicated point that night and take him. Often again, he would actually accompany his own pursuers on a parallel line within the forest, observe their every move, and send them a jeering report of it afterward.

So, late one afternoon, word came to the Troopers' lodgings that Bill Barnes was in the vicinity of Beartown.

The night patrol, off duty, led by Trooper Kane, immediately started for that region,—a part into which their work had not led them before. Making inquiries, they presently established the probable general location of their man. He was flying lower than was his habit, down on the tilled lands.

On this somewhat vague information, the detail was cutting across country when one of the men caught a glimpse that gave him pause. Through a break in the foliage, he could see a wheat-field, some eight acres broad. It covered a little hillock running up neatly from every side to a central height. Capping the height rose a great chestnut tree. In the topmost crotch of the chestnut, silhouetted against the sky, perched a man, busy about some small handiwork.

"That's no natural sight," said the officer to himself, and he pointed it out to the rest.

"I'll try stealing up on him," said Trooper Kane.

Softly, softly he stalked him, as he had learned to stalk in the Philippine bush. But the eyes of the tree-man roved all abroad. He saw his pursuer when the latter was yet three thousand yards or more away. Like a flash he slid out of the tree, fleetly crossed the field, disappeared in the wood and, a few minutes later was screaming defiance from a high ledge far above.

"Come up and get me, you snails! You'll never get Bill Barnes!"

"He's right," said Trooper Kane to the rest. "We'll never catch him like this. With three minutes' start he can lose us in these woods any time. Moreover, we mustn't hunt him every day. It keeps him too much on guard. But let's go over and see what he was doing up that tree, before we quit."

Under the tree, with some oily rags, lay other traces that told what had busied the bird that had flown. He had been cleaning his gun.

Now, Bill had a brother, who lived in the mountain heights. His house stood in a small clearing cut out of the thick forest, and here, it was known, Bill sometimes came for food. The dense brush and timber that surrounded the place on three sides offered such facile escape, in the unlikely case of need, that he felt but little danger there. So Trooper Kane, informed of the fact, now turned to the

farmers on the encompassing slopes with the request that they send him word when they had knowledge of Bill's presence in his brother's house.

Willing enough they were to help, for all had suffered petty robberies, insolences and fright at Bill Barnes's hands. The women in especial were keen to aid. And so it was by a farmer's wife that Trooper Kane was called to the telephone one morning not long afterward. "Bill Barnes has just gone up to his brother's place," said she. "Coming up the mountain just now, I saw him cutting across a clearing straight that way."

Private Rose lay on his cot. He had been out on a more than commonly long and stiff patrol, and was now deep in his second hour's sleep.

"Rose!" said Kane.

"Huh?"

"Bill Barnes!"

Rose resurrected himself from the nethermost depths. It was like pulling the bottom out of the sea. "Bill Barnes?" said he. "All right. Just let me put my head under the pump."

Meantime Kane was considering; he wanted a disguise that would carry him unsuspected into hands' reach of his man. Up in the hills to the south of the point where Barnes was now supposed to be, lay the town of Penmar, astride the Pennsylvania-Maryland line. In summer Penmar was much frequented by Baltimoreans, including many college boys. And these people, in driving about over the mountains, not infrequently used the road that led past Bill's brother's house.

"We must get into civilian clothes," said Kane. Then they went out and bought themselves caps such as the holiday boys at Penmar were wearing, hired a horse and buggy at the livery stable, and started up into the heights.

As they neared their general field Kane, who was driving, turned and inspected his companion with more critical care. Dissatisfaction lingered in his look.

"Somethin's wrong with you, Rose," he said, at last. "I can't make out just what. Yes! That's it! Your shoulders. Can't you do something to them? Slouch, man! Take the life out of your spine."

Rose did his best to obey, but he, too, was staring critically at his comrade. "I don't know that Bill would

notice it," said he, "but your face is all wrong. Can't you make your mouth sort of pulpy? And look fluffy all over? Like, as Mr. Muldoon says, you were ninety per cent foolishness and ten per cent meat?"

Kane grinned. "I'll try that, too," said he. "It doesn't sound hard. Now we must sing. We can't, but we've got to. *No!* 'He may be a brother to William H. Taft' won't do. Sing 'Old Black Joe.' All together!"

Carolling idly, they approached the house, passed it with no more than the casual glance of the strolling explorer, and drove on for a quarter of a mile beyond. There they turned, still singing, and retraced their route.

"This gives 'em a chance to have thought us over and sized us up," said Kane. Now they'll make up their minds that we're only harmless youngsters from Penmar and won't suspect us. Whereas, if we'd got out of the buggy the first time past, Bill, if he's there, would have been off and away into the woods in no time."

Once more in front of the house they stopped, leisurely alighted, and made for the two doors. Kane taking the front, Rose the rear. They entered simultaneously. The room had but a single occupant. That occupant was Bill Barnes, sitting eating at a table, squarely between them.

"Hello, Bill," said Kane.

"How are you?" responded Bill, a big piece of corn-cake in one hand and a cup of coffee in the other.

"Bill," pursued the Trooper, "we are officer of the State Police. I think you'll admit we've got you this time."

Bill Barnes gave the two men a long look. Rose had forgotten to slouch by now, and Kane had let his mouth go its own way. Then the wild man did a peculiar thing. Without a motion toward his side-arms, still clutching his rations, he swung around in his chair, and presented his feet to the view of his visitors.

"Look at them soles!" said he. "Look at them holes! That's come from running over the mountains. You fellows keep me on the jump. I'm tired of it. I'm glad, since it's you, that you've caught me. But,"——and his face darkened—"if it had been that constable down in the Valley that tried it, *I'd a killed him just as sure as I breathe.* . . . Can I have time to finish this meal?"

"Sure. Eat all you want," said Kane.

When he had done, the two Troopers took him in their

buggy down to the valley town. All the way he chatted pleasantly, running over the incidents of the chase just ended, and he offered no resistance at all.

But in the valley, infinitely as the people rejoiced in his capture, mild as he now seemed, no one wanted to handle Bill Barnes. They knew that what he had just protested as to their constable, for example, was the bare truth.

"One more job, then, for the crew of the Captain's gig!" said Rose.

And so, next day, a Trooper, officially off duty, accompanied by Trooper Kane, who was never off duty, being responsible for all, took Bill to Chambersburg, the county town, and delivered him into the hands of the Law. And the Law sent him to prison for a term of years.

The continuous warp of quarantine service, with all that it involved, was thus overlaid by a woof almost as continuous of incidental criminal work. Only men in the pink of condition and the prime of youth, imbued with a devoted spirit of service, could have stood the long strain. But these men, one and all, were inspired with the true spirit of the Force. They felt a keen resentment of the pretension of their own physical needs to limit their work. They desired, above all things, to meet every call, and that in the end, when this page was turned, it should stand as a record of good work, faithfully done in heaping measure to the honor of the Squadron.

Endless were the burdens so cast upon the State Police officers. Crop thieves and cattle thieves to catch; chicken-stealing to stop and punish; highway robbers to be found and arrested; yeggmen to be seized, and all superimposed on the quarantine work, not one iota of which could even be abated. No proper request, moreover, was refused, when a man remained available to respond to it.

Little by little, by steady progress, the pestilence sank, the death rate lowered. But not until three months had passed was the quarantine raised. Then, in an hour, off rode Trooper Kane and his men, 'cross country in a hurry on a new mission, this time to exorcise burglars from clamoring Huntington County.

KATHERINE MAYO.

Dirge

By Theodore Maynard

If on a day it should befall
That love must have her funeral;
And men weep tears that love is dead,
That never more her gracious head
Can turn to meet their eyes and hold
Their hearts with chains of silky gold;
That never more her hands can be
As dear as was virginity;
That in her coffin there is laid
Beauty, the body of a maid,
The body of one so piteous sweet,
With candles burning at her feet
And cowled monks singing requiem. . . .

I think I would not go with them,
Her lordly lovers, to the place
Where lies that lovely mournful face,
That curving throat and marvellous hair
Under the sconces' yellow flare—
How shall a man be comforted
When love is dead, when love is dead?

But I would make my moan apart,
Keeping my dreams within my heart—
For guarded as a sepulchre
Shall be the house I built for her
Of silver spires and pinnacles
With carrillons of mellow bells,
A house of song for her delight
Whose joy was as the strong sunlight—
But now love's ultimate word is said,
For love is dead, for love is dead!

But even should all hope be lost
Some memory, like a thin white ghost,
Might stealthily move in midnight hours
Among those silent sacred towers,
And glimmer on the moonlit lawn
Until the cold ironic dawn
Arises from her saffron bed—
When love is dead, when love is dead.

Garments

MARGUERITE WILKINSON

Life has taken from us our garments of pleasure,
  Merry colors woven well Life has laid aside;
But we have put on again the old robe of courage,
  Wearing what our fathers wore even till they died.

Lads wear it as the sky wears the flame of morning;
  Women wear it; like the dusk, it folds their spirits in;
And strong men wear it as the grim, gusty winter
  Wears a coat of icy mail in winds screaming thin.

Life has stripped away the quaint motley of the jester,
  Life has taken pretty pearls and laces from the queen,
Life has torn the scholar's hood, the veils of the dreamer,
  And many a little cloak of joy that kept out beauty clean.

But the old generations have given us their garment
  Of the harsh cloth and heavy that man has often worn,
And we have put on again the old robe of courage—
  And this shall not be taken, and this shall not be torn!

ON PUTTING LITERATURE INTO THE DRAMA

BY BRANDER MATTHEWS

In the early eighties of the last century the Authors Club was founded in New York. At its gatherings men of letters came together for informal converse,—poets and playwrights, novelists and essayists, historians and philosophers. In their several degrees they were all makers of books, but they regarded literature each from his own special angle; and the unexpected result of this interchange of view was a broadening of the outlook of those whose vision had been too narrowly focussed on their own field of endeavor.

At one of these reunions I chanced to be the third of a group of which the other two were Bronson Howard and Richard Henry Stoddard. At a pause in our conversation, Stoddard turned to Howard and asked a rather condescending question.

"Howard," he asked, "why don't you sometimes put a little literature into your pieces?"

The playwright was not at all disconcerted.

"That is an easy question to answer," he replied. "I never *put* literature into my plays because I respect my art too much."

I doubt if Stoddard perceived the significance of the slight emphasis that Howard had given to the word *put*. He made no rejoinder; and our talk drifted to other topics.

Stoddard's inquiry revealed an attitude not uncommon among men of letters who take little interest in the theater and who are accustomed to consider the drama from the literary point of view. They think of a play as something intended only to be read and to be judged solely in the study and not also on the stage. What Stoddard sought in a play was "literary merit," so-called, that is to say, style, rhetoric, verbal brilliancy; and he gave little heed to the more necessary merits of invention and construction. In

his eyes fine writing made a fine play; and it was because most of the poets of our language took this view persistently in the nineteenth century, that the English drama was then so sterile. Their attitude was not unfairly represented in the characteristic remark of Bayes in *The Rehearsal* when he inquired what a plot was for—" except to bring in good things." And by good things they meant glittering similes, pointed antitheses and an unending effulgence of figures of speech. They would have had little sympathy with Joubert's incisive declaration that " what is wanted is not merely the poetry of images but the poetry of ideas." They expected the dramatist to construct his decoration and they were dissatisfied if he only decorated his construction.

The quarrel is ancient, if it is not honorable; and the men of letters could have pointed with pride to Seneca and to the Italians of the Renascence and to the French who followed in the footsteps of the Italians. But they would have found no support in the practice or in the precepts of the great Greek dramatists or of the great dramatists of the modern languages. The great dramatists know better than any one else that plays do not live by style alone, but by substance, by invention and by construction, by imagination and by veracity. A good play must be well written, no doubt, but before it is written it must be well conceived and well developed; it must have a theme; it must have a story which reveals itself in a sequence of situations; and this plot must be peopled with human beings who look like human beings, who talk like human beings, and who act like human beings.

While the words by means of which these characters disclose themselves and carry on the action are important, they are far less important than the action itself. Moreover, true " literary merit " does not reside in the smoothness of the external rhetoric but in the vigorous harmony of the internal elements which enable the play to stand four-square to all the winds that blow. It is by the force of these internal elements that a drama maintains itself in the theater, even if it is more or less by its external charm of style that it pleases us also in the library. In the playhouse the play appeals to the playgoers, an incongruous mass made up of all sorts and conditions of men; and the verdict of this mass is always sincere and it has always had

the high respect of the great dramatists, who have indeed paid little or no regard to any other verdict. Probably most of the great dramatists would unhesitatingly subscribe to the assertion of one of the most adroit playwrights of our own time, Mr. William Gillette, when he declared that dramatic authors find the public "honest and straightforward with us always, ever ready to be moved by what is true and lifelike and human, provided it be made interesting; ever ready to reject the false and artificial, even though it be festooned with literary gems."

"Festooned with literary gems"! Could there be an apter description of the "literature" that is *put* into a play, in the vain hope of disguising its falsity and its artificiality and of concealing its lack of truth and humanity? A dramatist who understands his art and respects it, never tries to "put" literature into his plays; he confines his effort to putting life into them, well aware that if he achieves sincerity and veracity, he will also attain literature without having strained for it.

The overmastering desire to be "literary" on all occasions and at all costs has wrecked the hopes of many an ambitious man of letters when he has sought success on the stage. Stevenson, for example, believed that the artificiality of his *Deacon Brodie,* its falsity to life, could be atoned for by its sheer verbal beauty. He was able to give his story this external merit; but he neglected to give it the necessary internal merit of sincerity. He amused himself by playing with his subject, instead of wrestling with it after fasting and prayer. He tried to palm off on the public a verbal veneer as a substitute for the solid mahogany which the public expected. Clever as he was, he failed to see that a living drama depends upon a stark simplicity of structure, which may admit of decoration but which does not demand this because it has ever the undeniable beauty of perfect design, a beauty equally undeniable even when it is unadorned.

Voltaire was a man of letters, beyond all question, but he was also a man with a wide and varied experience in the theater; and it was this experience which once led him to set forth the essential qualities of a play:

> Compact a lofty and interesting event in the space of two or three hours; bring forward the several characters only when they each

ought to appear; never leave the stage empty; develop a plot as probable as it is attractive; say nothing unnecessary; instruct the mind and more the heart; be eloquent always and with the eloquence proper to every character represented; use a language as pure as the most careful prose without permitting the fetters of rhyme to interfere with the thought,—these are the conditions now imposed on tragedy.

And if we strike out the injunction never to leave the stage empty and the advice about rhyme—monitions of value only in French tragedy—we have here a characteristically penetrating analysis.

Man of letters as Voltaire was above all else, he did not ask the intending playwright to spend any of his energy on the effort to be "literary." Even when he prescribed the duty of being "eloquent always," he qualified this and explained his real meaning by adding, "with the eloquence proper to every character represented." Plainly enough Voltaire was out of sympathy with the many poets of his own time who were wont to rely on festoons of literary gems and whose verbal glitter was often only paste. With the same insight into the true conditions of dramatic composition, Voltaire, on another occasion, declared that tragedy welcomes metaphor and abhors simile. "Why? Because a metaphor, when it is natural, belongs to passion; but a simile belongs only to the intelligence."

When we consider the plays of Shakespeare in the order in which he wrote them, it is interesting to see how he indulged freely in simile in the days of his apprenticeship to the art of playmaking; and how, as he gained a firmer grasp on the principles of the art, he banished simile and relied almost altogether upon metaphor. In *Love's Labor's Lost,* for example, which is probably his earliest attempt at comedy, we can observe him joyfully displaying his own verbal dexterity, delighting in conceits and in fanciful comparisons, juggling with words for their own sake. Something of this he retained even when he wrote his youthful tragedy *Romeo and Juliet,* where we can catch him in the act, so to speak, of "putting literature into a play." But there is nothing of this in the *Macbeth* of his maturity; that achieves literature inevitably, by its simple veracity, and seemingly without over-exertion on his part, In *Love's Labor's Lost* we can detect his own consciousness of his cleverness, whereas in *Macbeth* he has ceased to be clever and is content to be true.

In nothing is Shakespeare's ultimate mastery of his craft more clearly disclosed than in the unerring certainty with which he employed prose or blank verse as the varying episodes of his story seemed to demand the one or the other. In *Julius Caesar,* for instance, Brutus and Cassius and Mark Antony, the loftier figures of the tragedy, speak in blank verse; the less important characters make use of a rhythmic prose, effectively cadenced but lacking the rigorous restrictions of meter; the plebeians and the mob express their emotions and their opinions in bare prose.

Most of the modern poets of our language when they have essayed the five-act tragedy have failed to profit by Shakespeare's example. They have not dared to drop into prose, even in dealing with the unpoetic commonplaces of everyday existence. They never cease to walk on stilts, because they are forever trying to put literature into their plays. "The ordinary English poetical play varies between rather slack and formless meter, and ornate, involved and ultra-poetical diction," so Professor Gilbert Murray asserts; and he goes on:

> The first enables the poet to slide into prose when asking for his boots; the second, almost unassisted, has to keep up the poetic quality of the atmosphere. It does so, of course, at the expense of directness, and often with the ruinous result that where you have Drama you have killed Poetry, and where you have Poetry you have killed Drama.

Professor Murray has here placed his finger on the prevailing defect of the English poetical play of the middle of the nineteenth century. It insisted on being "poetical" at all times and at any cost. It was the result of a mistaken belief that a play could be made poetical by applying a varnish of "poetry." And a belief equally mistaken led the writers of English comedy of the same period to besprinkle their dialogue with hand-made witticisms, with alleged epigrams, distributed lavishly to all the characters, even to the dullest and the least capable of making a joke. In the insubstantial comic pieces of H. J. Byron, anybody would say anything, however inappropriate, to anybody else, if this could be made a cue for a cut and dried repartee. The spectators of these highly unreal pieces could not doubt that Byron kept a notebook in which he jotted down every joke, every quip and every pun that came to him;

and they could almost see him taking out one or another of these merry jests to pin it into his dialogue as best he could.

"The sure sign of a general decline of an art is the frequent occurrence, not of deformity, but of misplaced beauty," said Macaulay with his customary common sense. "In general, tragedy is corrupted by eloquence and comedy by wit." Perhaps it is rather grandiloquence than actual eloquence which marks the decline of tragedy; but that comedy is debased by a perpetual questing of epigram, falsely so-called, must be admitted at once. The disappearance of the factitious and laborious "wit" from our more recent plays is evidence that modern comedy is recovering its health.

Oscar Wilde was the latest English comic dramatist to indulge in incessant fireworks. But it is an error to suppose that his success on the stage was due to his scintillations and his corruscations. His best comedies are solidly built, with an ingenious story carefully elaborated into a compelling plot. The pleasure which we get from *Lady Windimere's Fan* is only in small part derived from its rattle of witticisms, often highly arbitrary in themselves and sometimes very arbitrarily distributed. Indeed, there are already signs that the persistent and insistent crackle of the dialogue is beginning to be annoying to latter-day audiences. We are losing our liking for an external dazzle which distracts our attention from the internal action artfully arranged to arouse and to retain our interest.

Even if *Lady Windimere's Fan* is not quite sincere in its portrayal of character and not quite veracious in its dealing with life, it has an ingeniously articulated action which would retain its potency even if the play should be translated into German and thence into Spanish and finally back into English,—an operation which would certainly brush off all the spangles that now glisten in the dialogue. Yet we may be assured that these forced and fortuitous quips and quirks were not injected continuously because the author believed it to be his duty to put literature into his play, but rather because he recognized that he had to maintain his own reputation as a wit, as a manufacturer of cleverness, as a retailer of "good things." And it may be admitted that in bestowing this deliberate brilliance on his dialogue, Wilde was dutifully following in the footsteps of

the two masters of the English comedy of manners, Congreve and Sheridan.

In the third quarter of the nineteenth century the French drama also suffered from an epidemic of epigram. The foremost French comedy of that time, the *Gendre de M. Poirier* of Augier and Sandeau, was more or less infected by this malady; and the chief rival of the *Gendre de M. Poirier,* the *Demi-Monde* of the younger Dumas, has been quarantined by later French critics because of its feverish eruption of witticisms. It is only fair to record that Dumas recovered and that in his later *Françillon* there is scarcely a single example of calculated repartee. The dialogue of *Françillon* seems spontaneous even when it is at its cleverest, whereas that of the *Demi-Monde* strikes us to-day as mannered and metallic. The French dramatists of the twentieth century may even be accused of having reacted a little too violently from the practices of their immediate predecessors, since they appear almost to avoid wit.

So long as the dramatist, French, British or American, was adjusting his plays to the apron-stage which brought the actors almost into personal contact with the audience and which was a platform inviting the characters to be exuberantly grandiloquent in tragedy or confidentially witty in comedy, he was subject to a constant temptation to "put literature into the drama." But this temptation has diminished, if it has not disappeared, now that our playwrights are all working for the picture-frame stage which keeps the actors far distant from the spectators and which therefore places a premium on simple and direct utterance.

BRANDER MATTHEWS.

PORTRAIT OF MARGARET FULLER

BY GAMALIEL BRADFORD

SARAH MARGARET FULLER, Marchioness Ossoli, brought the thrill of life wherever she went, though she was often only half alive herself. As a child, from 1820 to 1830, she stirred her Cambridge playmates. As a teacher and talker, she stirred the transcendental circles of Boston. As a writer in New York, she moved men and women with her soul more than with her pen. She went to Italy in the forties, and the Italians loved her and one of them made her a marchioness and a mother. Then the stormy deep engulfed her, as it did Shelley.

Mrs. Cheney, writing in 1902, fifty years after Margaret's death, says: "She is the woman of America who is moulding the lives and the characters of her countrywomen more than any other. It is for her that in the new West, which she was among the first to understand, the women's clubs are named, and both in the East and West audiences gladly listen to all that can be told of her." I wonder if this is as true today as it was then.

The best way to understand Margaret will be to analyze her in three distinct phases, to unfold, as it were, one wrapping after another, until we reach the essential secret of her heart. And first we should see her in that social contact with others which, at any rate in the earlier part of her life, was her ambition and her despair. No one has striven harder than she to accomplish in human relations what those who strive hardest recognize most clearly, in the end, to be impossible.

As a woman, if we are to consider her socially, we must begin by thinking of her appearance. She had a passionate longing to be beautiful; but apparently no one thought her so. She was rather short, rather heavy, had a lofty

but not attractive carriage, opened and shut her eyes oddly, poised her head oddly. Emerson says that at first she "made a disagreeable impression on most persons . . . to such an extreme that they did not wish to be in the same room with her." She grew aware of this with time, though perhaps she did not wholly understand the causes. "I made up my mind," she says, "to be bright and ugly."

She was bright enough, but there was too much making up the mind about it, and it did not please strangers, nor even, in the early days, people who knew her well. A tradition of intense dislike still surrounds her name for many who can never get over it. Horace Mann, suggesting a popular impression about her family, said that "she had the disagreeableness of forty Fullers"; and certainly at times she did appear to concentrate a large dose of the unattractive. "To the multitude she was a haughty and supercilious person," says one who admired and loved her. However much she may have prized attention and applause, she would not stoop for them. It is doubtful whether the records of history show a woman who began life by declaring, to herself and others, a larger and more sweeping sense of her own power and importance. Her mighty and four-square egotism teased the shy and self-distrustful Hawthorne till he had immortalized it in the Zenobia of the *Blithedale Romance*. It disconcerted the grave Emerson. It annoyed Lowell, "A very foolish, conceited woman." It amused Horace Greeley, who was not without his own fair share of the same quality. But nothing can equal Margaret's words about herself. "There are also in every age a few in whose lot the meaning of that age is concentrated. I feel that I am one of those persons in my age and sex. I feel chosen among women." And again, "I now know all the people worth knowing in America, and I find no intellect comparable to my own." She was fully developed and mature when she said this, and I do not know where you can surpass it.

To be sure, more think these things than say them, and we must accredit Margaret with a royal candor which is not without charm. She said what she thought about herself, and she said what she thought about others right to their faces. Those who were large enough came to appreciate the spirit in which she did it. But many were not large enough, and her best friends admit that she com-

bined candor with a singular and unfortunate tactlessness.

It must not be supposed, however, that Margaret nursed, or wished to nurse, her self-esteem in private. I have said that she sought society. She did, and with the wish to dominate and control it, to be the leader, if anything at all. She "had an immense appetite for social intercourse," says one who knew her intimately, and she threw herself into this, as into every thing, with the furious ardor which she herself understood so well. "There is no modesty or moderation in me." Wherever she came, she wished to lead, and to dominate whomsoever she met. Yield to her, and she would love you—if she thought you worth while. Resist her, and you became an object of interest, whether she thought you worth while or not.

The means she used to ensnare and captivate were as varied as they were startling. She would adapt herself to every one, be all things to all men and women, if the fancy seized her. Persuasion was just as much at her command as force. Read her own autobiographical story, *Mariana,* with its extraordinary account of her attempts as a child at boarding-school to control and dominate her fellow pupils; the arts and wiles and deceptions she cunningly practised, only to overthrow her influence in the end by her impatient haughtiness and eccentricity. She had, she says of herself, "the same power of excitement that is described in the spinning dervishes of the East." Like them, she would spin until all around her were giddy, while her own brain, instead of being disturbed, was excited to great action. Read, also, Emerson's description of the means she used to overcome his original prejudice:

> She studied my tastes, piqued and amused me, challenged frankness by frankness, and did not conceal the good opinion of me she brought with her, nor her wish to please. She was curious to know my opinions and experiences. Of course, it was impossible long to hold out against such urgent assault.

So others found it besides Emerson. For it must be recognized that this singular creature, who had such a power of making enemies and arousing distaste, had also such immense mental and spiritual resources that her talk was admired and her society sought by the wisest and wittiest persons who came near her. To begin with, she had a belief in conversation, its delights and possibilities, which seems pathetic to those who have pursued the ideal

of it through an Odyssey of failure. She loved to talk, to make others talk, even to try to make others talk. It must be confessed that, by universal testimony, she had an extraordinary power of stimulation, of taking what seemed to be dull clods and making hearts of them. Madame Arconati wrote Emerson that she had never known a woman with a mind *plus vivifiant.* The word seems final. Her soul touched others and made them live.

All records of these wonderful talkers, all attempts to transmit them to posterity, are more or less unsuccessful. But Margaret has been fortunate in her interpreters. They rarely note her words, but, wisely, the impression she made upon them. And we find it easy to gather what her power of adaptation was in different surroundings. For instance, Horace Greeley found her serious, in the main. "She could be joyous and even merry; but her usual manner, while with us, was one of grave thought, absorption in noble deeds, and in paramount aspirations." How different is Emerson's picture! He does not, indeed, deny the gravity. She could and would talk with ravishing earnestness, and with a frankness, as from man to man, which no man could excel. But what sudden and surprising changes from gravity to mirth, what echoing gayety, what swift and stinging satire, what instant gift of adjustment to the call of circumstances. Again, he says of her power over those she met: "Of personal influence, speaking strictly,—an efflux, that is, purely of mind and character,—excluding all effects of power, wealth, fashion, beauty, or literary fame,—she had an extraordinary degree. I think more than any person I have known." That this could be said of one who had the exceptional elements of repulsion noted in the beginning of this portrait shows that we are dealing with a soul of unusual and fascinating interest.

Nor was Margaret's power over the hearts of others merely an external, temporary, and social one. She could not only startle and stimulate: where she chose, she could inspire profound and lasting attachment. "I at least," says Colonel Higginson, "have never known any woman who left behind an affection so deep and strong. It is now thirty years since her death, and there is scarcely a friend of hers who does not speak of her with as warm a devotion as if she had died yesterday." During a part of her

life Margaret was a teacher. She taught in various schools and in different places. Under her teaching should also be included her curious attempt to combine the methods of Greek academies and French salons in the public assemblies, held in Boston, which she called "Conversations." It would be easy to cite abundant ridicule of these latter performances. Miss Martineau and many others found them terribly pedantic, and the element of pedantry was not lacking in them. Yet it is incontestable that those who came most under Margaret's influence, either in this way or in her more formal teaching, found an inspiration that lasted them for life.

And all this adoration was not dumb, remote, or incapable of personal transference. What strikes one most of all in Margaret's relation to her fellows is her unusual faculty of eliciting confession from the most varying sources. One does not commonly expect this in persons of such pronounced and self-assertive temperament; but it cannot be denied in her. Emerson was immensely impressed by it. "She drew her companions to surprising confessions."

Especially she was "the interpreter and savior of women," says Mrs. Cheney, "for there was no questioning, no suffering that had not passed through the alembic of her imagination and thought, if not of her actual experience. . . . The largeness of her life and thought made her a great helper."

II

With this largeness of life and thought we may pass from Margaret's social and external relations with others to the inner activity of her intelligence. It may be said at once that hers was not so much a logically creative mind. But her intellect was keen, vivid, illuminating, dashed right into the heart of a subject or a person, plucked out the essential nucleus for herself and others to behold, and then passed on. She abhorred prejudice and convention, wanted the primal elements of things, even things distressing and hateful. "With her," she said of a friend, "I can talk of anything. She is like me. She is able to look facts in the face." She had a splendid analytical power, which shows more in brief touches from casual writings than in her formal works. Thus, of a conversation with Emerson: "He is a much better companion than for-

merly,—for once he would talk obstinately through the walk, but now we can be silent and see things together." Or more generally, "We need to hear the excuses men make to themselves for their worthlessness."

As is natural and unavoidable, with a person who has this gift of analysis, she applied it first of all, and constantly, to herself. She felt that she accomplished little and got nowhere, and this recognition is the surest mark of her power. "I know little about the mystery of life, and far less in myself than in others." Yet she probed and probed, with inexhaustible, quiet, curious diligence, and she is not one of the least profitable of the anatomizers of soul. Again and again she speaks of herself with quiet detachment, judging her own character and conduct, good and evil, exactly as if she were appraising somebody else.

It is in connection with the profound study of her own nature as well as of the nature of others that we should consider her interesting and elaborate theories of self-development, self-culture, constant spiritual progress. In this she was no doubt greatly influenced by Goethe, who was more of a force in her mental life than any other figure of the past. It is easy to make fun of such deliberate preoccupation with oneself and most of us will maintain that action rather than reflection is the true means of self-development. The greater part of Hawthorne's savage and absurdly exaggerated attack on Margaret is based upon a ludicrous over-estimate of her attempts to revolutionize herself.

> It was such an awful joke, that she should have resolved—in all sincerity, no doubt—to make herself the greatest, wisest, best woman of the age. And to that end she set to work on her strong, heavy, unpliable, and, in many respects defective and evil nature, and adorned it with a mosaic of admirable qualities, such as she chose to possess; putting in here a splendid talent and there a moral excellence, and polishing each separate piece, and the whole together, till it seemed to shine afar and dazzle all who saw it. She took credit to herself for having been her own Redeemer, if not her own Creator.

No one who has carefully studied Margaret's own letters or other writings, or the testimony of those who knew her best, will for a moment accept seriously either these or any other of Hawthorne's severe strictures for more than an outburst of ill-temper. No two characters could have been more different than Hawthorne's and Margaret's; or,

if they had some points of resemblance, they would have clashed on those resemblances more than on their differences. As to the self-culture, too elaborate theories in this line have again and again defeated themselves in their most intelligent and conscientious exponents. Margaret came to see this in the end. Yet it cannot be denied that no effort was ever more conscientious than hers. Nor can it be denied that the effort was intelligently controlled and that it effected probably as much as has ever been effected by any human being. The constitutional disagreeableness which I have suggested in beginning this study diminished constantly with the progress of years. The narrowness of egotism, largely fostered in youth by seclusion and excessive reading, yielded more and more to the mellowing influences of wider contact with humanity. In her own noble phrase, she "unlearned contempt;" and what positive and negative advancement are summed up in the earnest motto, which she adopted in her youth and clung to always, however differently she may have come to interpret it: "Very early I knew that the only object in life was to grow."

It is hardly necessary to say that Margaret's theories of culture included much more than mere book-learning. Yet her achievements in this line were remarkable. Or perhaps I should say that her powers were even more remarkable than her achievements. She could grasp the meaning of a book swiftly, fit it to its place in the great scheme of thought and spiritual movement, then hasten to something else, perhaps quite different, and accomplish the same result with equal ease and equal sureness. To her, and more and more as she grew older, books were but the interpreters of life, and her keenest and most thoughtful study was given to the hearts of men.

But the most interesting thing about her studies, as about all her pursuits, is the passion with which she threw herself into them. There were moments of spiritual exaltation and enthusiasm. "I am living like an angel, and I don't know how to get down." But these times were paid for in exhaustion and depression and disgust. "I never can do well more than one thing at a time, and the least thing costs me so much thought and feeling; others have no idea of it." Above all, she lived in perpetual distraction. A thousand cares were ever crowding upon her; and when it was not external cares, it was spiritual vexations and

questions and perplexities. So she struggled onward in a constant turmoil of effort and aspiration; and if her mental kingdom was in some respects ill-coördinated and ill-regulated, at least she was always mentally alive.

Alive, too, in other aspects of spiritual sensibility, besides the merely intellectual. In painting and music, as in thought, what strikes one is rather the effort and passion of her appreciation than its amplitude and security. She touched the great artists widely and sought and fought to make their achievement part of her soul, but she never seems to have entered quite fully into their calm perfection. The same is true of religion. It is interesting and often pathetic, to see her humble, earnest desire for the passion of the mystic and the Christian hope. "My mind often burns with thoughts on these subjects and I long to pour out my soul to some person of superior calmness and strength and fortunate in more accurate knowledge. I should feel such a quieting reaction. But generally I think it is best I should go through these conflicts alone." She went through many of them and they resulted in the formulation of the curious *Credo,* not printed until very recently, which aims at a precision of definition such as neither Emerson nor Goethe would ever have attempted. Doctrinally it has little interest. As throwing psychological light on Margaret it has much, for example, in the splendid and characteristic phrase, "For myself, I believe in Christ because I can do without him."

But the charm of Margaret's sensibility and depth of spiritual emotion shows much better in simpler things than in these more pretentious regions of art and thought. She felt the natural world with peculiar solemnity and intensity. This is evident in her own curious account of the experience of being lost alone for a whole night amid the Highland mountains. It is much more evident in briefer references to New England woods and flowers and fields. You could not find a better antidote to Hawthorne's harsh judgment than this delicate picture of open-air life:

> Many, many sweet little things would I tell you, only they are so very little. I feel just now as if I could live and die here. I am out in the open air all the time except about two hours in the early morning. And now the moon is fairly gone late in the evening. While she was here, we staid out, too. Everything seems sweet here, so homely, so kindly; the old people chatting so contentedly, the young men and girls laughing together in the fields—not vulgarly, but in the true kins-

folk way—little children singing in the house and beneath the berry-bushes.

When one reads these things, one wonders why Margaret did not leave a greater name in actual literature, why her very numerous writings are not more read to-day.

III

We have yet to uncover Margaret's heart, to pass deeper from her social and worldly aspect and her intellectual and literary interests to the passion and the struggle of the woman.

To begin with, she was a lover, always a lover, even from her childhood. In her own family, her father, stern like herself with Puritan self-restraint, though he was proud of her and taught her and developed her, did not give her all the tenderness she needed. How much she needed it appears in the passionate words she wrote long after his death: "I recollect how deep the anguish, how deeper still the want, with which I walked alone in hours of childish passion and called for a Father, after saying the word a hundred times." The same depth of tenderness she gave in full measure to her brothers and sisters.

And the tenderness was not mere sentiment, but showed in practical action. Mr. Fuller's death left his family much cramped financially, and Margaret was forced to deny herself, and did deny herself without hesitation, the spiritual opportunities she so much craved, that her brothers and sisters might have proper education and advantages. She taught the younger children, she did the mending and the cooking, she took care of her mother, who was often ill, and of her grandmother, who was so always.

She was not only a zealous manager, but a prudent and intelligent one. She understood extremely well the value of money, knew how to husband it, and how to spend it so as to make it go furthest and buy most. She supplied her brothers with caution, yet with wide liberality, considering her limitations. Above all, she stinted herself that she might give, not only in her family but far without. Even the bitter words wrung from her in the anguish of the last miserable years show only what her generosity had been and what we are sure it was still. "My love for others had turned against me. I had given to other sufferers what I now needed for myself so deeply, so terribly; I shall never

again be perfectly, be religiously generous; I understand why others are not. I am worse than I was."

And her human tenderness extended far beyond her own family. We have seen that she wanted to be admired and praised and worshiped. She wanted to be loved, also; and perhaps this was really at the root of the less commendable instinct. Amid all the popularity and social compliment, she keenly appreciated what affection was, just common affection. "Around my path how much humble love has flowed." She wanted to give love, too, as well as get it. She knew at all times of her life that aching emptiness which only an overpowering devotion can fill. Do we not get a glimpse of it in the quiet words describing one contact with youth and beauty? "She was a lovely child then, and happy, but my heart ached, and I lived in just the way I do now."

Nothing throws more light on this human craving than Margaret's relation with the good Emerson. They sought and admired each other, and got and gave much. But Emerson, who so abounded in kindness, was perhaps somewhat limited in the blind longings of the heart. He speaks of "the romantic sacrifice and ecstatic fusion" of Margaret's friendships, with a humorous acceptance of incomprehension. Margaret herself complains of his coldness, of his incapacity for the highest surrender. "He met men, not as a brother, but as a critic." And it would be amusing, if it were not pathetic, to see her dissatisfaction reflected in Emerson's account of it. She called his friendship commercial, he says, felt that he could not prize affection unless it chattered, weighed love by what he got from it only. He quotes her very words: "The deepest love that approached you was, in your eyes, nothing but a magic lantern, always bringing out pretty shows of life." Some of us today feel too keenly what Margaret meant. But, all the same, how noble and beautiful is the humility of Emerson's comment: "As I did not understand the discontent then—of course, I cannot now."

The question naturally arises, how about love with Margaret in the ordinary sense, how about her relations with men who were not simply friends and philosophers? In her earlier years there is no definite trace of anything of the sort. She had few of the attractions which draw young men and none of the coquetry which seeks to draw

them. Her youthful letters and reminiscences do not indicate any affection, requited or unrequited. Then, in 1844, when she was well over thirty, she fell in love with a brilliant member of the Jewish race, and for a year she kept up a correspondence with him, which has been printed by Mrs. Howe, and which shows Margaret as deeply and sentimentally in love as any school girl.

It is true that the old egotism still hangs about her. Her dead companion is the first she "ever had who could feel every little shade of life and beauty as exquisitely as myself." But she relishes even the shock to egotism which comes with the self-abandonment of this new tenderness. She finds a strange thrill of pleasure in the lover's admonition, "You must be a fool, little girl." She indulges in all the fantastic freaks of amorous imagination, the ardor for an impossible union, the frantic questionings, the idle self-tormentings—not one of the old, well-known symptoms is missing. And to complete all, she assumes, as usual, that they are first known to her. As the gay French comedy puts it, *En voilà encore une qui croit avoir inventé l'amour.*

Yet even these love-letters, earnest as they are, genuine as they are, and most important in the light they throw upon Margaret's character, are not wholly free from a suggestion of literature. When the infatuation is over, her characteristic comment is, "I shall write a sketch of it and turn the whole to account in a literary way, since the affections and ideal hopes are so unproductive." There had been more head than heart in the matter and to touch the deepest emotions of her nature required a different temperament from that of the brilliant Jew. After a few months' sojourn in Italy, she found such a temperament, certainly very different, in the Marquis Ossoli, whom she married secretly at the close of the year 1847. Judgments about Ossoli are somewhat varying. The utter brutality of Hawthorne's comment defeats itself and suggests some obscure ground of prejudice. According to him, the marquis had no claim even to good-breeding, let alone intelligence, "In short, half an idiot, and without any pretensions to be a gentleman," and Margaret married him simply from curiosity and weariness. Such an extreme statement cannot stand a moment against other evidence. It is clear that Margaret's husband was not literary or a scholar. She had doubtless seen quite enough of that sort of gentry in her varied

career. But there is no doubt that he was a high-minded, dignified gentleman, and that he was devoted to her with an attachment, which, coming from a temperament like his, is in itself strong testimony to the nobleness of her character. As for the ever-increasing depth and tenderness of her regard for him, it is apparent whenever she mentions his name. She was nearly forty years old, she had been through a wide variety of emotional experiences, she knew the human heart, and here she had found one whose grave earnestness and loyal affection could be counted upon in every trial. "Simple, true, delicate, and retiring," she calls him, in well-weighed words; and adds "while some of my friends have thought me exacting, Ossoli has outgone my expectations in the disinterestedness, the uncompromising bounty, of his every action."

Then she became a mother, and yet one more profound chamber of her heart was opened. She had always loved children and had had a peculiar power of drawing their confidence, as that of their elders. She longed for motherhood; "My heart was too suffocated without a child of my own." Yet she longed with an unusual and beautiful humility: "I am too rough and blurred an image of the Creator, to become a bestower of life." When her son was born, she seemed almost to forget her existence in his. Her brain was all plans for rearing and guiding and helping him. His illness shakes her faith more than anything else had ever done before. His health and gayety make her gay when all is troubled around her.

For these strange new experiences had come to her in a troubled world. Her husband was thickly concerned in the Italian revolution, and she herself gave all her natural ardor to the coming of a new era in the country she had loved and known so well. As battles were fought and men were wounded and suffering, she visited the hospitals, comforted the dying, cheered and tended the long and solitary hours of recovery. "A mild saint and ministering angel, that seems to have been the impression made by her at Rome upon those who knew her well," writes a friend.

It will be asked, where was the old Margaret, the disagreeable Margaret, the harsh, dominating, self-willed egotism? Not wholly dead, doubtless. She herself says, "In the foundation of my character, in my aims, I am always the same." So are we all. But at least her heart had been

immensely changed and modified by love and pity. She had suffered in life far more than she had enjoyed, she says, and suffering changes all hearts one way or the other. Ambition? She still cherishes it in a manner, still hopes to be a great writer, plans a history of the noble doings in Italy, which was lost with her, to the regret of many. Self-culture, all the fine Goethean theories? Oh, perhaps she has them; but she has at last come to know the great secret, that the height of self-culture is to forget culture and to forget self; that he that loseth his life shall find it. And in the pity of her struggle with health, struggle with narrow circumstances, struggle with war and the ruins of war,—her courage almost ebbs away in a languishing cry: "Yes! I am *weary,* and faith soars and sings no more. Nothing is left good of me except at the bottom of the heart a melting tenderness." Surely a strange utterance from the haughty spirit of earlier years.

So the high Italian dream was over. There was nothing left for Margaret and her husband among his people. And her thoughts turned again to home. She would go back to America, would strive once more to gain recognition of her powers, aiming rather at others' profit than at her own. She accepted the task, made such preparations as she could. But her heart was heavy, weighed down with undue, unreasonable fear. Everything connected with her journey seemed to turn into sad omen, or so she read it in her doubting soul. At the very last moment the foreboding was so heavy that she found it diffcult to force herself to go on board the vessel. She did so, and all her fears were realized. She passed the Atlantic safely, only to be wrecked on Fire Island beach, in July, 1850. We need not analyze the extensive investigations and confused narratives of the final disaster. It is enough to know that Margaret perished with her husband and child, as she would have wished.

It was a pathetic, tragic end to a tragic career. We certainly cannot say that Margaret's life was wasted, when we appreciate her immense influence upon her contemporaries and those who came after her. Yet it does not seem as if her achievement matched her powers. She was a woman of marvellous complexity, like all women, and all men; and her complexity strikes you with tenfold force because she went out like a candle when a window is suddenly opened into great night. GAMALIEL BRADFORD.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

MR. WELLS AND JOB [1]

By LAWRENCE GILMAN

MR. WELLS' latest attempt to make God respectable is an odd blend of the method of burlesque extravaganza and the method of spiritual allegory. Though we dare say that if one set out to produce a contemporary version of the Book of Job, one would probably, if one could, go at it in the way that has appealed to Mr. Wells. Doubtless one would hit upon the expedient of modernizing Job of the land of Uz as "Job Huss;" doubtless Bildad the Shuhite (a name, to be sure, worthy of a custard comedy) would become "Mr. William Dad, maker of the Showite car de luxe"; Zophar would become "Mr. Joseph Farr"; Eliphaz the Temanite would emerge as "Sir Eliphaz Burrows, manufacturer of the famous Temanite building-blocks"; and Elihu, the son of Barachel, would become "Dr. Elihu Barrack." If all this seems a bit heavy-handed, a bit lacking in subtlety, it should be remembered that neither imaginative finesse nor deftness of implication are among the gifts showered so generously by the Muses upon Mr. Wells. It is as absurd to look for these things in Mr. Wells as to look for the style of Arthur Symons in the *Congressional Record,* or to expect a hippopotamus to tread delicately among buttercups. Mr. Wells, of course, is no intellectual hippopotamus, nor is he in the remotest degree like the *Congressional Record;* we are merely illustrating the folly of blaming a man because he lacks traits that would be ludicrously dissonant with his makeup, if, conceivably, he possesed them.

Mr. Wells, to tell the bitter truth at once, lacks taste. He may not exhibit all the essential traits of genius, but in one respect he resembles the Olympians: like Shake-

[1] *The Undying Fire,* by H. G. Wells. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1919.

speare, Whitman, Mark Twain, and other rude leviathans, he is constantly perpetrating errors of discretion, gaucheries of humor, rough satires, exuberances of imagination, that any Literary Editor could set right for him between the puffs of a pipe. This is one of the reasons why Mr. Wells is not popular nowadays among the Best People. His crimes, indeed, are varied and manifold. He persists in talking about kindliness and pity and love and faith and understanding and ideal justice as if these things were actually realities to be practised. Also, he is forever challenging Eternal Verities. And one hears upon every hand plaintive protests against his incurable habit of Thinking about Things. Drat the fellow!—why must he be forever Thinking? "After writing *The Research Magnificent, Mr. Britling, God the Invisible King, the Soul of a Bishop,* . . . and . . . his long story of an education called *Joan and Peter,*" remarked one of our most pungent critical ironists the other day, "Mr. Wells has apparently had some thoughts left over on the subjects of religion and education." Mr. Wells should know better. What has a novelist to do with Thoughts?

And it is time Mr. Wells realized that people are becoming bored and restless through giving heed to his incessant talk about God. God was well enough in the days of *Mr. Britling:* then, of course, we needed God. In those dark days we needed him sorely—God and all his angels and the hosts of St. George. Mr. Wells' intimacy with him, in the *Britling* days, was unspeakably heartening to us all, and God became almost as popular as Ian Hay. But Mr. Wells should realize that there is a time for all things,—everything in its place; and that religion and spiritual crusading and consecrations and sacred causes have become a little *vieux jeu.* A writer who would sell must feel the pulse of the reading public, and Mr. Wells' fingers are becoming, it would appear, slightly insensitive. The War is over; the adversary bites the dust; Democracy is regnant and secure; a new world, bathed in peace, radiant with the beauty of holiness, emerges beneath the dawn. God is vindicated, and can now be returned to storage with the other protective furs of our winter of discontent. Yet here is the pestiferous Wells at it again—still talking about Divinity and spiritual valor, and offering us, above all things, a paraphrase of the Book of Job!

It is a version of the esteemed classic that is full of passionate melancholy and lamentation. Mr. Wells strikes hands here not only with Job, but with the author of Ecclesiastes. He is moved and shaken by the unutterable sadness of human life. He might say, in Pater's marvellous phrase, that he is unforgettably aware of "the great stream of human tears falling always through the shadows of the world." The *lacrymae rerum* obsess his imagination, and, with Whitman, he cries out upon the futility and wanton cruelty of existence—"this multifarious, mad chaos of fraud, frivolity, hoggishness: this revel of fools, and incredible make-believe and general unsettledness we call *the world,*"—with a seemingly heartless Master of the Revels tormenting the mundane ant-hill.

"To-day, gentlemen, as I sit here with you," says Job Huss, afflicted by disaster, bereavement, and suffering, to his three Comforters: William Dad and Sir Eliphaz and Joseph Farr—"as I sit here with you, I feel that life is a weak and inconsequent stirring amidst the dust of space and time, incapable of overcoming even its internal dissensions, doomed to phases of delusion, to irrational and undeserved punishments, to vain complainings and at last to extinction . . . I ask you, how is it possible for man to be other than a rebel in the face of such facts? How can he trust such a Maker? Why should we shut our eyes to things that stare us in the face? Either the world of life is the creation of a Being inspired by a malignancy at once filthy, petty, and enormous, or it displays a carelessness, an indifference, a disregard for justice, . . ." The voice of Mr. Huss faded out. But not for long. Job Huss, though ill of a cancer and about to undergo an operation, is as inveterate in speech as a Senator accomplishing a filibuster. And his talk is good—extraordinarily good. He is very moving, very eloquent, very terrible in this *J'Accuse!* that he flings in the teeth of the Cosmos. At the end, God speaks to Job out of the whirlwind of his anesthetic fantasies; and we are obliged to admit that the God of Mr. Wells' Job is a nobler deity than the God of the man of Uz.

Mr. Wells causes us again to wonder what answer the original story of Job is intended to give us concerning the relation between Man and God. What the biblical

Job's own answer is, so sensitive a student of philosophy and drama as Gilbert Murray confesses that he has "never quite made out." Are Job's last words correctly reported by the Authorized Version,—which makes him say: "Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes,"—or by the scholarly Mr. H. M. Kallen, who in his admirable and engrossing study of the Book of Job makes the protagonist say, "Wherefore I recant my challenge and am comforted amid dust and ashes"? Do you choose the A. V.'s translation, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him," or Mr. Kallen's: "I know that he will slay me, I have no hope"?

Mr. Kallen's interpretation of the fundamental thought of the Book of Job seems to Gilbert Murray[1] to postulate a conception of God as mere measureless Force, infinite and unknowable, to whom the righteous man and the unrighteous man are equally indifferent. Man, on the other hand, is the being which knows righteousness and therein finds his true life. "As one of the medieval Arab mystics expresses it, to say that God is 'righteous' is just as silly, and implies just as much anthropomorphism, as to say that He has a beard." For himself, Gilbert Murray believes the author of Job meant less (or more, as you please) than that: he meant that "God is absolute King, and it is mere impertinence to ask whether He is 'righteous' or not. It implies that the King's will is not the highest law—that there is some Law above God, and that His own creature has a claim upon Him . . . Man has no rights; God made him for God's own pleasure, and there is no more to be said . . . To raise the question that Job raises is mere blasphemy, to be thundered into silence. . . . No one doubts that God can do as he pleases; the whole question is whether He pleases to do justice or injustice."

Whatever you may think of Gilbert Murray's exegesis, there is no doubt that Job had small cause to revere God. Job the enquirer is bowled over contemptuously by Omnipotence. He is put in his place. Is he enlightened? No: he is sat upon. He has no rights, not even the right to protest. He is China; God is the Big Four. Then Job "abhors himself and repents." Not because his unsuspected sins have been revealed to him, but because

[1] *The Menorah Journal*, April, 1919.

he has been impious enough to question the justice of a potentate. He grovels in dust and ashes, no longer a free and indignant soul, but a worm. Only after he has been crushed and humiliated and taught to remember that he *is* a worm, does God appease him with sheep and camels and oxen and she-asses and sons and daughters "and an hundred and forty years."

The God of Mr. Wells' modern Book of Job is, we have said, a nobler conception than the petty, contemptuous, boastful, irascible tyrant who bullies the Old Testament Job. To *that* God we turn only for the magnificent poetry he could utter. The God who speaks to Mr. Wells' Job in his troubled dreams is a heartening and sustaining God. His answer to Job is the ancient and superb answer that the spirit of man can grow only through struggle. . . . "The darkness and ungraciousness, the evil and the cruelty, are no more than a challenge to you. . . . So long as your courage endures you will conquer. . . . On the courage in your heart all things depend." So speaks this nobler God.

That "undying fire" in the hearts of men—is it the flame of God? For Mr. Wells, it is; God, or else Prometheus the rebel. In either case, he is the master for whom Mr. Wells would have us live or die. If, "in the great frame of space and time," there is no God, no mercy, no human kindliness; "if life is a writhing torment, an itch upon one little planet, and the stars away there in the void no more than huge empty flares, signifying nothing," then all the brighter, for Mr. Wells, shines that inward flame. "All the more do I cling," he says, "to this fire of human tradition we have lit upon this little planet, if it is the one gleam of spirit in all the windy vastness of a dead and empty universe."

Will this bring solace to all troubled souls?—to those afflicted with a sense of the *idegno mistero delle cose?* We know not.

But we shall say that Mr. Wells has never written with such sustained power as in this impassioned book. Here are feeling, beauty, wit, ferocity, exaltation. If the mechanism of the allegory seems at times a little obtrusive—if you hear the creaking and clanking and smell the oil—it is of small importance. If the contrivance which serves Mr. Wells as a vehicle

seems both too rigid and too loose, it must be remembered that Mr. Wells is more interested in the burden of his discourse than in the form of its delivery. He is a prophet and an apostolic mystic, consumed with the urgency of the truths that have been revealed to him, passionately convinced of the world's imperative need to be set upon the path of illumination. And who shall say that any man who wisely and with anguish loves the human heart and detests its perversities may not have his chance to show it the way to wisdom and to peace?

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

BELGIUM. By Brand Whitlock, United States Minister to Belgium. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

To compare a personal narrative so scrupulous in its regard for historic truth and completeness, so definite and evidential in its content, with a novel, may seem both trite and impertinent. Nevertheless, though without intention merely to repeat the venerable *cliché*, "as interesting as a novel," the comparison must be made, for there is no other form of composition, except fiction, which manages to include at once so much revelation of character, in the large and in the little; so lively an interpretation of spiritual forces, in the abstract and also in the concrete; so much of warmly imaginative yet faithful description, as Mr. Whitlock has got into his account of Belgium. Epic, tragedy, plea—these terms by no means fit Mr. Whitlock's story—which nevertheless needs to be characterized by some phrase that will suggest its comprehensiveness of interest and its unity of feeling. And so one may be content to say that in composing a historic document, Mr. Whitlock has produced something very like great fiction—quite a different matter from saying that he has made a stirring record of events with something resembling a plot, or that he has put together a book of startling or pleasing anecdotes and of suavely interesting personalities, fit for rapid reading.

If the ultimate interest of the German occupation of Belgium lies, as it surely does, in the conflict that went on in that country between spirit and brute force, then it is obvious that the ordinary method of narration would not fit the theme. It would not have been enough for Mr. Whitlock to tell a compact story, to detail important facts, to deal with broad issues, to make out a case. Interpretation is necessary—such interpretation as will give us insight into the souls of those who oppressed and of those who were oppressed, as will enable us to inhale the "atmosphere of invasion," as will teach us what national suffering really means. In addition to judicial fairness and a grasp of large affairs, the story teller needs the sympathetic insight, the cultivated humanity of the novelist.

Both these sets of qualifications Mr. Whitlock possesses, and the combination is remarkable. Many persons in his place could have given us effectively enough the facts regarding Belgium—facts that make, of course, a stark appeal. Few, without distorting truth in the interests of sentiment or special pleading, could have presented those facts in a manner sufficient not only to convince one that great wrongs

had been done the Belgian people, but to acquaint one with the actual quality of their pain and with the very temper of their resistance. Mr. Whitlock has imaginative grasp; he has, too, a philosophy of life which sees the ultimate triumph of gentleness over the clumsy and temporarily effective weapons of brute force. To speak of him as a novelist, he is in love with his heroine—Belgium—"the dear, the charming, the tragic land." Above all, he not only perceives and skilfully depicts characters, but he possesses—the novelist's prime gift—an understanding of character.

That the German character is exceptional, we, of course, know. But such things as the inclusion in the German counter-claim of a demand for compensation based on the numbers of babies that might have been born in Germany but for the war, strike one as even for Germans anomalous. The consistency of the German psychology is, however, what amazes one as one reads Mr. Whitlock's pages. Taking it "by and large," and making all proper allowance for individual differences, one finds the German national character as revealed in relation to Belgium, something almost as definite and almost as difficult to describe without illustration as is Mr. Micawber. Naive cruelty, unperceptiveness of the point of view of others, bad taste even in methods of injustice—these are vague expressions.

La Mentalité Allemande—this was the phrase in which the Belgians despairingly summed up their inability to understand. One feature of this psychology, properly emphasized by Mr. Whitlock, is the connection between atrocities and defeats. "As one studies the evidence," writes the author, "one is struck at the outset by a fact so general that it must exclude the hypothesis of mere coincidence, and that is that these wholesale massacres followed immediately upon some reverse which the Germans had sustained. Their army is checked by the guns at the forts to the East of Liège, and the horrors of Visé, Verviers, Bligny, Battice, Herve, and twenty villages follow. Checked before Namur, they sack Andenne, Bouvignies, and Champignon. Compelled to give battle to the French army in the Belgian Ardennes, they ravage the beautiful valley of the Semois, destroy the village of Rossignol, and exterminate its entire male population. Checked again by the French on the Meuse, the awful carnage of Dinant results; and on the Sambre by the same army, they burn Charleroi and enact the appalling tragedy of Tamines. At Mons the English balk them, and all over the Borinage, there is systematic destruction, pillage and murder. The Belgian army drives them back from Malines, and Louvain is doomed. The Belgian army, falling back and fighting in retreat, takes refuge in the forts at Antwerp, and the burning and sack of Hougaerde, Wavre, Grimde, Neerlinter, Weert St. George, Shaffen, and Aershot follow. The Belgian troops inflict serious losses on the Germans in the south of the province of Limbourg, and the towns of Lummen, Bilsen, and Lanacken are partially destroyed. Antwerp held out for two months, and all about its outer fortifications there was blood and fire, numerous villages were sacked and burned, and the whole town of Termonde was destroyed. During the battles of September, the village of Boortmeerbeek, near Malines, occupied by the Germans, was retaken by the Belgians, and when the Germans

entered it again they burned forty houses. Three times occupied by the Germans, Bourtmeerbeek was three times punished in the same way." And the striking corollary to all this is that "in all those regions where Germans could pass without resistance from the Belgian or French or English troops, there were no massacres and no incendiarism on the grand scale."

Do not these facts characterize "*la mentalité Allemande*"—one aspect of it—with greater precision than do most discourses definitely directed at such characterization? But the whole phenomenon is something far more curious and far subtler than a mere disposition to wreak vengeance on the weak for penalties inflicted by the strong. Other traits need to be portrayed in order that one may grasp the character of that entity against which Belgian national spirit was arrayed. There is, for example, the disposition to make incredibly high mountains out of incredibly little molehills, the hypersensitiveness about reflections upon the all-wisdom of the General Staff, combined with a certain obtuseness as to what actually constituted a reflection—grotesque manifestations of a stupid and suspicious egoism. Again and again German officials found themselves unable to understand why Mr. Whitlock refused to deny formally the most absurd rumors. That it might be better to ignore such things, seemed to be to them a point of view altogether new. Then, there are repeated instances of that "curiously immature judgment in all that pertained to the judicial ascertainment of facts and to the administration of justice," of which the young men of the Commission for Relief in Belgium were "often the witnesses and sometimes the victims." There is the childishness of the special pleading contained in the *affiche* posted on the walls in Brussels nearly a week after the sinking of the *Lusitania*—"its illogic, its disregard of the most rudimentary understanding of the laws of evidence and of the rules by which enlightened men fix responsibility." There is, moreover, that curious aspect of German thoroughness which consists of an inability to see two things at the same time: "They would have a commission on eggs composed of thirty-six Herr Professors, and they would make an intricate study; and another commission, of Herr Doktors, on hens, and all sorts of statistics; but they would fail to note the relation between hens and eggs."

From the pages of Mr. Whitlock's book one might draw endless illustrations, some painful, some grimly ludicrous, of the workings of the imperialistic German mind; and one might refine upon the qualities that these exhibit. But, after all, one can but emulate the Belgians, who shrugged their shoulders, and remarked, "*La mentalité Allemande!*"

It would be impermissible to dwell upon the disclosure of these elements of national character as so important an ingredient in Mr. Whitlock's variously interesting and variously impressive book, were it not for the fact that the heart of the whole thing seems to be a contrast of character—a contrast expressing a spiritual difference. Nowhere else but in Belgium and the occupied part of France was the fact so manifest that the war turned upon a moral, or—more vaguely but not less significantly—a "spiritual" issue. Two different concep-

tion of life were at grips; and the Belgian-German contrast points to the real nature of the struggle—a struggle in which not only great theories of government, but every-day ideals and decencies, "the little things men care about," were at stake—as nothing else can.

And so it is not only with sympathetic feeling, it is not only with appreciation for wit and high hope and gallant spirit, that one reads of how the Belgians deprived the Germans so far as possible of the gloating delight in victory which these conquerors craved, of how they outwitted the Germans and made them ridiculous while the Germans sought to overawe them; it is with a sense of the immense importance of the Belgian protest that one reads of these things. Never for a moment was *Kultur* victorious in any land—and least of all in devastated Belgium.

After the strike at Malines—"one of the most singular strikes ever undertaken"—a German official at the Politische Abteilung said: "The Belgians are indomitable." It was true. "There were no disorders, simply a firm, silent, dignified, patriotic resistance." In the end no one worked for the Germans. The Belgian spirit could not be crushed; no moral victory could be won over the people. Always, morally speaking, the Germans palpably got the worst of it. And they felt it. On behalf of Brussels, Burgomaster Max and Burgomaster Lemmonier, on behalf of the legal profession, the Bâtonnier Théodor, on behalf of the whole people, the great Cardinal Mercier, maintained the moral position of Belgium against the Germans without compromise and without fear. With accuracy, with scrupulous fairness, with a composure that the war and the condition of their country could not shake, they continued to stand for civilized ideals. They were, in the face of barbarity, gentlemen. And just so, the people, in ways little and big, in ways witty and in ways heroic, managed to show the Germans that they never surrendered for an instant their claim to those things that are most precious. When it was forbidden to wear ribbons or to display the Belgian national colors, the Belgians on their national holiday all wore ivy-leaves, the meaning of which is *Je meurs ou je m'attache:* "I die where I cling." On another occasion the whole population adorned itself with scraps of paper! The slow and methodical German mentality, composing *affiche* after *affiche,* forbidding this and that, could never anticipate Belgian audacity, could never cope with Belgian wit, could never put the Belgian conscience in the wrong. Force, brute force—it was only by the use of this that the Germans could score. And so at nearly every step in Belgium they put themselves grossly, glaringly, absurdly in the wrong: no submission and no indiscretion on the part of the conquered people gave them countenance. The story of Belgium thus reveals German shame with classic clearness. There is a Latin completeness and precision in the Belgian retort to German barbarism.

The narrative contains certain splendid episodes: the noble story of the Bâtonnier Théodor, for example, and the heroic story of Edith Cavell. The tragic tale of the Great German "slave drive" reveals a process of "kidnapping, shanghaing, crimping, and slaving," beginning in remote and obscure hamlets and "rounding slowly, stealthily in on the larger cities," such as the world fondly supposed to be

impossible in the twentieth century. It was slavery. *"L'Esclavage!"* cried the poor people, and the single word, with all that it contains of shame and misery, expresses the simple truth. But more insidious and far less well-known than the black shame of the enslavement of the Belgians—though this has been imperfectly realized—was that other crime, the complement of the first,—the attempt to kill the nation's soul. The German pronouncements made as part of the plan —a plan farcically unsuccessful—to set Fleming against Walloon, supply the last element of grotesqueness, as the Belgian reaction toward them supplies the last touch of righteous contempt, that is needed to complete the immortal tragi-comedy of the German occupation of Belgium. That the German Chancellor, playing well his part in the most pitiable of farces, should have expressed to four or five Flemish men, induced (to the disgust of all their fellow citizens) to assume the traitorous roles of alleged representatives of their country—that the German Chancellor should have expressed to this little group of puppets the most patronizing solicitude for the welfare of their "nation," at the very moment when his soldiers were plundering and slave-driving not only in other parts of Belgium but in the very provinces from which these so-called representatives came, seems incredible, but it is true.

Mr. Whitlock's book is well documented, and it is a great storehouse of facts. It gives a most informing and interesting account of the work in Belgium of the Comité National and of the Commission for Belgian Relief. In its picturing of personalities it is both unassuming and vivid. The great and benignant personality of Cardinal Mercier—to name the greatest figure in the book—is made to seem actual and human. The Spanish Minister, the Marquis of Villalobar, who worked so harmoniously with Mr. Whitlock—of him one would like to say much, but for the fear of talking about a real person too freely in the manner in which one discusses a character in a novel. It would be idiotic, of course, to suggest that Mr. Whitlock has made, as it were, novelistic capital out of the personality of his friend and coworker. Yet it is hardly one's own fault, or Mr. Whitlock's, if the Marquis appeals to one as does an especially congenial part in a great play—the play in this case being a portion of a great world-drama. Finally in addition to possessing those qualities of accuracy and of insight which one may generally expect in diplomatic memoirs, Mr. Whitlock's book is, first and last, extraordinary in this: that it adequately and not too emotionally depicts the conflict of the soul of Belgium with the soul of its oppressor.

THE YEARS BETWEEN. By Rudyard Kipling. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

If one asks why it is that Kipling is so much more virile than most other English-writing poets of our time, one may find a general answer in the poet's union of moral intuition with imagination. Of all our poets and story-writers, Kipling is the most energetically moral. And unlike most moralists, he does not dislike life; on the contrary, he finds it endlessly amusing and endlessly tragic. His not being apologetic about ethical standards or about the soul is a great

element of virility—of life, of actuality, in his work. Kipling's poems are thoroughly alive because they contain so much of those two elements which are so often falsely dissociated from life—imagination and morality.

Thus it is, of course, folly to think of Kipling as primarily militaristic, or primarily a teacher of the romance of modern things. Kipling's primary characteristic is that he is moral—that he has somehow managed to preserve a faith in the human soul and in the human will. But the soul, in order to be interesting must be clothed upon with flesh, and must express itself through character. There is, therefore, a profound human truth, and a profound literary truth, in such stories as "007" and "The Ship that Found Herself": Character is the engine of the soul.

Kipling's imagination is concrete. He requires substance and a full-bodied fable to deal with. For a poet of strong moral intention and of concrete imagination, nothing is more natural than to love and exalt those institutions and those types of character that seem to express most fully and most vigorously, with whatever obstructions due to the vagaries of the mind and the flesh, the strength, the permanent nobility, of the human spirit. Hence the imperialistic note. Nothing is more natural for a poet of this sort than to find material in the past, for it is through the persistence of the moral traits in mankind that the past is vitally interesting to us, and times gone by furnish a richness of contrast with the present that sharply points the lesson of essential unity.

But this concreteness, this disposition to give to abstract ideas and ideals a historic body, may prove a limitation: Thus while it would not be far from truth to say that Kipling's poem, "France," is the most nearly adequate poem that the war has called forth, one must confess that one feels the poem to be scarcely adequate to its theme. The trouble would seem to be that the "fable," to use a convenient term borrowed from the vocabulary of the older playwrights, is not very convincing, and is even a little awkward—

To this end we stormed the sea, tack for tack, and burst
Through the doorways of new worlds, doubtful which was first,
Hand on hilt (rememberest thou?) ready for the blow—
Sure, whatever else we met, we should meet our foe.
Spurred or balked at every stride by the other's strength,
So we rode the ages down and every ocean's length!
Where did you refrain from us or we refrain from you?
Ask the wave that has not watched war between us two!
Others held us for a while, but with weaker charms,
These we quitted at the call for each other's arms.
Eager toward the known delight, equally we strove—
Each the other's mystery, terror, need, and love.

Now, the thought that two old foemen have at last clasped hands and have joined forces in a righteous war seems almost banal when one considers the overpowering duty of coöperation under the actual circumstances. Before the great issue, so fresh in our minds, the thought of nationality in the narrower sense, and of old national

quarrels, seems almost an intrusion. One cannot help reflecting, too, that the wars between England and France were an almost unmitigated evil, morally and otherwise, to both countries; and it would seem that the mutual training of France and England in valor bears only a very general relation to that splendidly humane and civilized courage which the former country, to say nothing of the latter, has exhibited throughout the late ordeal. Modern France seems to one not so much the outcome of a clearly traceable evolution, an evolution largely influenced by chivalrous wars with England, as a variation, a "sport" in nature's process of nation-making. France reveals civilization in a form more heroic than we had thought could be produced by the known forces.

What the theme seems to require is a somewhat more abstract treatment—a larger handling.

But as to the poem on "The Dead King"—a tribute to a personality, a type of character—the case is quite different. This is complete and satisfying. One wonders, not whether the poem is worthy of the subject, but whether the subject is worthy of the poem. And who in the world, except Kipling, could so move and amuse us with a poem about John Bunyan? "The Holy War" is satire, but it is satire that touches the heart.

Of more pungent satire there is no lack. Exaggeration is, of course, of the very nature of the satirical art; and they are fools who take it amiss. Satire aims not at *the* truth but rather at *a* truth; and "The Female of the Species" is an almost perfect piece of its kind. So is "Natural Theology," with its broader lesson, and its charming expression of vital truth in doggerel verse.

No poet has a wider field to range in, or finds more interest in life than Kipling—because he is moral, and because his morality is not the morality of the pulpits but the morality of "If." He has written a volume of poems more virile in thought, more resonant in versification, more varied in its appeal, than any poetic work that has appeared since *The Seven Seas.*

THE MASTERY OF THE FAR EAST. By Arthur Judson Brown. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

As the title of a book which contains so much besides political discussion, *The Mastery of the Far East* is rather misleading. About Korea, the country, its people, its history, its economic conditions, its religious beliefs, its progress toward Christianity, the author writes very discursively, and he extends the same method of treatment to his discussions of Japan and of China. A certain want of decisive judgment, of adequate evidence or of adequate summing up, sometimes leaves the reader puzzled or dissatisfied. Thus, after writing much about the good and bad traits of the Korean people, the author practically dismisses the subject with the remark that all peoples have their faults, and that the Koreans are human. To estimate a whole people justly, is notoriously difficult, yet in such an attempt it is not unreasonable to expect that a little more definiteness should be attained.

An informing and also a somewhat entertaining book mainly about a little-known land and people, *The Mastery of the Far East* demands considerable patience of the reader. In acquiring information of real

interest and value, one must traverse many pages of the not very profitable early history of Korea; one must peruse accounts of matters already fairly well understood (such as the causes and progress of the Russo-Japanese war); and one must read many discussions that lead to no very definite point, and that present no sufficiently full or systematic summary of facts to permit the formation of very definite opinions.

The most interesting parts of Mr. Brown's book are those in which he gives his own testimony, based upon personal observation, or registers his own opinion. Thus, as to the Japanese occupation of Korea, the author's remark that the civilian immigrants who poured into that country after the war with Russia were not the best type of Japanese—that they were in fact comparable to the lawless Americans who did their ruthless pleasure in Alaska, or to those dissolute and brutal fellow citizens of ours whom Mr. Taft found in the Philippines—is really illuminating. And his opinion that the Japanese were not only justified by national necessity in taking Korea but are likely on the whole to benefit the Koreans, is important. Without going quite the length of saying, with the author, that "in the evolution of the race and the development of the plan of God, the time had come when it was for the best interests of the world and for the welfare of the Koreans themselves that Korea should come under Japanese tutelage," one may agree that Mr. Brown's position in this matter is logical, and that it is on the whole well-supported by the impressions of Japanese and of Koreans which his book in many different connections conveys. Throughout the whole work, the author's honesty of purpose, and his intimate knowledge of many of the matters of which he treats, are manifest.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MISS AMY LOWELL OBJECTS

SIR,—Your May number contained a review of my recent volume of poetry so eloquent in its revelation of a total misunderstanding of the book, and of modern poetry in general, that perhaps a few words of explanation may be accorded a place in your pages. Your reviewer is evidently puzzled, sadly puzzled, as to how to take the book, and he finally ends by leaving it studiously alone while he busies himself with demolishing a bogey of his own creation. The entire paper is devoted to the denial of the existence of a "new art," treated first in regard to rhythm and then as to the use of words.

In the first place, permit me to say that the idea of a "new art" exists solely in the gentleman's imagination. New forms of art, perhaps; new art, no. Art is like a tree, capable of growth, occasionally a leaf or a branch drops, but, for the most part, the young boughs are merely superimposed above the old ones and, all together, make the tree. Each generation has its "new poetry;" and, as the present merges into the past, this "new poetry" fades imperceptibly into the great body of, simply, "poetry."

The main contention of the article, since it does not exist, need detain us no longer. What is more pertinent, however, is the author's analysis of rhythms. It is unfortunate that this, too, is based upon a misnomer. What enthusiastic and ignorant soul first translated the French term, "vers libre" into "free verse," I do not know. Of course, the English term has neither accuracy nor sense. There is no such thing as "free verse" nor ever can be. Poetry, being an art, must move within a form; but the student of many literatures knows that our English metric is by no means the only one proper to poetry. Free verse is a ridiculous misunderstanding of a French word. *Vers* in French means "line," not "verse," the term "vers libre," therefore, means a line which is not obliged to contain a given number of feet. "Free line" would be an accurate, if decidedly clumsy, name for the form; "Cadenced Verse" is better, and I wish that its use might become general. But language is a strange thing, people fasten upon a word and naturalize it, willy-nilly. The poets and the reading public are accustomed to "vers libre," much as they are accustomed to "chauffeur," and to render the latter by "shover" would be to follow the same sound-analogy that has governed the translation of "*vers*," but with more sense in the adaptation.

The critic's reference to the double rhythm of English metre—viz, that of its regular scansion and that of the accented words—is

well known to all students of prosody, but that the effect of such practice is as "subtle" as that possible of attainment by the use of "Cadenced Verse" could easily be proved not to be so had I space for citations, and the object of a scansion to which "we cannot without pain force our utterance to conform" is not very clear.

The fact cannot be sufficiently insisted upon that we moderns write poetry to be spoken and not merely read with the eye, for your reviewer's statement that he finds pleasure in the knowledge that a metrical line will scan even though he cannot read it into the pattern without torturing the natural accents of the words, is simply to say that his vision takes comfort in an ordered arrangement which he believes should be present even though he cannot hear it.

The question is too long to treat adequately here. It has already been gone into at some length in your pages; by Dr. Patterson in "New Verse and New Prose," in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for February, 1918, by me in "A Consideration of Modern Poetry," again in the "North American" for January, 1917, by me also in "The Rhythms of Free Verse" in *The Dial* of January 17th, 1918. The subject is carried still farther in a forthcoming article "Some Musical Analogies in Modern Poetry" to be published in the *Musical Quarterly*.

Your reviewer seems to think that "polyphonic prose" and "vers libre" are the same thing. Needless to say they are quite distinct, as a perusal of the above-mentioned articles will prove to him. But what he means by saying that "words make us think, polyphonic prose will not let us think" I am at a loss to conjecture. I have been blamed for many things, but never for a paucity of ideas in my poems. "Over-intellectualised" is a charge to which I am painfully accustomed, to be accused of writing poetry for the mere beauty of words is a new, and not altogether unpleasurable, sensation. I should take more joy in it, however, did I not know it to be profoundly untrue, and I beg to ask my highly imaginative critic how on earth one can use words "for the sake of their mere connotation." What he means is simply, I take it, that I go too fast for him. I have heard that before, and it is probably true. At any rate, I welcome it as the only direct bit of criticism of the book in question which the paper contains.

Alas! Coleridge wrote *Kubla Khan* and not I. But, in spite of the fact that the "suggestiveness" of his words is "subdued to the formal decorum of ordinary, sane human thought," I fear that that divine and exuberant fragment can scarcely make a larger claim on those qualities, in its entirety, than can my plainer, heavier, more simple-thoughted volume *Can Grande*.

Yielding me the palm for sanity is but to say that Coleridge wins the toss for poetry. This indeed your reviewer, emerging from his confusion, must, I feel certain, allow. AMY LOWELL.

Brookline, Mass.

THE REVIEWER RETORTS

SIR,—In my review of *Can Grande's Castle* I said that certain merits of that composition tempted me to believe that Miss Lowell had "really developed a new and immensely powerful art." This was

perhaps an extravagance. If so, I apologize for the hyperbolical praise. Certainly I had no intention of charging Miss Lowell or any one else with having perversely or profanely and in defiance of the law of evolution created something totally new. Simply it seemed to me that polyphonic prose, as written by Miss Lowell, being an exploration of possibilities hitherto never fully tested, is virtually a new art—the "new poetry," if you please, of the present generation. The question whether this (virtually) new poetry is destined to supersede the old, I really thought discussable and worth discussing.

That I attempted to argue this question, instead of examining the poem in detail, is doubtless due, as Miss Lowell suggests, to my limitations—those limitations which prevent me from finding full satisfaction for my ear or my understanding in the polyphonic prose. Detailed comments upon an author's use of a somewhat new technique are, in my opinion, best written by one who approves of that technique.

Finding my disposition to enjoy Miss Lowell's poem thwarted in some way, I sought to determine the nature of the obstacles that interfered with my enjoyment. This mode of procedure did not result in my writing the kind of criticism that Miss Lowell regards as interesting or important—for which I am sorry. Nevertheless, I consider my method legitimate. It is by judgments arrived at in some such way by thousands of people that Miss Lowell's work will ultimately stand or fall.

Proceeding in this manner, I thought that I discovered two hindrances—difficulties based, I hope, not upon personal caprice, or prejudice, or sheer ignorance, but upon causes which might be fairly supposed to have somewhat similar effects on a considerable number of readers besides myself. These I accordingly attempted to explain.

My effort at explanation raised large questions which I did not, and do not now, presume to decide authoritatively. In two particulars, however, Miss Lowell has mistaken my meaning, and in regard to these I shall attempt brief rectification.

In the first place, I do not "find pleasure in the knowledge that a metrical line will scan," nor does my "vision take comfort in an ordered arrangement which I believe should be present even if I cannot hear it." How any human being could find such pleasure or take such comfort, I am frankly unable to conceive. The test of verse, surely, is the ear; and I have not maintained the contrary. In reading verse in ordinary metre, I am aware that certain lines are of the same length. On trying to discover the cause of this effect, I find that each of these lines occupies the same time as measured by the metrical foot. From this I do not draw the conclusion that the scansion is all in all, or that any system of scansion must in all cases be rigidly applied; I draw merely the inference that the foot-and-line system—even when utterance is not exactly conformed to its pattern—does afford a measure of the line. Some lines of English poetry, I find, can scarcely be scanned at all: attempts to scan them are unconvincing. From this I draw not the conclusion that the foot-and-line system is purely artificial, but merely the inference that to take considerable liberties with this system does not impair the effect of verse, provided the general metrical scheme is not broken down or abandoned.

In the second place, I did not say or suggest that Miss Lowell lacks intellect. On the contrary, I am inclined to think that no one not extraordinarily intellectual and extraordinarily proliferous of ideas could write the polyphonic prose with even moderate success. I do not believe, for example that Wordsworth could by any possibility have written polyphonic prose. I do not mean simply that he would have refused to have anything to do with it, or that he was incapable of understanding it: I mean that if he had understood the theory of polyphonic prose and had wanted to write it, he would have been unable to make a passably good showing in it, because I do not believe that he possessed the intellectual subtlety, or the variety and abundance of ideas, that appear to me necessary to make the polyphonic prose even tolerable.

Perhaps the difficulty is, after all, simply that Miss Lowell "goes too fast" for me. I accept this explanation as good so far as it goes: but I am obliged to look farther. Assuming that the whole truth of the matter is that Miss Lowell goes too fast for me, how can I explain to myself the fact that Shakespeare, or Browning, or Francis Thompson, does not go too fast for me. I do not, of course, mean to imply that Miss Lowell ought to have written the works of Shakespeare, Browning, or Francis Thompson, any more than in my review I meant to suggest that it was a pity that she had not written *Kubla Khan*. The question is at present solely concerning rapidity. When I approach the subject from this point of view, I find myself arriving at the same conclusion as before. Miss Lowell's rapidity is not wholly due, I think, to the fact that her thoughts throng thick, or to the fact that the subtlety of her ideas makes them hard to follow: it is due in part to the fact that whereas the older poets formally defined their thoughts, conserving the interests of matter-of-fact thinking and making each word quite as much a part of a definite statement as a challenge to imagination, Miss Lowell, playing up the suggestion or connotation of her words in what is to me a rather bewildering fashion, constrains me to proceed from suggestion to suggestion rather than from idea to idea, and thus more or less effectually baffles my desire to think in the usual way even when I am reading highly imaginative poetry. Such is my imperfect and possibly erroneous explanation of the phenomenon which Miss Lowell calls her going too fast for me. C. G.

Canton, New York.

CONSTITUTIONS AND TREATIES

Sir,—I have recently run across some old statements that seem to be particularly appropriate at the present time.

In Bourrienne's *Memoirs of Napoleon Bonaparte*, Vol. II., page 217, will be found a reference to the opinion which Napoleon entertained for the Constitution of the French Republic while he was still the First Consul. My opinion is that some people in this country seem to regard our own Constitution in about the same light, since the absentee referred to has taken upon himself the direction of all affairs of state.

At the time in question, there had arisen in the Council of the French Republic, a consideration of the manner in which treaties of peace should be concluded. Some of the members of the Council were of

the opinion that "conformably with an article of the Constitution, the treaties should be proposed by the head of the Government, submitted to the Legislative Body, and after being agreed to, promulgated as part of the laws." Bonaparte thought differently, and said:

> It is for the mere pleasure of opposition that they appeal to the Constitution, for if the Constitution says so it is absurd. There are some things which cannot become the subject of discussion in a public assembly; for instance, if I treat with Austria, and my ambassador agrees to certain conditions, can those conditions be rejected by the legislative body? It is a monstrous absurdity! Things would be brought to a fine pass in this way! * * * This would be a fine way to manage matters!

The principal difference between Bonaparte's method of handling such a difficulty and that of our present Executive is merely one of degree. It is due to the strength of the United States Constitution as compared to that of the old French Republic. The First Consul of France had the power and the arrogance to override the Constitution of the Republic, which was not a well-established document, one which the people of the nation were able to uphold. Bonaparte had in his own hands the power to change the forms as he saw fit, though the power was that of a military dictator, entirely unlawful. In our country such changes cannot be made so easily. The Senate will not be driven like a herd of cattle when the Executive cracks a whip over their backs.

Today the United States Senate stands in the same position that Daniel Webster suggested in his great speech concerning the Omnibus bill on the floor of the Senate, February 5, 1850, in answer to John C. Calhoun of South Carolina. Webster said:

> It is fortunate that there is a Senate of the United States; a body not yet moved from its propriety, nor lost to a just sense of its own dignity and its own high responsibilities, and a body to which the country looks with confidence for wise, moderate, patriotic, and healing counsels.

It is truly fortunate that the United States Senate is a body not easily moved from its propriety. It is indeed fortunate that there are men in the Senate who have the courage to stand for the maintenance of our ancient system, even when a false cry that a "League of Nations" will keep us out of war has created impressions in the minds of many of our people that there is only one decent side to the controversy. Though these preachers of the coming millennium may sway the multitudes to a greater or less extent, their words will not be sufficient to swing the Senate unless there should be in the various measures under discussion enough benefit to America right now to make them a practical substitute for our traditional foreign policy.

When it becomes necessary for the Senators to exercise their Constitutional rights and duties in regard to the treaty of peace and whatever extraneous matter may be "so interwoven into the fabric thereof," the people will doubtless have much cause to render thanks for the fathers of the nation, who not only established the foreign policy which some people now seem to consider entirely out of date, but also wrote the marvellous document under which the Government lives and the Senate will act. We have the fathers to thank for our prosperity under the policy we have always followed, and we have them to thank for the

fact that no one man,—however unusual his ability in the art of governing men and however inordinate his ambition,—can tear down the structure which they reared upon such a solid foundation.

PIERCE P. FURBER.

Minneapolis, Minn.

WHY FRANCE WANTS A SECURE PEACE

SIR,—As a Frenchman I have been asked by friends why I was dissatisfied with the attitude of President Wilson at the Peace Conference.

First of all, I must say that I am entitled to speak as a fighting man. During the war I was always in a platoon of infantry. I have been wounded three times, and badly sick once at the front.

Besides my own impressions and opinions, I will give those of the troopers with whom I lived. They were, like myself, of pure French blood and education. The feelings of dissatisfaction I am to express are not directed against the American people at large, because I have met many Americans meaning well and doing well. I know that amongst the people of the business and political world, France has good and sincere friends in the United States, but I am sorry to observe that these friends of ours are not represented by President Wilson.

It is stated that the majority of Americans do not approve the Peace terms. This may be so, but this fact would bring a contradiction into the lime-light. Democracy has been defined: "The government of the people, by the people and for the people." So President Wilson, who advocates the rights of democracy against autocracy, must represent the American people or not be a democrat. In that case, I am forced to conclude: America is against France. If that is not true, I must say: America is an autocracy under President Wilson.

France and Belgium were attacked by the Germans who wanted to rule over them and over the world. So we didn't make war through any imperialistic view, but to defend ourselves. Later on we could have made a settlement with Germany, but we didn't want to because the fate of civilization was involved in the issue of this war. These facts are well known in America. Ambassador Gerard in the Foreword of his book, *My Four Years in Germany*, says: "America was forced into the war by the bad principles and deeds of the Germans." Thus it will be absolutely unfair to consider Germany as anything else than a well-organized society of robbers and criminals who didn't succeed in carrying out their scheme. In civilized countries, Justice does not make agreements with criminals, but punishes them. Germany has to be punished and has to pay for damages of the war. This nation (Germany) cannot be destroyed or her people wiped out, but it is possible to prevent her being a danger for the world. To obtain these results, two things are necessary:

First, encourage the provincial feelings of her people, and suppress the unity of the German government.

Second, strengthen the neighbors of Germany and make them safe

by good military borders, and sufficient reparation of the damages sustained by Belgium, Poland and France.

The Peace Treaty leaves a united Germany which has passed from the sentiment of despair she had in November, 1918, to the spirit of revenge she expresses now, six months after the Armistice. France has not even the borders of 1815. The Sarre question has been settled in such a way that another war may come in fifteen years.

What are our guarantees? The League of Nations—a scrap of paper that Germany will cut to pieces at the first opportunity. This paper is a moral engagement and will be meaningless if the United States and the other nations elect presidents keeping their respective countries "out of the war." Some of the points of the League of Nations give satisfaction to America, but none is a material guarantee for us French and Belgians.

So, after this treaty, Germany remains unbroken. She has means to recover quickly, and while many French soldiers will return home to find a torn-down house, a deserted country without shops or farms, the German soldier is at home with everything in ante-war shape. The first payment of war-indemnity will be a mere trifle, and after fifteen years, if Germany does not want to pay, we will have to fight another war to get the money rightly due us.

France and Belgium are in the hole. We, the principal sufferers of this war, will have to support the burden of a large army to protect an unsafe border. We have to work hard to pay our debts. We have eyes to weep for our dead and a basket in which to throw the compliments we receive. *Thanks to Wilson's policy.*

I wish I could admire this so-called democrat who has the support of international bankers and international socialists. This just, this good and generous Christian supports the selfish plutocrat, and the no less selfish socialist disturber. The lover of peace creates general discontent and prepares new wars.

The Americans who do not understand our sorrows have only to reflect a minute and see what they would feel if they had losses in proportion to ours. It would mean for the United States:

Four millions of deaths.
Four millions disabled.
One-third of their industry ruined.
Miles of lands converted to desert.
Debts amounting to 60 per cent of their national wealth.

My claims do not prevent me being optimistic, because I know the qualities and resources of the French people. War has caused many surprises to the foreign nations. Peace will bring new ones.

Thanks to God, who has left something in our country, in our intelligence and in our hearts! Can we extend these thanks to all of our so-called friends? D.

New York.

"LIBERTY" AND THE LEAGUE

SIR,—In entering the harbor of New York, immigrants from Europe see before them a gigantic statue of Liberty, holding aloft the

torch of Freedom. This is symbolical; and it was in the belief that they would be free forever from the wars, oppressions and miseries of Europe that millions of refugees entered our harbors. In this belief they have hitherto lived and died; and they and their children and their children's children now constitute the citizenship of our great republic. If we join the League of Nations, which is really and actually an alliance for war, our presumably free citizens will be deprived of this protection. They will be compelled, whenever called upon by the European and Asiatic members of the League, to return to Europe in millions, as drafted soldiers, in order to fight and die upon European battlefields, in European quarrels, under the supreme command of European generals.

Thus is Liberty defeated.

BERTRAND SHADWELL.

Chicago.

THE FIRST USE OF "UNITED STATES"

SIR,—I do not know if you care to discuss a statement made in the correspondence section of your magazine, but I would like to call attention to some points stated by the writer of the letter signed "H. A. D." in the current issue.

He states that the title, "United States of America," was first used in the Declaration of Independence. The proceedings of the Continental Congress show that on June 17, 1776, a report was presented by a committee, of which Jefferson was chairman, in which he referred to the Congress as the sole representative of "the United States of America." John Hancock crossed out the words "States of America" and wrote the word "Colonies" over them. The original document in Jefferson's handwriting is now in the Library of Congress, and a photostat copy of the page in question is in the collection of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, given by me. I reproduced the small section covering the above change as a cut, in my paper on *The True History of the Declaration of Independence,* read before the City History Society of Philadelphia, and published as part of the 2nd Volume of its proceedings. In the original (signed) copy of the Declaration, the word "united" occurs three times, and is always written with a small "u."

It is possible to quote from the founders of the nation every variety of opinion on the question of federalism or states-rights.

HENRY LEFFMANN.

Philadelphia, Pa.

OUR ALLEGED GODLESSNESS

SIR,—I have heard that rejection rather than selection is *the* problem for a magazine editor in the matter of articles offered. When I read John Burroughs' paper entitled, "Is Nature Without Design?" in your May issue I wondered what sort of genius loci guides the policy of your sanctum.

When you unlimber your verbal whips over the backs of those chiefly responsible for the war now ending your words betoken the

man of blood and force no less than moral sanity. And when you rise in your just wrath to excoriate and damn the Red Peril now planning murder and destruction in blessed America, you will doubtless find your mental resources and sparkling vocabulary equal to the duty.

But I submit, sir, those unenviable objects of your machine-gun attacks are merely the practical exponents of the morally destructive theories set forth in the paper of John Burroughs. One may run and read the lesson written big in bloody letters on many a page of history. My wonder is how such dreary and destructive vaporings of a discredited and decadent school of mock philosophers pass muster for the pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Materialism—or, to be plain, Godlessness—is the curse and danger of the hour. Here we have it, then, naked and unashamed, because it walks beneath the shadow of a great name. Looking solely to the proximate interests a world in dangerous mood, should it be so? Let age be honored, but let not pitiable unbelief and all destroying materialism have a forum so mighty and a pulpit so high as the pages of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

ROBT. M. REILLY.

Sacred Heart Rectory, Castleton-on-Hudson, N. Y.

[THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, as our correspondent concedes, is a forum, wherein beliefs of many sorts, entertained by minds of various tendencies, are granted free play, for the stimulus and edification of our readers. That venerable and beloved student of the cosmos, John Burroughs, would, we fancy, be amazed and amused to hear himself denounced as a "materialist" and an encourager of the Red Peril. We think that if our reverend correspondent will read Mr. Burroughs' article again, in calmer mood, he will perceive that it represents merely the honest questioning of a candid mind confronting philosophical assumptions which it is unable to accept with that complacency sometimes to be discerned in "the bleat of evangelical orthodoxy."

—EDITOR.]

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

AUGUST, 1919

THE DOCTRINE OR THE LEAGUE

WE may now regard the scheme of a League of Nations as fully and finally disclosed in its perfected form. It must be so, since it has been presented to the United States Senate for adoption, and has already been adopted by some other countries. It was not, it is true, in such form at the beginning. Between the original suggestions of Mr. Taft with his "League to Enforce Peace" and of Mr. Wilson with his "General Association of the Nations" in his Fourteen Commandments, and the "Constitution of a League of Nations," which was put forward in advance of the Treaty of Peace, there was a vast difference. The suggestions were confessedly tentative. The Constitution was professedly definitive. The President was so well satisfied with what he had received from General Smuts that he declared it insusceptible of amendment, save perhaps for a little verbal rearrangement which he himself would perform. Nevertheless, because of the temperate and benevolent observations of some of those pygmy minds that he so greatly loathed, he presently knocked the whole thing galley west and remade it in radically different form; and between the "Covenant" thus produced and the former "Constitution" there was a difference even greater than that between the "Constitution" and the primary suggestions.

But the Covenant has been turned in as finished work; signed, sealed, and delivered. There can be no more changes

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in it for the sake of trading or any other purpose. Thus we may regard it as a finality, presented for judgment, and properly to be compared with its one great exemplar, the Holy Alliance of a century ago. In instituting such comparison we shall find an extraordinary and an instructive analogy, in circumstances, in manner, and in matter.

Each of the two was formed at the close of what was down to that time the greatest war in history. It was formed because of that war, because of a weariness of war, because of a desire for peace that should be secure against a recurrence of such war. Each represented reaction against war. Each purposed to prevent war and to enforce peace.

Each arose, however, not spontaneously from a general popular demand, but from the private councils and machinations of a few statesmen or chiefs of state. That was notoriously true of the Holy Alliance. It was scarcely less true of the League of Nations. Mr. Taft's "League to Enforce Peace" had indeed some popular vogue, yet even it was a device of the few and not a demand of the many, and the majority of those who at the beginning enrolled themselves in it had no thought of any such thing as that into which that organization was presently merged. The Holy Alliance was scarcely more exclusively the work of the three reactionary sovereigns than the League of Nations was the artificial creation of three doctrinaire statesmen.

Each was in profession singularly pure and lofty; and indeed their professed aims were substantially identical. It was ostensibly to promote love, righteousness and peace among the nations that the Emperors of Russia and Austria and the King of Prussia made their famous compact. It was to promote those same causes that General Smuts and Lord Robert Cecil and President Wilson put forward the League of Nations.

Each was advocated sincerely—by at least some of the foremost protagonists. Despite the cynicism of some historians, we can see no more reason for questioning the sincerity of Czar Alexander than that of President Wilson himself. Doubtless each was mistaken, as a self-opinionated doctrinaire is likely often to be. But mistakes do not denote insincerity; and in the one case the error was no greater than in the other.

In each case, moreover, the primary aim of the organization was presently subordinated to what had been a sec-

ondary aim, and the latter was made dominant over all. And this at first secondary but presently paramount aim was in each case the analogue of that in the other. The Holy Alliance ostensibly aimed, as we have said, at love, righteousness, and peace. In fact, its chief object was to some extent to maintain the *status quo,* and to some extent to restore the *status quo ante bellum.* The ostensible aim of the League of Nations was to promote love, righteousness and peace among the nations. In fact it soon appeared that its chief purpose was to maintain the *status quo.* We have been told again and again by a variety of authorities on both sides of the sea that that is the case. The crux of the whole business, they have assured us, is the provision which binds the United States to be the common bailiff of the world, to protect the territorial integrity of every other member of the League.

Each of the two, moreover, sought to impose the will of the few upon the mass of the many. Each was to be essentially an oligarchy. Under the Holy Alliance there was a Big Three. Under the League of Nations there was to be a Big Five. In each case the small cabal was to dominate the whole, though such oligarchical domination was, it must be confessed, not nearly as marked under the Alliance as under the League, perhaps because the former contained no one chief of state quite so imperious and autocratic as did the latter.

Each met with vigorous resistance and opposition, and it is of peculiar pertinence to note that this opposition arose chiefly in the United States, and that with it in each case the Monroe Doctrine was intimately and essentially associated. It was promptly recognized in each case that the movement was inimical to American interests, and especially to that interest of nationality which is of all dearest to every true American heart. When this menace was presented by the Holy Alliance, the United States promptly responded with an act of defence and defiance as unmistakable as the "They shall not pass!" at Verdun. It took the form of the Monroe Doctrine. That Doctrine was framed and launched against the Holy Alliance, and it destroyed it. It is a coincidence so singular as to stagger belief in the mere operation of chance that the League of Nations should conspicuously attempt to destroy that Doctrine in return.

This is the exposition of the case: The Holy Alliance could not stand, because the Monroe Doctrine rose against it, and the Alliance was not strong enough to destroy the Doctrine. The League of Nations could not hope for success as long as the Monroe Doctrine stood, wherefore its first thought was to strike that Doctrine down.

Thus far the analogy is one of the most complete that the history of the world contains, and one of the most suggestive. The crucial point has now been reached. It is to be seen whether the parallel between the two organizations, the Alliance and the League, is to be continued to the end, or whether there is to be a radical reversal—whether the League is to succeed where the Alliance failed, in its insidious but no less malign attack upon the integrity and tranquillity of the United States of America.

AS IN WAR, SO IN PEACE

THE often-quoted epigram of Milton in his address to Cromwell may prove to be the most pertinent suggestion and the most needed lesson for the world to-day and in the days to come:

> . . . "Peace hath her victories,
> No less renowned than war."

Perhaps we should paraphrase it, and say that peace has her duties no less important and no less imperative than those of war, and, in fact, not altogether different from them.

We are reminded of this by the somewhat characteristic tendency of Americans to go to extremes in regarding the war as ended, and therefore all war conditions and practices as no longer necessary but as to be forthwith abandoned and indeed reversed. To a certain extent, of course, this should be done. In some respects it should have been done more promptly and more fully than it has been. The extraordinary and autocratic powers with which the President was invested; governmental control of and interference with many private enterprises and businesses; burdensome war taxes, and various other similar things which had no possible excuse for ever existing save as necessities in the emergency of a war for which we were unprepared,

—all these should certainly be swept into eternal limbo at the earliest possible moment and in the completest possible manner. It is an abomination to retain such war conditions in time of peace.

There are, however, many other things which have at least been brought into prominence during the war and because of the war, which it would be lamentable for us now to relinquish. They were indeed war measures enacted to meet war conditions. But that fact is a strong reproach of the nation for not having adopted them long ago in times of peace, while it is of course not the slightest reason for not now continuing them in time of peace.

A very practical example is seen in the so-called Daylight Saving law, which some misguided men have been seeking to have abolished. It was adopted as a war measure, though it had been proposed and urged long before as an economic measure in peace. It doubtless contributed to the wining of the war, if in no other way through its immense saving of expense. But it should be obvious that such saving of expense, not to mention probable benefit to physical health, is just as desirable in peace as in war; especially since it is secured without effort and without the slightest hardship. As we have observed before, it is doubtful if ever so great an economic good was secured so simply and easily, at so little cost, and with so little interference with the ordinary activities of individuals and of society. To renounce it now, simply because it was regarded as a war measure and therefore not to be maintained in time of peace, would be crass and inexcusable folly.

The same may be said of many of the habits and practices of thrift which were imposed upon us as war measures, but which commend themselves to us for permanent use. We are glad, of course, to be rid of war bread, and sugarless tables, and heatless days, and gasoline-less Sundays, and all such odious privations. We bore them cheerfully enough in war-time, largely as penalties of our unpreparedness and inefficiency; but we should revolt against their continuation in time of peace. But because we get rid of them is no reason in the world for our forsaking practices of rational economy, in the avoidance of waste and in the fuller utilization of resources and supplies.

We are rid of war bread, or wheatless bread; but we should not therefore throw good loaves or half-loaves into the garbage can. We are done with gasoline-less Sundays, but we should not therefore waste the fluid by letting engines race while standing still or by slushing it around for washing purposes. We need no more to plow up our lawns for potato patches, but neither should we let good farming land lie unimproved. This country has long had and has deserved the reproach of wastefulness. We have enjoyed such plenty of supplies that economy in their use has seemed unnecessary. Well, plenty is a legitimate source of pride; but it can never be a justification of waste. We are done with war privations, but it would be regrettable if we should abandon our war time thrift.

On another plane, no less practical and even material, yet also more spiritual, are matters of benevolence, of humanity, of charity, and of fraternal helpfulness. Never before, we suppose, in the history of the world, was there such an outpouring of benevolence or were there such works of mercy and of charity done, as during these last four years. The activities of the Red Cross, of the Y. M. C. A. and kindred organizations, of the Salvation Army, and of many similar agencies of relief and blessing, as well as of innumerable individuals, crowd with inspiring annals some of the noblest chapters in all the record of human-kindness. Now those things were directed to the succor of the sufferers from war's ravages, and to promoting the welfare of those who were waging the war. In that sense they were purely wartime agencies. There will hereafter be no call for putting forth such extraordinary exertions, for there will be no such extraordinary needs to meet. But surely that should be the most compelling of reasons for our so maintaining those activities in times of peace as to meet adequately their lesser yet no less urgent needs. "The world is filled with sorrow and sin," in peace as well as in war; and we should wonder at and should not envy nor admire the man who would give freely to relieve the sufferings caused by war and should refuse similar compassion to the perhaps fewer but often no less poignant sufferings which occur in peace, and just as much without the sufferers' fault. These agencies of good which have been so superbly efficient during the war would stultify themselves if they fell into desuetude now that peace has come. Or perhaps we should

say that we should stultify ourselves if we permitted them thus to lapse.

We may add as eminently desirable for maintenance in peace as in war what we may describe as the community spirit, or the spirit of unity. This has prevailed during the war in a most gratifying degree. Men and women of all political parties and of all religious faiths have laid aside their differences in the pursuit of a common end, and have worked together with fine cordiality. They have seemed to realize that there was something more important than the exploitation of their individual idiosyncrasies, something which was equally important and equally dear to them all, of whatever party or faith, and something therefore for which they could all strive without in the least abandoning their own special principles and creeds. Now that was quite true. To win the war and to save the nation and humanity were more important objects than to promote the advantage of this party or the growth of that church. But he would be strangely short-sighted who could not perceive just as important objects now, and just as strong reasons for similar unity of effort. The welfare of the nation and of humanity is still to be served, in peace as in war, and there is just as much need of unity of purpose in serving it. If it were not so, what would be the inevitable inference? Why, that a state of war was preferable to a state of peace, since the former aroused a degree of civic virtue and devotion which the latter did not arouse. Surely we are not prepared to concede that.

We must mention also the need of maintaining in times of peace the educational standards which have been insisted upon in the stress of war. It was found that our national system of education was permeated by an alien and a hostile propaganda. Text books contained and teachers taught deliberate and intentional untruths, some intended to influence us in favor of some foreign nation and some to prejudice us unjustly against some other nation. The history of our own country was grossly perverted. The teaching of robust American patriotism was shamefully neglected. Many of these conditions, though by no means all, were corrected, some through laudably strenuous means. Our public and private educational systems have because of the war become far more truthful, far more efficient, far more American. It would be an atrocity to let

them relapse by so much as a single hair's breadth toward the old status. There must never be any more preference of a foreign language over English in an American school, never any more "Vaterland" textbooks, never any more Scott Nearings and Hugo Muensterbergs in our colleges. The "freedom of teaching" in America does not embrace the teaching of Bolshevism and "Kultur". And we have also, it is to be hoped, learned for permanent application the lesson of the question which Socrates tells us he put to the son of Hipponicus: "Callias, if your two sons had happened to be two colts or two calves, we should be able to get and to hire for them an overseer who would make them excellent in the kind of excellence proper to them; and he would be a horse-trainer or husbandman. But now, since they are two human beings, whom have you in mind to get as overseer? Who has knowledge of that kind of excellence, that of a man and a citizen?" We have learned in war and we must practice it in peace, that it is as essential to educate our youth as American citizens as it is to train them to practice law or to play baseball.

It would be an unpardonable lapse, moreover, if we were to forget in peace all that we have learned in war about the need of constant and universal preparedness to meet any demands which may be made upon us for the welfare of the nation. Already the voice of the Pacifist is again heard in the land, uttering that which a little time ago would rightly have been deemed sedition. The gospel of anti-preparedness is being preached, with all its fallacies and falsehoods. We are being told that it is wicked to train our boys to be strong, because then they may fight and hurt somebody, and that the way to prevent fighting is to keep all so weak that they cannot hurt one another. The duty of peace is to suppress such treason with no uncertain or hesitant hand. Half the war burdens that we have suffered, half the lives that were lost on the fields of France, were due directly to our miserable and treasonable state of unpreparedness. God pity us, if we are such fools as to forget the lesson!

Above all, for indeed it comprehends all, is the need of insisting upon one hundred per cent Americanism, unhyphenated and undiluted. It was, if we remember aright, sturdy Captain Coghlan, of Manila Bay and "Hoch, der Kaiser!" fame who first applied the name and denounced

the thing of "hyphenated Americans." Long may his memory endure, and forever may the truth which he inculcated prevail throughout the land which he loved and served so well! His warning was given to us after a little war, in a time of profound peace, and therefore was foolishly neglected. It has been revived and re-emphasized amid the stress of the world's mightiest war, and its emphasis now ought to endure even amid the blandishments of peace. It ought, we say; but it will not if Americans do not strenuously insist upon it, and inexorably reject every insidious proposal which is made from no matter how exalted or autocratic a source for its impairment. The latest and most pernicious assault upon one hundred per cent Americanism is not so much individual as collective. It is proposed not that citizens shall be hyphenated or have their Americanism diluted, but that the nation as a whole shall do so. We are asked to abjure nationality for internationalism. We are asked to become not an integral sovereignty but a vulgar fraction of a League. We are asked to renounce our war time devotion to the principle of national independence for the bastard pacifist heresy of international dependence.

We do not want war. We do not want war conditions continued. But we do not want the fruits of victory in war to be sacrificed. If we fought the late war, as some insist, for our own interest, that interest was, the object of our fighting and of our unspeakable sacrifices was, that this nation should remain an independent, sovereign nation, unravaged by Huns, unmixed in European feuds, self-reliant, self- contained. We did not fight that we might be made an appanage of alien Powers or be enmeshed in all the webs of intrigue and whelmed in all the maelstroms of war that might occur even at the uttermost ends of the earth. If, as some maintain, we fought the war for the sake of humanity, to "make the world safe for democracy," then certainly we did not fight to subject the world to an oligarchy and to invest some Big Five, or Four, or Three, with power to tyrannize over all lesser nations. We seem to remember that the war began in the attempt of two great Powers to crush two small nations, and that others joined in to prevent that crime and to establish the right of small states equally with great Powers to the maintenance of treaties and all their rights under international law. If

those are the things that we fought for in war, they are the things that we must maintain in peace. It may, it will, require a struggle to do so, comparable—so far as peace is comparable with war—with the struggle by means of which we won those things in war.

> ". . . Peace hath her victories,
> No less renowned than war,"

and it may be that the victory in peace over the League of Denationalization will be no less renowned and no less important to this nation and to the world, than our militant victory in war over the spirit of autocracy.

AMERICANIZING THE TREATY

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

THERE is probably no thoughtful man in the United States who does not believe and desire that some improvement in international relations and some new security for the peace of the world should result from the experience of the Great War.

While the desire to prevent such a catastrophe has, no doubt, been greatly strengthened by our recent experience, it must not be overlooked that this purpose is not entirely the product of this struggle. Among the misfortunes which the beginning of hostilities brought upon the world one of the most serious was the interruption of plans for the better understanding of governments and the better organization of international justice. It is much to be regretted that the historic continuity of this development has been broken, that the general movement in the direction of international organization has been given over almost entirely to a few governments, and that the effort to establish a new world order has been subordinated to the exigencies of a necessarily punitive peace.

There is, undoubtedly, one essential preliminary to a free expression of the mind of the nations, namely, an actual state of peace. It should be, moreover, a state of peace that would prove beyond the possibility of doubt that there exists in the world the purpose and the power to vindicate violated law and enforce just reparation for injuries inflicted. Such a state of peace would involve a victory already achieved and enforced. The power to punish international crime having been thus demonstrated, there would remain the task of making it evident not only that new attempts of a similar character would be futile, but that international justice could be so organized as to offer protection to all nations that were disposed to respect

International Law, and to secure the punishment of those who violated it.

It is not surprising that the attempt to create a League of Nations as part of a punitive peace settlement should fail to embody the essential elements of a general Society of States. Inevitably the formation of such a League, at such a time, would be limited to those nations which were in a state of hostility to the Powers upon which the peace was to be imposed. It would be designed chiefly as an agency for enforcing and executing a peace with those Powers. It would therefore render difficult the adhesion of small States, unwilling to abandon their neutrality lest they endanger their own future, and would take the form of a defensive alliance for the mutual protection of its members against the possible aggression of outsiders.

It is indisputable that the League of Nations created at Paris by five Great Powers and a subordinate group of small nations, for various reasons subject to their influence, is a limited association of this kind.

It is openly asserted, as a reason for forming this League, that it is necessary to the enforcement and execution of the terms of peace imposed upon Germany; and in order to render it serviceable in this respect, the Covenant of the League has been intentionally and deliberately so interwoven with the Treaty of Peace that they are declared to be inseparable. The effect of this upon the small States who are neighbors of Germany is already apparent. They have been requested to join in rendering effective the economic boycott of Germany in case of her further resistance or refusal to sign the treaty of peace, and they have declined to do so. How could they be expected to comply with this demand without incurring the risk of Germany's future hostility? They have found their right to remain neutral, hitherto unquestioned and generally approved, virtually repudiated and denied by the demand that they commit acts of war against a powerful neighbor in the interest of the League. To them this necessarily seems like impressment into a service which they would esteem it dangerous to undertake, and a forerunner of what their fate might be, if by compliance they exposed themselves to the enmity of a neighbor powerful enough to injure them vitally, or if on the other hand by refusal they incurred the penalties which the League might inflict upon them. The

situation of Denmark and Sweden is thus evidently rendered precarious; but, in the case of Switzerland, a strict neutrality is absolutely essential to her very existence, for her population is composed of four different races, each one subject to the constant influence as well as to the possible hostility of neighbors of the same race and language between whom they would have to choose. Clearly, the only safe policy of the Confederation is to maintain, against all counsel to the contrary, the strict neutrality which a permanently neutralized State should preserve.

It is equally indisputable that the centre of gravity in this League of Nations is to be found in the mutual guarantee by all the members of one another's territorial integrity and existing political independence, as expressed in Article X of the Covenant. In brief, the League is in its essence a defensive alliance of a limited group of Powers against the rest of the world.

Upon this point some comments are necessary.

First of all, this guarantee extends far beyond any compact or purpose with which the Entente Powers entered into the war; and still further beyond any reason for entering into it, or any decision formally taken concerning it, on the part of the United States. The reason for our going to war with Germany was officially declared to be that the Imperial German Government had created a state of war with the United States by repeated and brutal violations of International Law, which it was intended by that government to continue. The cause of our entrance into the war being these violations of our legal rights as a nation, our object in the war was to make our rights respected. The one clear duty of the treaty-making power in concluding peace with Germany, therefore, is to secure this result. Whatever is necessary to this end is evidently within the jurisdiction of our representatives in making peace. If it is necessary to co-operate with our co-belligerents in order to impose upon Germany such restraints as will render her incapable of renewing her designs, that also is within their jurisdiction; but the purpose with which the United States engaged in the war should unquestionably determine the jurisdiction of its spokesmen in making peace. Although there is no formal compact with the Entente Allies, there is a common interest and a common obligation to render Germany incapable of repeating her crimes; but

it would be difficult to show that the representatives of the United States are called upon to dictate terms to nations with which we have not been at war, or have the legal or moral right to destroy their territorial integrity, to administer its fragments, or to impose penalties in no way connected with the issues which made us participants in the war.

The League of Nations, as proposed, includes not only obligations not related to the reasons for engaging in the war but also obligations opposed to the traditions, the time-honored policies, and even the constitutional provisions of the United States. It commits the whole future policy of this country to the decisions of an international body in which it would have only a single voice; it permits that body to intrude its judgments, and thereby its policies, into a sphere hitherto regarded as exclusively American; and, in addition, it demands that the territories held by each of the members of this League under this treaty, no matter how obtained, how ruled, or what violence may be done to the self-determination of peoples within them,—including territories containing whole populations separated from their kindred and liable at any time to be reclaimed by the nations from which they are sundered,—shall receive the permanent protection of the United States as integral parts of the nations that now claim them.

Article X of the Covenant of the League might, perhaps, appropriately be applied to the protection of the strictly self-governed peoples, if further menaced by the common enemy; but the Covenant does not stop with such a clear, defensible, and single purpose. It extends to all territorial possessions, however acquired; and not only this, but to circumscriptions of territory made by the arbitrary decree of three or four powers, regardless of the wishes or affinities of the populations. Such allotments of territory, once consecrated by the treaty, are unalterable so long as any one member of the Council objects to change. It is almost needless to affirm that such provisions, wholly beyond the aims and contentions of the war, as engaged in by the United States, are in contradiction to every policy and every principle hitherto known as American.

To give color to this departure from all that can be characterized as American, this League attempts to shift the burden of executing and enforcing the terms of peace

from the shoulders of the victorious Entente Powers to what professes to be " a general association of nations," but which in reality is merely a small group of Great Powers so organized as to control, and if necessary to coerce, the small States drawn within its circle of power. I think it is fair to say, that such an enterprise not only oversteps the legal jurisdiction of those who have been engaged in it, but is clearly beyond the constitutional prerogatives of the treaty-making power of the United States; whose authority does not extend, and without imperial assumptions in contradiction to the principle of government as founded on the consent of the governed cannot be made to extend, to the issuing of " special Acts and Charters " for the rule of peoples with whom our Government has not been at war, under a wholly imaginary *lex regia* which the American people have condemned by revolution as intolerable to themselves and unjust to all men.

To render the mask of democracy in the pursuit of this imperial programme as complete as possible, it has seemed necessary to call in as co-partners other nations less plainly influenced by imperial purposes. It is, however, demonstrable that the additions to this corporation for international control add nothing to its real strength, vitality, authority, or claim to universality. It would be provocative of mirth to pretend that any new legal authority is acquired by this League through the accession of such potentialities as Siam, which England and France have in past years reduced to practical vassalage; Hedjaz, made up of nomads of the desert, from whom Great Britain has evoked the semblance of a new State; or even of the five accessions to international dignity whose foreign affairs have always been, and still are, directed from London, as parts of the British Empire; and the same may be said of Haiti, Honduras, Liberia, and Nicaragua, which also serve to fill out the proportions of this League of Nations. By no stretch of the imagination can this group of Powers be identified with the Society of States. It is, in truth, a coalition of five Great Powers and their humble adherents who await their decisions. To this it must be added that it is difficult to see how, without changes so radical that they would amount to a total reconstruction, this League could ever develop into such a general society.

The great obstacle is that the League is designed, if the

claim of its sponsors is to be credited, primarily as an instrument to enforce a punitive peace upon Germany. If this profession is sincere, how can those who have not wished to enter the list of antagonists to Germany consistently enter into this League? Among the States invited to enter into it are the Argentine Republic, Chile, Colombia, Denmark, the Netherlands, Norway, Paraguay, Persia, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, and Venezuela. Why should these States, any of them, having remained neutral during the war, change their policy now, abandon their neutrality, and repudiate their past, for the purpose of enforcing upon Germany penalties which they have had no part in inflicting by hostility during the war? Is it not evident that the addition of such States at this time would be only so much added insincerity in the composition of the League,—the bravery that injures only when the object of it is already powerless?

It is extremely doubtful if there will be any real growth of the League in military strength or international authority so long as its most conspicuous object is to punish Germany. That task, just and righteous as it is, is not one that invites new recruits. As it is pictured, it is one from which even the victors, after a long delay, may tend more and more to recoil. Already English writers who were advanced leaders in the prosecution of the war are displaying much more than apathy at the thought of executing during a long term of years the articles of peace. At some time the war, and even the expiation of its crimes, must have an end. "We were supposed to fight against militarism and to intend devising constructive and reconciling substitutes for it," writes an ardent anti-German Englishman. "The world now suggested to us," he continues, "is to be based on militarism, and on nothing else for a long term of years. . . . Yet the actual force which alone could sustain it never will be available for the period contemplated. There is the conspicuous vice of this nominal settlement. It piles inordinate weight upon a floor which in any case—having in view the whole democratic tendency of our time—would be liable to collapse of itself. . . . Tribute running for years to more thousands of millions will be a permanent incitement to unrest, protest, conspiracy, to international agitation and intrigue."

However we may envisage our duty in this matter, there

is no doubt that Mr. Garvin has here stated the truth, and it is very solemn truth.

We started out to destroy militarism. The Conference at Paris has created a situation in the name of peace that positively necessitates military force, and the League of Nations is organized to supply it. That is why the adherence of America is represented to be necessary. The purpose of the League is to enforce, not law, but peace; but there can never be any lasting peace without justice, there can never be any justice without the rule of law, and there can never be any law that will be respected until the nations say, " Peace or no peace, we stand for law and will both observe and defend it."

The President professes that this Covenant is to support and execute International Law. This is nowhere declared in the Covenant. The conference at Paris, or else the President, through whom the request was made, declined to commit itself to a general conference to formulate or revise International law; and, as I have shown elsewhere, it abolishes whole sections of it as it now stands.

It will not do for the possessing nations, the *beati possidentes,* to say we will enforce peace without law; yet five Great Powers, or less, propose to rule the world and to coerce other nations according to their own decisions.

I have said " five Great Powers, or less," because while the alleged purpose of the League and its origin as a war expedient are liable to affect its growth, it is necessary to note that there is also a possibility of its arrested development, and even its early dissolution. Provision has already been made—but not quite ingenuously—for withdrawal from it; which would hardly be the case if it were really a well-conceived and unobjectionable Society of States.

It cannot be maintained that either Italy or Japan has any great affection for the League, or any deep sense either of gratitude to it or confidence in it. Gratitude is wanting, because wishes dear to these nations have been denied; and confidence is wanting, because they know that the professed principles upon which the League was to be founded have been already violated, in order to retain their adherence. There are other nations that will be even less satisfied with the decisions made at Paris. China finds it impossible to join the League, because it has refused justice to that Republic. Germany, Russia, Turkey, and Bulgaria are not

to be at once admitted, and may never be included. In fact at its beginning, only a little more than one-third of the inhabitants of Europe will be comprised in this League, and many countries, even if disposed to join it, will be confronted with serious obstacles to adhering to it at any time, so long as it retains its present character. In the meanwhile three new States, Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Jugoslavia, with mutual antagonisms very difficult to allay, and needing help rather than able to offer it, will form the rope of sand with which to bind two giant neighbors, Germany and Russia, in their efforts to combine their strength in resistance to the League.

It must in candor be confessed, since the fact is open to demonstration, that in organizing the League at this time, and in making it the organ of executing a peace of victory over Germany, the Conference at Paris has obstructed rather than facilitated the organization of that "general association of nations" which it was desirable, under auspicious conditions, to organize for the purpose of maintaining peace and administering justice. Unless radically altered, the League will stand in history as an attempt to preserve peace on a basis of power, rather than on a basis of law and justice, by centering control in a few dominant Great States, every one of which, by entering into this compact, will subordinate the principles of democracy and adopt in practice the principles of imperialism.

It would be futile to deny the imperial character of this League. Its authors proudly declare it. If this characterization seems offensive to us, it is not at all so to its British supporters. General Smuts, who, with the aid of Lord Robert Cecil, is its principal author, expressly declares, that it "is modelled on the British Empire, including its crown colonies and protectorates." "The two systems," he adds, "closely resemble each other"; and he asserts, "Where the British Empire has been so eminently successful as a political system, the League, working on somewhat similar lines, could not fail to achieve a reasonable measure of success." He goes further, and bases the rights of the League on the fact that it is "the successor to the empires"; which can only mean that, having overthrown them, the victors, the surviving empires, have the full authority to rule them in their own way, as Great Britain rules her crown colonies, and as she once ruled America.

I am offering no gratuitous or hostile criticism of the British Empire as such. I am merely pointing out a fact, a fact rendered indisputable by the highest authority, regarding the nature and purpose of this League.

If this fact is of any interest to us, it lies in the different conception which we have in America regarding the nature of political authority, as embodied in our Constitution and entertained by most of our people. We consider that government is founded on rights inherent in the people who establish it and live under it, and that it has no authority except as it emanates from them. A free people may rightly constitute a State, which then becomes itself a possessor of rights in its relation to other States, because it is an institution for the protection of rights. If it is not an expression and embodiment of a people's rights, it is merely an expression and embodiment of power.

The British Empire is not based on these conceptions. Its statesmen speak of "liberty," but liberty in Great Britain has never been held to be a natural inherent personal attribute. That is an American doctrine, and we made a revolution to establish it. The British Parliament rules whole nations against their will, in its own interest, nations which have no representatives in it. An omnipotent Parliament, restrained by no law, has under its control and rules under its laws more than one-fourth of the population of the earth, scattered over every quarter of the globe, without representation in its government.

The proposed League of Nations claims to be patterned on this model. I am not here opposing the British Empire, or questioning the beneficence of its rule. What I wish to emphasize is, that a League of Nations constructed in imitation of it, and on its principles, does not embody the ideals of America. Such a League is by definition an organ of power and not an institution of justice. It operates by the will of a superior. It is essentially a super-government, the work of a Supreme Council.

This League can, in perfect harmony with its principles, issue "special Acts and Charters" for the government of distant nations who have no voice in their own government. This is what England has always done, and now continues to do, and intends always to do. At one time the King, in his own name, personally issued such "Acts and Charters" to colonists in America. The British people, having taken

over the power of the King, now exercise it in the same way all over the world. The fact is recognized by Englishmen. They are deeply conscious that this system is un-American. A writer in the "New Europe" is much troubled about it. He is anxious that Liberalism be "maintained at home and explained abroad." "In Dublin, in Cairo, in Calcutta," he says, "a new chapter of our historic essay in government is being opened, and the manner of its writing will have a profound influence not only upon our own imperial future, but upon the relations of Britain and America throughout the twentieth century."

Is this a time, when the best thought in Great Britain is looking forward and American conceptions are triumphing even there, for America to enter into an imperial partnership? Confessedly, this League is imperial in its origin, its nature, and its aims. It may mean well, it may intend to strive for justice, but for justice only in an imperial sense. It may consider itself benevolent, and may even speak of "sacrifice for the good of humanity;" but can anyone appeal to the history of the British Empire as a conspicuous example of national sacrifice?

It will be said, no doubt, the British Empire is ready to enter into this League on the same footing as its partners. Is it so? What has Great Britain given up? And what new responsibility does she assume? She gets the German colonies under a mandate of the League just as effectively as if they were taken by direct annexation. There is no disposition on her part to abandon her supremacy on the sea. There are reasons why we should not demand it, for we comprehend Britain's need for defense; but if we did exact it, we know she would not under any conditions make this sacrifice. In addition, she demands the recognition of five of her dependencies, whose foreign affairs she controls, and which she will control in all decisions, as members of the Assembly on a plane of equality with the United States.

Why, in the presence of these concessions, should America sacrifice any of her ideals? Why should the League, if it is to exist, be on the plan of the British Empire, and not on the plan of our American ideals? If we are to get nothing out of this League but ideals, why should we not at least have the ideals? Is it that the others will not let us have them? Then why should we be the chief sponsors of this League?

But, in addition, we are told that it is our duty to make "sacrifices." Shall we not be permitted to judge what sacrifices we are prepared to make? I cannot see that it is our duty to make any sacrifice of our principles. I cannot see with what justice we can be asked either to participate in a new corporate imperialism, or to defend the surviving empires, or to subordinate our conception of the rule of law to a rule of force; and, as Mr. James M. Beck has so ably and in such a faithful spirit shown in his article on Anglo-American solidarity, in the July number of this REVIEW, in his "Reply to Lord Robert Cecil," who urges upon us the duty of sacrifice, it would not aid Anglo-American friendship to press that plea. The American people, League or no League, will know in each case what their duty is, and they may be trusted to perform it.

I do not for a moment question the duty of the United States in the task of enforcing the terms of a just peace upon a common enemy; but I do question the justice of demanding that the United States abandon its distinctive policies, which mean no harm to anyone, and dedicate its powers to the enforcement of peace everywhere in the world, regardless of our interests or responsibility. I doubt, for reasons already stated, if a combination intended primarily for the enforcement of a particular peace can ever become a true Society of States without the adoption of very definite standards of law, such as this Covenant does not contain, which would give confidence to all nations, the weak and the small as well as the great, that strict justice will be accorded them; and for this they must have a part in the making of the law which this League does not accord to them. Organized as this League is, every new adherent must recognize that entrance into it implies submission to an order of power rather than protection by an institution of justice. It is an organization for central control by a few Great Powers, to be exercised in secret, without a definite body of International Law as a standard to which the powerful as well as the weak must conform, and without a court where the rights of States may be openly adjudicated upon just and equal terms, uninfluenced by the preponderant force or the particular policies of dominant and imperial Powers. I think it is fair to ask the question, What hope is there, under this League, as now organized, that the Republic of China, for example, can seek and obtain a judicial decision

that the League would enforce upon the question whether that republic has the right to demand the immediate return of property and territory taken away by force? If there is no hope of this, then the conference at Paris and its heir, the League, must accept the tremendous handicap of being an unjust judge.

It is desirable for American citizens to divest their minds of illusions regarding the nature and significance of this League. If it accomplishes what many of its advocates expect of it, it will have an enormous task before it. It will have not only to enforce the execution of the peace imposed upon Germany, which is a proper task, but to end the eighteen little wars now in operation in Europe. As an organ of power rather than an institution of justice, it will be challenged, as every dominant form of force is challenged, because it assumes to command and control. If it cannot do this effectively and in a just manner, it will become an object of derision. Nothing can save it but a change of purpose; and America is the only Power that can effect this change, because America is the only Power that is working solely for the victory of international ideals.

The issue then assumes this form: Shall the treaty-making power of the United States accept the League of Nations as it is, or avail itself of its opportunity to embody in it some at least of the saving qualities which it lacks?

The chief objection to adopting the Covenant of the League as it now stands is its fundamentally un-American character. It does not embody our traditional American ideals. The influences that are trying to force its adoption unchanged are partisan and not frankly and freely American. The influences that demand changes are American rather than partisan; and they are able to state why they demand changes and precisely what changes they demand.

It cannot, I think, be denied that, if the formation of the League had been undertaken at another time, wholly apart from the exigencies of a punitive peace, it would have assumed a different character, it would have emphasized institutions of justice rather than organs of power; and if the Entente had already completed its task, and vindicated the inviolability of the innocent and the authority of law, a permanent organization of justice would have been an easier achievement.

Our plain duty as a nation is to embody in this treaty

our highest American ideals. It cannot be admitted that a Supreme Council of Four, sitting in secret as this Council has sat, can write a document, and say to the advisory half of the constitutional treaty-making power of the United States: "This must be signed at once, and as it is written."

Senator Knox, whose service in the cabinet of three Presidents adds to his authority in such matters, has proposed to separate the Covenant of the League of Nations from the treaty of peace, in order that each may be considered upon its merits. Under ordinary circumstances, nothing would be regarded as more normal, more reasonable, or more prudent; but in this case, there has been a deliberate purpose to prevent the separate discussion of these questions.

Two objections have been raised to Senator Knox's proposal. The chief one is that the President of the United States, "acting in his own name and by his own proper authority," should alone decide into what foreign obligations the Republic should enter, regardless of the advice of the Senate, which it is thought impertinent for the Senators to insist upon, since, it is alleged, they can be actuated only by partisan motives, from which the President is entirely free. The other objection is the pretense that without hasty action the United States will be left alone at war with Germany, and unable to resume trade relations with her, while the Entente Allies are enjoying this advantage! The first of these objections I have sufficiently characterized elsewhere. The second is too hysterical to deserve an answer.

It is true that the whole world is anxious for peace, and that it should not be unnecessarily retarded. Impressed by this, and recognizing the desirability of some kind of international association, another American statesman of unequalled qualification, has thought it possible immediately, without extended debate, to indicate the conditions upon which the United States might safely try the experiment of a League. If, in the circumstances, it is to be a choice between a modification of this League and no understanding at all, Mr. Root thinks it worth-while to secure a permanent centre of discussion and conciliation, where an interchange of views may be had, in the hope of ultimately organizing those international arrangements which, as a jurist, he deems essential to justice as well as to peace.

He, therefore, states very clearly his objections to the

Covenant of the League, as it now stands, in the following comments:

"Nothing has been done to provide for the reëstablishment and strengthening of a system of arbitration or judicial decision upon questions of legal right. Nothing has been done toward providing for the revision or development of International Law. In these respects, principles maintained by the United States without variation for half a century are still ignored, and we are left with a programme which rests the hope of the world for future peace in a government of men and not of laws, following the dictates of expediency, and not of right. Nothing has been done to limit the vast and incalculable obligation which Article X of the Covenant undertakes to impose upon each member of the League to preserve against external aggression the territorial integrity and political independence of all members of the League all over the world.

"The clause authorizing withdrawal from the League on two years' notice leaves a doubt whether a mere charge that we had not performed some international obligation would not put it in the power of the Council to take jurisdiction of the charge as a disputed question and keep us in the League indefinitely against our will.

"The clause which has been inserted regarding the Monroe Doctrine is erroneous in its description of the doctrine and ambiguous in meaning. Other purely American questions, as, for example, questions relating to immigration, are protected only by a clause apparently empowering the Council to determine whether such questions are solely within the domestic jurisdiction of the United States. I do not think that in these respects the United States is sufficiently protected against most injurious results which are wholly unnecessary for the establishment and maintenance of this League of Nations."

There is, however, Mr. Root finds, a great deal of high value in the Covenant which the world ought not to lose. In order to preserve this for future development, he formulates as follows the reservations which the United States ought to make:—

"The Senate of the United States advises and consents to the ratification of the said treaty with the following reservations and understandings to be made a part of the instrument of ratification, viz:

" (1) In advising and consenting to the ratification of the said treaty the Senate reserves and excludes from its consent the tenth article of the Covenant for the League of Nations, as to which the Senate refuses its consent.

" (2) The Senate consents to the ratification of the said treaty, reserving Article X aforesaid, with the understanding that whenever two years' notice of withdrawal from the League of Nations shall have been given, as provided in Article 1, no claim, charge or finding that international obligations or obligations under the Covenant have not been fulfilled, will be deemed to render the two years' notice ineffectual or to keep the Power giving the notice in the League after the expiration of the time specified in the notice.

" (3) Inasmuch as, in agreeing to become a member of the League of Nations, the United States of America is moved by no interest or wish to intrude upon or interfere with the political policy or international administration of any foreign State, and by no existing or anticipated dangers in the affairs of the American continents, but accedes to the wish of the European States that it shall join its power to theirs for the preservation of general peace, the Senate consents to the ratification of the said treaty, excepting Article X aforesaid, with the understanding that nothing therein contained shall be construed to imply a relinquishment by the United States of America of its traditional attitude toward purely American questions, or to require the submission of its policy regarding questions which it deems to be purely American questions to the decision or recommendation of other Powers.

These reservations reject Article X, which Mr. Hughes promptly pointed out as " a trouble-breeder," because we cannot accept the obligation to " preserve the territorial integrity and existing political independence " of all the members of the League; which would involve our entering into the contentions of different races over their national boundaries and the permanent retention of previously conquered or arbitrarily annexed peoples, thus exciting by our participation in distant quarrels civil strife in our own composite population. (2) They retain the right of withdrawal without restraint, if the United Stataes does not approve of the conduct of the League. And (3) they safeguard purely American questions from control or in-

terference by the League. In effect, they promise to save our country from a hopeless state of division on most vital issues.

It is important to note, that Mr. Root's proposed reservations change the centre of gravity of the League, so far as American ideals are concerned. They substitute for the idea of central control the idea of inherent rights in the member States which they may reserve from the League's authority.

If these reservations be adopted, with the unrestricted right of withdrawal, the Covenant of the League will assume the character of a written Entente, providing a mechanism for consultation and discussion, with a prospect of making it an agreement to defend International Law rather than a compact for the defense of existing empires.

As to the technique of the procedure, Mr. Root is on sure ground. Treaties have often been amended by the Senate, and the result has usually been of national benefit. The second Hay-Pauncefote Treaty was far better than the first, and the negotiation of it was not difficult. Amendment by reservation is a well established procedure; and has never, I believe, been questioned in any international document where complete sovereignty was the necessary postulate of the act.

The reservation made by Virginia in ratifying the Federal Constitution, which is alleged to have proved inoperative to secure the right of secession, has been cited to prove that such a reservation would be invalid; but it is wholly irrelevant, both in form and in principle. The Virginia reservation reads: "The powers granted under the Constitution being derived from the People of the United States may be resumed by them whensoever the same shall be perverted to their injury or oppression," but "the People of the United States" never decided that the powers granted by them under the Constitution had been "perverted to their injury or oppression." The formation of the Constitution was not an international act; it was the formation of a national government by "the People of the United States," who still have the power, if they choose to use it, to annul every provision of the Constitution.

One might very consistently add to Mr. Root's reservations a refusal to take any part in the exercise of the composite sovereignty assumed by this Covenant in proposing to

issue "special Acts and Charters" for the government of parts of dismembered empires, particularly of those with which the United States has never been at war. An amendment to the original form of the Covenant was proposed by Mr. Hughes, to the effect that no member of the League shall be constituted a mandatary without its consent, and no European or Asiatic Power shall be constituted a mandatary of any American people. Article XXII has been so phrased as to require only those to act under a mandate "who are willing to accept it"; but, it would appear, the American member of the Council is expected to take part in determining by a sovereign act "the degree of authority, control or administration to be exercised" by those who receive the mandates of the League over peoples not living under the laws of the United States. No imperial viceroy has ever exercised greater power than this. If the United States Senate decides to ratify this Covenant without any reservation on this point, the problem will arise, by what authority will the American member of the Council exercise this imperial function?

Can it be held that the Senate has no power to make a reservation on this point? If it cannot be allowed to make it, and this Covenant binds the United States to the exercise of powers for which the Constitution makes no provision, over peoples not subject to its laws, and living in territory not under its jurisdiction, either by purchase, conquest, or cession, it is of high importance to examine more closely into a scheme for control that secures "equal opportunities for the trade and commerce of members of the League," as Article XXII of the Covenant provides, but does not accord them to any nation not a member of this close imperial corporation.

The time may soon come when statesmen whose hands it is now attempted to force by emotional influences and appeals to their personal interests, under the weight of an expensive popular propaganda, will be counted among those whose prudence and courage have saved the nation from serious complications and even from shame and humiliation.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

FROM JEFFERSON TO WILSON

BY JOHN CORBIN

IN the early nineteenth century the world of free institutions was in a death struggle with Napoleon, precisely as of late it has been in a death struggle with the Prussian. Then, as in our recent past, we were forced to choose between a profitable if precarious neutrality and a vigorous stand for the right. Jefferson, like Wilson, had won his high office as a representative of democracy; and Jefferson, like Wilson had theories and ideals that prevented an active part in the defense of freedom. In order to gain our rights as a neutral, Jefferson attempted to play off England against Napoleon, and Napoleon against England, writing diplomatic notes and presidential pronouncements without number; and, unfailingly, our interests suffered and our national honor was humbled. Meantime Jefferson hesitated to prepare for war, with the result that when it came the nation was plunged into a chaos of waste and inefficiency. In only one respect does the parallel fail. In 1812 our enemy was the champion of European freedom; and, whatever our historians make out, we gained not one of the rights for which we fought. In 1917 our enemy was the enemy of mankind, our allies the free nations; and today the high courage of our soldiers has its reward.

The broad outlines of this historic parallel are obvious to all; but its underlying psychology has yet to be explored. If the "ideals" that guided us eleven decades ago are the ideals of today, they can scarcely fail to be a factor tomorrow, and a very serious factor.

It was Jefferson's mature opinion, deliberately expressed, that "those societies (as the Indians) which live without government, enjoy in their general mass an infinitely greater degree of happiness" than was possible under the English system of government; and he called it

" a problem not clear in my mind " whether the " unrestraint " of Indian life were not preferable to the restraints imposed by our own newly established Constitution. The personal influence of the wise and the good, he thought, was most powerful when unhampered by laws and institutions. He stated the idea in many forms. " Were it left to me to decide whether we should have a government without newspapers or newspapers without a government, I should not hesitate a moment to prefer the latter." And this was said of the newspapers of the eighteenth century, which could not be surpassed in ambushed treachery and exultant truculence if they had been written by red Indians.

Historians have not considered sufficiently this ideal of government. Jefferson's biographer, Morse, who in general is sympathetic and appreciative, dismisses it as " stuff " and " nonsense." Henry Cabot Lodge, whose sympathy is less perfect, calls it " utter rubbish." But Jefferson's belief in individual freedom unrestrained was as passionate as his statement of it was picturesque. As our historians should have known, both the idea and the illustration were derived from Rousseau's *Discourse upon Inequality,* which the " philosophers " who set on foot the French Revolution took for Bible truth. Jefferson was proud to be numbered among them, and made his house in Paris, which happened to be the American Embassy, the scene of their plottings against the monarch to whom he was accredited.

Is this *laissez faire* ideal of government extinct today? Hardly. In a campaign speech of 1912, Woodrow Wilson declared it in a form only slightly more generalized: " The happiest nation is that which is governed least." Theodore Roosevelt challenged the dictum. In one of the few passages of clear thinking with which our politics have been enlivened, he placed it historically among the distorted half truths which were thrown out in the eighteenth-century struggle against monarchy. A nation which governs itself is very far from happy unless its government is thoroughly organized and efficient. If Mr. Wilson is to be judged by his deeds, and not by his words, he is least of all men an exponent of the no-government ideal.

Jefferson's instincts were equally autocratic; but he had to wait many years before he became President, and so we have our earliest illustration of the difference between the theories of our philosopher-Presidents and their practice.

The theories bulk largest in the struggle for office. During the first two administrations under our Constitution, the most critically important in its history, Jefferson was Secretary of State, with an ambition to be President, and he made his theories the basis of bitter opposition to his two great colleagues.

To Washington the National Administration seemed lacking in organized authority. "Influence is not government," he said in one of his rare but stupendously vital phrases. With the inspiration and aid of Hamilton, he set about strengthening the Federal power, as far as it could be legally strengthened under the constitution—mainly by means of rendering stable the national finances. If Jefferson's theories of individual liberty were crude, his theories of finance were chaotic. He saw in the measures of Washington and Hamilton only an effort to fix upon our newly enfranchised people an Anglophile system of monarchy. He called the Federals "monocrats" and "Anglomen"; and, though a member of Washington's Cabinet, he fought the new measures by every means at his command. These included an expedient worthy of the admired red man.

He imported from New York, and put on the salary list of his Department of State, a journalist, Freneau, with whom he wrote or caused to be written, a series of anonymous articles charging the Secretary of the Treasury with personal dishonesty and public treason. Hamilton defended himself in a reply that left Jefferson crushed and quivering. But the great soul of Washington was distressed unutterably by so scandalous a controversy between the two leaders of his Cabinet; it probably shortened his life. The tragedy was not without its satiric afterpieces. When Jefferson became President he possessed an authority over Congress and over public opinion which has seldom been equaled; and he used it with an assurance very strange in so bitter an opponent of monocracy. Yet he never ventured to alter in the slightest particular Hamilton's financial system, which lived to be recognized throughout the world as among the few great monuments of creative statesmanship. With one Gargantuan gulp Jefferson swallowed it, and his philosophic face became grave again. That moment remained without a parallel in our history until the late war, which had so long been "not our war," became over night our own exclusive property; while our Administra-

tion, re-elected because it had kept us out of it, became the world champion of belligerency.

Jefferson's hatred of Hamilton was not swallowed with that mouthful, nor yet his conviction that Washington was culpably callous toward the Rousseau-Indian ideal of liberty. He gave an eager ear to every bit of gossip tending to discredit them both, jotted it down in a compilation of Hamiltoniana and Washingtoniana, which he quaintly called "Anas," and carefully revised it in his old age for publication after his death, not scrupling to add the most categorical and virulent calumnies. Hamilton's measures, the Anas alleged, were grounded in financial corruption and intended to bring on a monarchy. Washington, if not actually Hamilton's accomplice, feared the ultimate failure of popular government and was so far gone in a mental decay as to become his dupe. Jefferson's literary executor felt officially bound to publish the Anas; but he felt equally bound in honor to disclaim personal responsibility for the act. So from his grave Jefferson delivered his final blow against the reputation of his old comrades, long dead.

It is with no desire to tarnish his just fame that I recall these unlovely pages of our history. Jefferson amply deserved and will always retain his position as the last of the great fathers. He bore a revelation quite beyond the scope of the class-bound if brilliantly constructive Hamilton, beyond even the majestic vision of Washington; for he first understood the people of the United States and trusted them. He is at once their prophet and their titular saint. His own explanation of the Anas was that he meant them as a corrective against the Federalist bias of Marshall's *Washington,* and it was doubtless sincere. His conviction was undying that the "revolution" toward democracy which he brought off in 1800 "was as real a revolution in the principles of our government as that of 1776 was in its form." In other men, much that he did might be stigmatised in terms too harsh to be here set down. In him it is to be explained, and in a large measure to be pardoned, by a due realization of the two dominant traits in his character, a passionate devotion to ideals abstractly beautiful and a no less passionate devotion to theories concretely false. He was not always honest; but the root of his dishonesty lay in his mind rather than in his heart.

Jefferson's two administrations as President, and the

consequence of them as it developed in the War of 1812, are covered in the nine volumes by Henry Adams. It is probably the most exhaustively documented, as it is one of the most ably written, contribution to our national history; and its portrayal of Jefferson's high idealism, of his devious astuteness as a politician, and of the ultimate futility of his diplomacy, lacks only the analogy of the Great War to point its irony. Among its many additions to our knowledge of the period, is the discovery that in Washington Irving's *Knickerbocker History of New York* the portrait of Governor Wilhemus Kieft is a thinly veiled burlesque of the then President of the United States. From the point of view of the twentieth century, this light hearted caricature affords perhaps the most significant of all contemporary views of Jefferson.

How has so striking a fact remained so long perdue? When Walter Scott read the *Knickerbocker History,* he wrote to Henry Brevoort that his sides were "absolutely sore with laughing"; and he expressed regret that, "as a stranger to American parties and politics," he had lost "much of the concealed satire of the piece." But neither of Irving's biographers, Pierre M. Irving and Charles Dudley Warner, enlightens us on this point. In 1809, Irving was a young man of twenty-six, unknown except as a dilletante in society and in letters. The truth seems to be that his political allusions were completely overshadowed by his satire on the ancestors of the local Dutch aristocracy—which even today makes Irving's name anathema among the children of Saint Nicholas. But there can be no doubt that his interest in our national affairs was keen. His brother, Peter, who collaborated with him on the opening chapters of the *Knickerbocker History,* was editor of an anti-Jeffersonian newspaper. In the War of 1812 he served as staff officer with the rank of Colonel. He was a close friend of Stephen Decatur and narrowly missed being with him on the *Guerrière* during the brilliant sea fight in which she captured the Algerian frigate *Mazouda.* In the *Knickerbocker History,* the prevailing spirit is of bubbling merriment; but in so far as its references are political it is inspired by the firm patriotism and sense of national dignity which are so conspicuous in Irving's later works.

Adams quotes only two brief passages; and these, from our modern point of view, are scarcely the most significant.

If he could have known that Irving's satire was a double-barreled weapon, making a forward-and-back shot inerrantly, he would doubtless have been more liberal in quotation. Like Jefferson, Kieft was a "scientist."

> His abode, which he had fixed at a Bowerie or country-seat a short distance from the city, abounded with proofs of his ingenuity: patent smoke-jacks that required a horse to work them; carts that went before the horses; weather cocks that worked against the wind; and other wrong-headed contrivances that astonished and confounded all beholders.

Of Jefferson's "contrivances" the most famous today is a garden wall at the University of Virginia, which he managed to build with a single thickness of brick by making it meander in serpentine convolutions.

As far as the satire is political, it strikes at the President's two dominant traits, a passion for peace and a determination to enforce it upon the world with all the vigor of his personal authority. No more compendious means could be found of completing the message which Jefferson indites historically to Wilson.

Here is Irving's estimate of the statesmanship of the Sage of the Bowerie Monticello:

> It is in knowledge as it is in swimming: he who flounders and splashes on the surface makes more noise, and attracts more attention, than the pearl-diver who quietly dives in quest of treasure to the bottom. The vast acquirements of the new governor were the theme of marvel among the simple burghers of New Amsterdam. I have known in my time many a genius of this stamp; but, to speak my mind freely, I never knew one who, for the ordinary purposes of life, was worth his weight in straw. In this respect, a little sound judgment and plain common sense is worth all the sparkling genius that ever invented theories.

Jefferson's first contact with the European turmoil came through the closing of the mouth of the Mississippi to our commerce. A war with Napoleon seemed inevitable, in which our natural allies were the English. Jefferson preferred peace at whatever price. He bought the territory of Louisiana, thus giving Napoleon sorely-needed financial aid in his assault upon the liberties of Europe. The purchase was absolutely illegal. As he himself expressed it, it "made blank paper of the Constitution." The assumption of executive authority with which he accomplished it, filled Hamilton with satiric glee and might well have made

the law-revering Washington turn in his grave. He loosened still further our construction of the Constitution by placing over the territory a proconsular governor who ruled it in the best monarchic manner of France and Spain, without the consent of the inhabitants and, in fact, against their will. So the origin of our so-called "imperialism" is the work of a President inveterately pledged to strict construction in the interests of *laissez faire* individualism. In this respect at least our Constitution is an unwritten instrument. The irony of the situation is not lessened by the fact that the Louisiana purchase was the one undoubted political achievement of Jefferson's two administrations.

As such it was of course immune from burlesque. But Jefferson's triumph was short lived, for it led him into an endeavor to which the longest national purse would have been unequal, namely, the endeavor to secure the rights of our commerce on the Atlantic by peaceful means. Here Irving's satire becomes drastic. It was Wilhelmus Kieft who "invented" a wonderful "new and cheap mode" of fighting the enemies of his state "by proclamation."

The character of Jefferson's pacifism stands forth in salient outline to us who have lived through the Great War. As his successor of today was suspected of playing into the hands of the Hun, so Jefferson was roundly accused of being "wholly sold to" Napoleon. Many cities and towns published petitions in protest, among which none is more touching than that of the village of Alfred, in Maine. It charged the Administration with provoking war between the United States and England in order "to gratify the ambition and caprice, and to augment the power, of the Tyrant of France." It continued: "We are the poor inhabitants of a small town, rendered poorer by the wayward and inconsistent policy of the general government; but life and liberty are as dear to us as to our opulent brethren of the South. . . . We love liberty in principle, but better in practice." The charge of subservience to Napoleon was of course unfounded. Jefferson's true motives are expressed in his letter to Sir John Sinclair, which Sinclair communicated to the Cabinet:

> We see with great concern the position in which Great Britain is placed, and should be sincerely afflicted were any disaster to deprive mankind of such a bulwark against the torrent which has for some time been bearing down all before it. But peace is our passion. . . .

We prefer trying *every* other just principle, right, and safety, before we would recur to war.

"Peace is our passion!" It was that, and more. As clearly as the intelligentsia of today, Jefferson held that war was obsolete, or would become so just as soon as a firm appeal was made to the enlightened self interest of nations. He meant to make that appeal, and so to inaugurate a new era of peace. Henry Adams sums up his theory as follows:

He was convinced that governments, like human beings, were on the whole controlled by their interests, and that the interests of Europe required peace and free commerce with America. Believing a union of European Powers to be impossible, he was willing to trust their jealousy of each other to secure their good treatment of the United States. Knowing that Congress could, by a single act, divert a stream of wealth from one European country to another, he believed that foreign governments would not long resist their own interests.

Jefferson stated the principle almost as clearly; and he had besides a catch phrase for it. To Dr. Logan he wrote: "Our commerce is so valuable to them that they will be glad to purchase it, when the only price is to do us justice. I believe that we have in our hands the means of peaceable coercion." To Chancellor Livingston he wrote that he considered our rights on the Atlantic "not worth a war." He added: "Nor do I believe war the most certain means of enforcing them." The most certain means were "those peaceable coercions. . . ." And so the Sage of Monticello undertook to put Napoleon Bonaparte in his place—by peaceable coercion.

If anyone is inclined to laugh at the idea, let him turn to the bible of the modern pacifist—*The Great Illusion.* In the twentieth century we have a vast fund of economic data which Jefferson did not command; but Norman Angel's argument is identical, in its general outlines as in its conclusion, with that of our first Great Pacificator. A numerous school of "philosophers" today believe that the peace of the future will be amply safeguarded by merely economic coercions. When the world once understands its true interests, it will rise above warfare, aloof and serene. It will be too proud to fight.

What happened has a strangely familiar ring. We were caught between the Symplegades. England invented international law to the great prejudice of our commerce,

continuing as always to kidnap American sailors and impress them into the British navy; and the only result of a series of emissaries, and of innumerable diplomatic notes, was the flippant sarcasm of George Canning, who used his great office for the exploitation of undergraduate wit. To Napoleon our "means of peaceable coercion" proved a godsend. He seized our ships and sold their cargoes to equip his soldiers. But our passion for peace was undaunted alike by insult and injury. Jefferson secured from Congress a non-intercourse act, and finally an embargo, which he enforced with an usurpation of Federal power as distinct as that of the Louisiana purchase. Along the borders, non-intercourse was defied by smugglers; but the country as a whole which, since the devastation wrought by the Revolution, had been rapidly gaining in prosperity, was again verging toward ruin. And so we reach the date of Irving's *Knickerbocker*. It is an era humiliating alike to our national honor and to our common sense; but Irving's account of the high adventures of Governor Wilhelmus Kieft will persuade us, if anything can, that "to laugh is better than to weep."

The first object of Kieft's peacable coercions was the neighboring folk of Connecticut.

> Never was a more comprehensive, a more expeditious, or, what is still better, a more economical measure devised, than this of defeating the Yankees by proclamation,—an expedient likewise so gentle and humane that there were ten chances to one in favor of its succeeding. But then there was one chance to ten that it would not succeed. As the ill-natured fates would have it, that single chance carried the day! The proclamation was perfect in all its parts, well constructed, well written, well sealed and well published; but, provoking to relate, the Yankees treated it with the most absolute contempt, applied it to an unseemly purpose; and thus did the first warlike proclamation come to a shameful end,—a fate which I am credibly informed has befallen but too many of its successors.

When convinced that "his much vaunted war measure" was ineffectual, Kieft "attributed the failure to the quantity, not the quality of the medicine, and resolved to double the dose." To peaceable coercion, by proclamation, he added a non-intercourse act. He forbade "all intercourse with these Yankee intruders, ordering the Dutch burghers on the frontiers to buy none of their pacing horses, measly pork, apple sweetmeats, Weathersfield onions or wooden bowls, and to furnish them with no supplies of gin, ginger-

bread or sauerkraut." The failure of this measure was even more dire. "Non-intercourse was especially set at nought by the young folks of both sexes, if we can judge by the active bundling which took place along the borders."

The insolence of the Yankees increased so alarmingly that "everybody clamored around the governor, imploring him to put the city in a complete posture of defense. And he listened to their clamors. Nobody could accuse William the Testy of being idle in a time of danger." He called all his well known inventive powers to his aid. "At length, after a world of consultation and contrivance, his plans of defense ended in rearing a great flagstaff in the center of the fort, and perching a wind mill on each bastion." Nor was this windy contrivance the only substitute for government by proclamation.

> There lived in the Manhattoes a jolly, robustious trumpeter, named Antony Van Corlear, famous for his long wind; and who, as the story goes, could twang so potently upon his instrument that the effect upon all within hearing was like that ascribed to the Scotch bagpipe when it sings i' the nose.

Antony the Trumpeter was elevated to the post of commandant of windmills and champion of New Amsterdam. It is not clear precisely who was the Jeffersonian original of the windy Antony; but in the twentieth century we know very well who was the presidential press agent. Then as later there were pigmy-minded doubters, "who sneered at the governor for thinking to defend his city by mere wind." But William Kieft "twanged defiance at the whole Yankee race. Nay, he had almost the temerity to compare [Antony's trumpet] with the ram's horns celebrated in holy writ, at the very sound of which the walls of Jericho fell down."

Among the many exploits of Kieft and his robustious trumpeter, the most memorable is an expedition against Killian Van Rensellaer, who had usurped control over Bearn Island in the Hudson, and glowered defiance from his fortress of Rensellaerstein. Antony the Trumpeter was despatched on the yacht Goed Hoop as ambassador, and "mounting the poop, sounded a parley to the fortress. In a little time, the steeple-crowned hat of Nicholas Koorn, the wacht-meester, rose above the battlements, followed by his iron visage, and ultimately his whole person, armed to

the very teeth; while one by one a whole row of Helderbergers reared their round burly heads above the wall, and beside each pumpkin head peered the end of a rusty musket. Nothing daunted by this formidable array, Antony Van Corlear drew forth and read with audible voice a missive from William the Testy, ordering the garrison to quit the premises, bag and baggage, on pain of the vengeance of the potentate of the Manhattoes." The reply of Nicholas Koorn sorely perplexed the trumpeter.

The wacht-meester applied the thumb of his right hand to the end of his nose, and the thumb of his left hand to the little finger of the right, and spreading each hand like a fan made an aerial flourish with his fingers.

The best Antony Van Corlear could make of his reply was that it meant something mysterious and masonic.

Not liking to betray his ignorance, he again read with a loud voice the missive of William the Testy, and again Nicholas Koorn applied the thumb of his right hand to the end of his nose, and the thumb of his left hand to the little finger of the right, and repeated this kind of nasal weathercock. Antony Van Corlear now persuaded himself that this was some short-hand sign or symbol, current in diplomacy, which, though unintelligible to a new diplomat like himself, would speak volumes to the experienced intellect of William the Testy; and considering his embassy therefore at an end, he sounded his trumpet with great complacency, and set sail on his return down the river, every now and then practicing this mysterious sign of the wacht-meester to keep it accurately in mind.

The governor was no less perplexed than his trumpeter.

He knew every variety of windmill and weathercock, but was not a whit the wiser as to the aërial sign in question. After fruitless pondering he called a meeting of his council. Anthony Van Corlear stood forth in the midst, and putting the thumb of his right hand to his nose, and the thumb of his left hand to the finger of the right, he gave a faithful facsimile of the portentous sign. Having a nose of unusual dimensions, it was as if the reply had been put in capitals; but all in vain; the worthy burgomasters were equally perplexed with the governor. Each one put his thumb to the end of his nose, spread his fingers like a fan, imitated the motion of Anthony Van Corlear and then smoked in dubious silence. Several times was Antony obliged to stand forth like a fugleman and repeat the sign, and each time a circle of nasal weather-cocks might be seen in the council chamber.

In one respect Jefferson was less fortunate than Wilson. The stupidity and insolent injustice of the British government proceeded so far that a co-belligerency against Napo-

leon was even more clearly out of the question than continued neutrality. No dramatic reversal of policy was possible. Long before his administration ended, it became obvious that his gigantic failure would have to be publicly confessed in the repeal of the embargo.

Seldom has a statesman, full of the conviction of rectitude, been placed in a dilemma so embarrassing. Jefferson had the sensitiveness of a girl to praise, and the tremulousness of a child under rebuke. But he had an unconquerable tenacity of purpose. "Pliant and conciliatory in manner," Henry Adams calls him, "but steady as the magnet itself in aim." Like Wilhelmus Kieft he was convinced that an unkind fate had scored a ten-to-one shot against him. When the failure of his peaceable coercion became obvious, he wrote to Monroe: "There has never been a situation in the world before in which such endeavors as we have made would not have secured our peace. It is probable that there will never be such another." This conviction that he was the victim of chance, and of the pigmy-mindedness of his fellow countrymen, was never altered. Within a few months of his death, in 1826, he wrote to Giles: "Persevered in a little longer, [the embargo] would have effected its object completely." During the last months of his Presidency, he labored almost piteously with Congress that the repeal might be delayed until Madison, already elected, should assume office. But for once Congress rebelled. Jefferson himself signed the repeal as the last act of "his long reign." He was able, however, to leave to his faithful henchman the disgraceful war which he had rendered inevitable.

Even in his own party the hatred he had engendered was intense. "Never has there been an administration," said the Democrat, John Randolph, "which went out of office and left the nation in a state so deplorable and calamitous." The Democrat Dallas wrote to the Democrat Gallatin: "I verily believe that one more year of writing, speaking and appointing would have rendered Mr. Jefferson a more odious President, even to the Democrats, than John Adams." The great-grandson of Jefferson's Federalist predecessor was a Democrat and a free-silverite; but the verdict of Henry Adams is the most sweeping of all:

> Jefferson's "sorest trial" was loss of popularity. . . . Not until the embargo faded from men's minds did the mighty shadow

of Jefferson's Revolutionary name efface the ruin of his presidency. . . . Jefferson had undertaken to create a government which should interfere in no way with private action, and he had created one which interfered directly in the concerns of every private citizen in the land. . . . He had hoped to make his country pure and free; to abolish war, with its train of debt, extravagance, corruption and tyranny; to build up a government devoted only to useful and moral objects; to bring upon earth a new era of peace and good will among men. Throughout the twistings and windings of his course as President, he clung to this main idea. . . . By repealing the embargo, Congress avowedly, and even maliciously, trampled on the only part of Jefferson's statesmanship which claimed originality and which in his own opinion entitled him to rank as a philosophic legislator.

"Twistings and windings!" Woodrow Wilson (also a Democrat) wrote in his *History of the United States* the following extraordinary sentence: "Jefferson deliberately practiced the arts of the politician, and exhibited oftentimes the sort of insincerity which subtle natures yield to without loss of essential integrity." Whatever we may think of the morals implied in this sentence, they were undoubtedly the subtle morals of Jefferson. All that was left of his career as a creative statesman was his self-styled "revolution" of 1800 against those perilous monocrats, Hamilton and Washington. It was probably a conviction of this that inspired the otherwise inexplicable Anas. No subtler sacrifice of "essential integrity" was ever made—and none more unnecessary. Muddle-headed and self-contradictory as was the genius that founded the Democratic party in one mood and bought Louisiana in another, asserting an autocratic power at all times in the name of a free people, it was still genius; and it has been recognized as such, even by Federalists and latter-day Republicans, beginning with George Washington.

Jefferson's pride seems to have suffered quite as much as his integrity. In the epitaph which he wrote for his monument, he stated that he was author of the Declaration of Independence, and Father of the University of Virginia; but he did not mention the fact that he was twice President of the United States. He could scarcely have forgotten it.

That two men of this curious character, actuated by identically the same ideals and theories, and assuming autocratic authority in the name of democracy, should have been elected and re-elected to the Presidency of the United

States, and at an interval of over a hundred years, affords a curious commentary on our national psychology. The fact seems to be that they appealed to our two dominant virtues, each of which nurtures in its heart a vice that at any moment may become dominant. We are at once the most practical of peoples and the most idealistic. We are quite capable of standing aside while the world is in conflagration—not to fiddle, oh no!—but to snatch a profit out of the holocaust. And, when the right call is sounded, we are equally capable of sublime heroism on the field of battle, of sublime renunciation of our economic interests.

The man who would lead such a people to the full realization of its destiny must have, as Washington and Lincoln had, a consummate clarity of thought and realism in action; the essence of his mind, as of his heart, must be sincerity and integrity. There can be no place in his policies for ideals that remain beautiful only by remaining vague or for theories that are knocked into a cocked hat by contact with the ultimate human fact; for the only possible outcome, in the struggle of political life, is a series of weak shifts and evasions, of dangerous handsprings and somersaults. A statesman who thinks "philosophically," and acts with no precise estimate of the result, can gain leadership among us; and by subtly practicing "the arts of the politician" he can maintain it for an incredibly long time. But dishonesty is none the less corroding because it is of the mind. Nor is it less dishonest. When the people at last finds such a leader out, its vengeance is terrible.

To Woodrow Wilson, overtaken by his dilemma at the beginning of his second term, no sage-like retreat to Monticello was possible. With spectacular skill, he leaped upon the war horse. But his pacifism survived, unshaken. Once again he is endeavoring to insure the world a limitless future of government by proclamation and peaceable coercion. And once again he is endeavoring to enforce it upon a free people regardless of their judgment and of that of their chosen representatives. Meantime, in sixteen different parts of the world, the wacht-meester has his thumb to his nose.

JOHN CORBIN.

PROBLEMS OF CIVIL ADMINISTRATION

BY HON. FRANK O. LOWDEN, GOVERNOR OF ILLINOIS

PROBLEMS of civil administration were necessarily in the background during the Great War. With the coming of peace, these problems again come to the front and have indeed become more important than ever before. How to make a democracy function efficiently is an ever-present question.

During recent years civil government has rapidly assumed new functions. When it was thought necessary for the State to exercise some new power, a board or a commission or an official was usually created, to discharge the new function. Each of these boards and commissions and officials was independent of all other agencies of Government. The result in Illinois was that there had come to be over 125 boards, commissions and other governmental agencies, all independent of one another. Necessarily, there was overlapping of functions exercised by different boards, commissions and officials. There was much confusion; there were needless expenditures of money; and there was lack of efficiency. Theoretically the Governor was held responsible for the work of these numerous and scattered agencies of Government. Of course, it was absolutely impossible that he should exercise any intelligent supervision over their work. The problem was to gather up these scattered agencies and to reorganize them into departments of Government. Upon a study of the nature of these independent agencies of Government, we concluded that they logically fell into nine groups. We then abolished the more than 125 boards, commissions and independent officers, and created nine new departments, to take over their functions. These departments are:

Department of Finance
Department of Agriculture
Department of Labor

Department of Mines and Minerals
Department of Public Works and Buildings
Department of Public Welfare
Department of Public Health
Department of Trade and Commerce
Department of Registration and Education.

This was accomplished through the enactment into law, by our General Assembly in 1917, of what was called the Civil Administrative Code. The powers and duties of each of these departments are defined by the Code.

The question then arose as to whether these departments should be under the control of individuals or of commissions. We have acquired the habit of late years of creating a board or a commission to take care of Government work. We have assumed that if something important was to be done, it would be best done if done by a body of men, and not an individual. The fact is—as all who have had experience in business of any kind know—that it is the individual who does things, and not a board or a commission. There is no commission anywhere, there is no board anywhere, that does things affirmatively unless it is dominated by one man, and the only benefit of the other members of that body is in an advisory capacity. It is always an individual on the board or commission who takes the initiative, and the body is fortunate if the other members do not hamper him. I am speaking now of administration. A commission may be desirable where quasi-judicial or quasi-legislative powers are exercised. Where, however, the duties are purely or largely ministerial, experience has shown that it is a man, not a body of men, who gets results. There are some who have assumed that large responsibility could be more safely deposited in a body of men than in a single man. Experience has not justified this. Where the responsibility is upon the individual, he cannot shirk it. Where it is placed in a body of men, the individual can find shelter behind that body, when called to account for the manner in which he has exercised his power. For the same reason, there is a deadly inertia in a board or commission which is not so likely to be found in the individual. It is a true saying that "what is everybody's business is nobody's business." It is equally true that where several members of a board or commission share a given responsibility, no one of them feels that responsibility as keenly as though he

bore it alone. It is a condition of good and efficient public service that responsibility be fixed definitely. Then only can a public official be held to a strict accountability. Responsibility can only be definitely placed if it be placed in an individual. For these reasons we placed at the head of each of the nine departments above mentioned an individual whom we called a Director, and not a board or commission.

Though initiative abides in the individual, and though responsibility can only be fully concentrated if it be concentrated in the individual, the individual is entitled to advice, and if he be wise he will seek advice. So, to meet this need, we created various advisory boards, with no power of administration. As a matter of fact, these advisory boards are frequently called upon, and their advice is sought. They thus exercise a real influence, and yet the responsibility of decision is actually borne by the head of the department. In this way, many of the ablest people of our State are serving the public, without pay, because there are many of our citizens who will gladly serve in this capacity, whose services the State could not enlist at any salary.

Our Civil Administrative Code provides for the various subordinate officers within the several departments. It does not, however, attempt to define the duties of such subordinate officers. These duties are prescribed in rules and regulations formulated by the head of the department, and not by statute law. There was much debate over this proposition. It was objected that this conferred too much power upon the individual head of a department. Many thought that the Code should define precisely and in detail the duties of the heads of bureaus and divisions in the several departments. In my judgment, to have adopted that theory would have greatly impaired the efficiency of the Code. "Red tape" would have inevitably crept in. Much of the delay, the inconvenience, even the inaction which results from what we call "red tape," is not so much the fault of the official as it is of the law. This is true alike of laws of the State Legislatures and Congress. Where Congress has created some new activity of the Government, it usually has created a bureau or division to conduct that activity. But the lawmakers have not been content with this; they have gone into infinite detail; they have prescribed just

what the duties of each official within that bureau or division were; they have so limited and delimited the powers to be exercised that the bureau or division is in no sense under the control or direction of the head of the department to which it belongs. The result is inevitable. Instead of actually molding and directing a single department in all its parts, he becomes the presiding head over a large number of bureaus, each of which is practically independent of all the others. It is said that there are ten departments of Government at Washington. That is so only in name. In fact, there are many times ten independent and practically unrelated agencies of Government there. The department under these circumstances cannot avoid becoming rigid and law-bound, and "red tape" necessarily becomes the rule. If, instead of the law fixing in detail the duties of each official within the department, the head of the department were authorized by his own regulations to fix these duties, the "red tape" would largely disappear. The responsible head of the department would have power commensurate with his responsibility. Instead of an inert mass you would have a living organism with an actual head.

Democracy has been afraid of itself, and of its own chosen officials, and has hedged them about with so many restrictions that genuine efficiency has been well-nigh impossible. We have framed our laws as though they were to execute themselves, providing in detail for every contingency, leaving no means by which the head could meet unforeseen contingencies. We have gone on the theory that we could tie men's hands for evil, but, at the same time, leave them free for good. It is as if we sent men into battle without arms, because those arms might be used against our friends. What we need is not more but fewer agencies of Government, with power concentrated in the responsible heads.

And now a word as to our experience up to the present time under the Civil Administrative Code. That Code went into effect on July 1, 1917, and we have been operating under it ever since. Appropriations made by our General Assembly, two years ago, were based upon pre-war prices and conditions. And yet we will have completed the biennium on June 30 without a deficiency in any department under the Code, with the exception of the single item of supplies for the charitable and penal institutions in the

Department of Public Welfare. And the deficit in this item will be more than counterbalanced by the unexpended balances in other departments at the close of the fiscal year.

The chief benefit, however, derived from the Administrative Code in actual practice, as was predicted, is the increased efficiency in our State Government. It could have had no more severe test than it received during the Great War. A large number of the State's most expert officials and employees were drawn upon by the Government at Washington because of the exigencies of the war. The same difficulties arose in the conduct of public business, which vexed private business so much. There was necessarily much confusion. The cost of all supplies rose rapidly. Unless the more than a hundred scattered agencies, which had existed theretofore, had been welded by the Civil Administrative Code into a compact and coordinate Government, anything like efficient State Government, during these difficult times, would have been impossible. Illinois, through the greater elasticity and efficiency of her new form of Government, was able to meet every emergency of the war without a special session of her Legislature, though special sessions had become the rule and not the exception.

Among the departments created by the Administrative Code was the Department of Finance, with a Director at its head. The purposes of this department are two-fold: It is the eye of the Governor in the expenditure of all appropriations made. The Director has power to provide a uniform system of bookkeeping in all branches of the Government, under the Governor's control; to prescribe forms for accounts and financial reports; to supervise and examine the accounts and expenditures of the several departments; to examine into the accuracy and legality of accounts, receipts and expenditures of the public moneys; to keep summary and controlling accounts; to examine, approve or disapprove vouchers, bills and claims of the several departments. Under the Code each department of Government, before an appropriation for such department becomes available for expenditure, must prepare and submit to the Department of Finance an estimate of the amount required for each activity to be carried on, and an account must be kept and reports rendered, showing the expenditures for such purposes. In fact, the Director of Finance has all the powers necessary to make him the responsible financial head

of those functions of the State Government, discharged by the Governor. The powers thus exercised by him have already resulted in very large savings.

His most important duty, however, is the preparation of a budget. Formerly the head of each office, board or commission prepared his own estimate of appropriations. His responsibility was limited, and his outlook narrow. He was not required to see beyond his own department, which he was ambitious to extend. He was not likely to be sparing in his requests. He often asked for more than enough. His requests were made without reference to the necessities of other departments, and without reference to the income of the State. His estimate was referred to the appropriations committees of the General Assembly. Those committees were without the time, means or opportunity for adequate investigation. They usually took the estimate of the officer, and generally passed his appropriation. Under the Administrative Code, the Director of Finance is required to procure information as to the revenues and expenditures for the two preceding years; the appropriations made by the previous General Assembly; the expenditures therefrom, encumbrances thereon and the amounts unencumbered and unexpended; an estimate of the revenues and expenditures of the current fiscal year, and an estimate of the revenues and amounts needed for the next two years. He is empowered by law to make any inquiries and investigations needed as to any item desired by any official, charged with the duty of expending public money. He is, therefore, granted all the powers that can be granted under our Constitution for the securing of information for an intelligent budget. He is required before the first of January, preceding the convening of the General Assembly, to submit to the Governor, in writing, his estimate of revenues and appropriations for the next succeeding biennium.

This enables the Governor to submit to the General Assembly a genuine State budget, which he is required to do not later than four weeks after its organization. The fiscal year of our present biennium began on July 1, 1917. In the exercise by the Director of Finance of his duty to supervise expenditures, he began at once, in fact on that day, preparation for the budget which was submitted early this year to our General Assembly. Tabulations and detailed analyses of expenditures for the present biennium

were used by him in checking up and comparing requests for appropriations for the ensuing biennium by the various activities in the State. His investigation of expenditures, as actually made, greatly helped him when estimates were submitted to him by heads of departments in determining whether those estimates were warranted or not. We, therefore, have the machinery for presenting a real and intelligent budget. Such a budget was prepared and submitted to the General Assembly now in session. There was submitted to the General Assembly, therefore, for the first time in its history, adequate, classified and detailed information upon which appropriations may be made with intelligence. The appropriations committees of that body are now considering, in a spirit of thorough co-operation with the Governor, the budget so submitted by him.

FRANK O. LOWDEN.

PROGRESS IN AERONAUTICAL ENGINEERING

BY COMMANDER J. C. HUNSAKER, U. S. N.

THE first flight of an aeroplane, the first crossing of the English Channel, the first loop in the air, the first flight across the Mediterranean, the recent flight from England to India, and now the crossing of the Atlantic via the air are milestones, which mark the progress of the conquest of the air by man. At each stage in this progress, a daring navigator has always been ready to take the latest creation of the builder's art and to set out on a hazardous voyage. The first voyage is always hazardous, but with frequent repetition, it becomes commonplace enough.

It has fallen to the lot of the United States Navy to make the latest step in the progress of aerial navigation. The crossing of the Atlantic by Lieut. Commander A. C. Read and his crew in the Naval Flying Boat NC-4 marks the result of two years of engineering development and research stimulated by the War. Two years ago, the crossing was impossible, because the NC-4 could not have been built. The Liberty motor was not then in existence, the light and strong construction necessary for hull and wings was not understood, the special instruments and equipment had yet to be devised, and in short, aeronautical engineering as an art was not sufficiently advanced to design and construct this powerful type.

During this time, experience was being gained with smaller craft. For example, in 1915 our most powerful Naval seaplanes had 90 horsepower, in 1916 this was raised to 160 horsepower, in 1917 to 400, in 1918 to 800, and now in 1919 the NC type has 1600 horsepower divided among four engines. The size, endurance, safety and reliability have gone up almost in proportion. The displacement of the hull, which is a measure of seaworthiness, has increased from one ton to fourteen tons; the endurance in continuous

flight from two hours to over twenty; the passengers carried in the boat from two to over fifty. At the same time, the speed of small machines has been raised from 60 miles to 160 miles per hour.

These advances in the art are known to the public through the records broken, and have apparently come with astonishing rapidity. Compared with progress in other arts, aeronautical progress has been, indeed, stupendous, but to the aeronautical engineer each advance has come as the culmination of many short steps, each the result of patient and prayerful research and experiment and often saddened by a shocking accident.

It would not be safe, however, to extrapolate the curve of progress made in recent years, in an attempt to forecast future development. The stimulation of war will be removed, and neither funds nor lives will be risked so freely. Furthermore, in the beginning aeronautical engineering was new, and the sister arts, mechanical engineering and naval architecture, were well established. Much of our recent progress consists in the application in the air of materials, principles and processes already in use.

The NC flying boats were built to apply all that we had learned from previous experience, what we could deduce from theory, and what we could learn from foreign practice.

The principal advances in the art which made this boat possible are:—

(1) The Liberty engine which gave us a light, powerful and reliable power plant, economical of gasolene and oil and fit to run for long periods of time.

(2) The theory of wind tunnel experiments made on small models which enabled us to calculate the balance, stability and speed in advance of actual building.

(3) The application of the naval architect's towing tank or model basin to predict the seaworthy and hydroplaning quality of the hull.

(4) The application of the bridge designer's theory of structures to the design of the aeroplane wings.

(5) The definite knowledge of the mechanical properties of spruce as affected by density, moisture content, heat treatment, and natural defects which permitted us to use this wonderfully light and elastic wood with confidence; that is to say without allowing the usual factors of safety.

(6) Experience with laminated and hollow wood structural members.

(7) Experience with light hull construction in motorboats and other flying boats.

(8) The theory of balancing control surfaces, so that a man of ordinary strength could control the flying boat in the air as easily as a boat half the size.

(9) Alloy steels for metal parts of 150,000 lbs. tensile strength, which permitted important reduction in weight.

(10) Instruments to indicate speed and altitude in flight so that the pilots could fly at night without reference to the horizon or "feel" of the boat.

(11) Organized engineering which takes the place of invention and makes use of the special knowledge of many people.

(12) Assembly manufacture—that is; manufacture of parts at a great number of places by people expert in a specialty to be assembled into the complete structure.

The final design of the NC flying boat is recognized as an important advance in the art. It is, as would be expected, a distinctively American type since it makes use of American practices, standards, and materials, and is adapted for that peculiarly American institution, assembly manufacture.

With aircraft, as with battleships, destroyers and other men-of-war, the types used by the United States Navy have come to be known as distinctively American types, although the military problem solved by each type is usually not distinctively American. This result has to a large extent come about through a natural American prejudice against copying features of design and construction with which we are inexperienced. The prejudice is, of course, a stimulant to originality, but must be tempered by good judgment or good engineering, which is the same thing. A constructor, while he should very properly hesitate to copy practices he only half comprehends, must at the same time be quick to recognize the merits of a foreign development and to adapt or adopt its good features in his own work.

During the War, the Navy selected only one foreign type to be copied in the United States. This was the British Admiralty's flying boat F-5, plans of which were brought to the Naval Aircraft Factory early in 1918. Pro-

duction was shifted over to the new model at the expense of considerable trouble and delay because it had a superior bomb capacity and air endurance. But as soon as a start was made to prepare the necessary production data for the factory and its sub-contractors, it was realized that very material changes would have to be made. In fact, before the boat was finally got into production it resembled the British prototype only in externals.

The Navy, for aircraft as for ships, does the greater part of its own designing and building through its Corps of Naval Constructors. At the same time, private design and construction is encouraged by contracts with builders retaining engineering control in the Department.

The NC flying boats represent a typical example of how the Navy operates on the engineering side. Their design and construction made use of available talent, both in and out of the service, the facilities of parts makers, the new materials developed during the war, and, in general, represent the result of organized engineering rather than invention. For this reason, no one man can be said to have designed these craft, although the Chief Constructor of the Navy, Admiral Taylor, was at all times responsible for ways and means and results as well as the initial conception of the project.

The development of really large flying craft before 1917 was held back mainly because no suitable engine had been developed. Several attempts, both at home and abroad, had resulted in failure. When the 350 H. P. Rolls-Royce became available the four engine Handley-Page in England was brought out. But in the United States no American engine was in sight until about August, 1917 when the preliminary work on the Liberty began to look promising.

Admiral Taylor, as a member of the Aircraft Board, was in a position to weigh the evidence as it came in and to foresee the ultimate success of the new engine. This engine, then known as the "United States Motor" was still under a cloud of unfavorable comment from foreign and domestic experts, but the early troubles were recognized as natural and inevitable and the chance of success looked good.

About this time, the German submarines were extremely active and successful and there were grave doubts if there were shipping available to transport to Europe the great tonnage of American material necessary to prosecute

the war. In particular, one of the weapons needed to keep down the submarine was the flying boat, and unless we had a great number of flying boats on patrol over the European sub-infested seas, the shipping space available would be rapidly diminished, and unless there were shipping space the flying boats could not get over. It was a vicious circle, and could be broken only by flying the boats across the Atlantic under their own power.

For 1918, we had a large program of flying boats which were indeed large, but not quite large enough safely to be flown across the Atlantic. In 1919, we needed something bigger and to prepare for quantity production, the experimental models would have to be brought out in 1918.

The first step to provide the trans-Atlantic boats was the following memorandum:—

Washington, D. C.,
August 25, 1917.

From: D. W. Taylor, Chief Constructor, U. S. N.
To: J. C. Hunsaker, Naval Constructor, U. S. N.

The United States motor gives good promise of being a success, and if we can push ahead on the aeroplane end, it seems to me the submarine menace could be abated, even if not destroyed, from the air.

The ideal solution would be big flying boats or the equivalent, that would be able to keep the sea (not air) in any weather, and also able to fly across the Atlantic to avoid difficulties of delivery, etc.

Please think it over very carefully, particularly as to the method of procedure to develop something as close to the ideal as possible.

Design studies were at once put in hand and from time to time various men were called in consultation with the regular design staff of the Bureau of Construction and Repair.

Ideas and suggestions from all sources were considered, and the design itself became a composite of ideas, these ideas being chosen and incorporated into the design on the basis of suitability and merit and without reference to source.

Plans were then prepared for a boat of this character to be fitted with three engines and for one to be fitted with five engines. The predicted performance was computed for each boat from which it appeared that the three engine boat could be made to satisfy the general requirements of the problem and could be much more quickly built and with smaller risk of failure. Investigations were undertaken to determine in a preliminary way the construction

of wing beams, struts, and the principal structural members, the proportions of wing area, fin and control surface areas, and the materials to be employed for important parts. The general appearance of the design was worked out and the procedure established to be followed in making the detail drawings.

A three-foot model of the design was then tested in the wind tunnel of the Washington Navy Yard and the size and arrangement of tail surfaces needed to guarantee stability and correct balance in flight determined. With a machine of the unprecedented size contemplated, it was vitally necessary that there should be no doubt on this score as an accident on the trial flights would set the project back many months besides risking the lives of the crew.

Similarly, a series of models of the hull was made and run in the towing basin. These tests enabled a prediction to be made as to the hydroplaning and seaworthy qualities of the full size boat. The lines of the best of this series were chosen for the final design, and I am very happy to say, on trial fully justified our confidence in the tank study. It is believed that this hull form is superior to anything that has been produced to date. A radical step was taken in departing from the conventional practice of providing a wide bottom to give early planing at moderate speeds over the water in favor of a narrow hull of easy lines and strong Vee bottom which would get its planing by speed rather than by lift. The form of the boat was such that this speed could be reached quickly. Previous practice had been to provide one inch of beam for every 100 lbs. of weight carried. The NC hull planes easily at 230 lbs. per inch width. To obtain this, a speed of 65 miles per hour over the surface of the water is necessary, as against 55 miles with our former constructions. However, the steep Vee bottom and easy form permit this speed, even in a choppy sea. The seaworthy quality of the hull was well proved by the NC-3 which rode out a gale off the Azores for over two days.

The design being worked upon was of dimensions so far beyond any previous experience in this country that much unfamiliar territory had to be covered. In order that the design might be successful, new methods of construction were required as, otherwise, the weight of the design would increase with such rapidity as to make success impracticable. In the state of design information and knowledge, as

it existed in the United States on that date, this necessity was one of the greatest seriousness, and one which imposed upon the personnel connected with the design a great amount of investigation and experiment in the working out of the details referred to.

It soon became apparent that the carrying on to the completion of design work of such dimensions at the Bureau in Washington would be impracticable, unless our entire facilities were devoted to this work. Under the enormous pressure of air matters connected with the war, this was wholly impracticable, and it was decided to arrange with the Curtiss Aeroplane and Motor Corporation of Buffalo, N. Y., to complete the drawings with their own design facilities, and with the contribution by themselves of such ideas of value as might develop under the control and supervision of the Bureau.

A contract was, therefore, made with the Curtiss Company for the performance of this, the drafting and design work. Under the terms of this contract, they were to carry out all work directed by the Navy Department, furnishing in connection therewith all facilities necessary. The Bureau of Construction and Repair reserved to itself the direction and oversight of all work coming under that Bureau and, for this purpose, placed in charge, as its Field Representative, Naval Constructor G. C. Westervelt, U. S. N. Active work on the detail design was begun in Buffalo early in October. Shortly after the commencement, Naval Constructor H. C. Richardson, U. S. N., was ordered for duty in connection with the design of the boat hull.

In carrying on the actual work of design, the design as a whole was first divided into its main elements. These main elements were designed or approved by the Bureau of Construction and Repair. The details of these main elements were then distributed to the members of the design force at Buffalo working upon them. All ideas, whether of the Curtiss Company or of the Navy, were pooled, and as details were worked out the decision as to the solution to accept was made as a result of discussion.

At this time, the boats were designated NC, the N for Navy and C for Curtiss, indicating joint production. Four units were built, NC-1, NC-2, NC-3 and NC-4. NC-1 was completed and flown October 4, 1918, or approximately one year from the commencement of the design. The trials

were a source of great satisfaction as it was demonstrated that the control and balance in the air were very satisfactory, and in accordance with the prediction of the wind tunnel tests, and that the performance on the water was all that could be desired and entirely justified the confidence placed in the model tests in the towing basin. No structural weakness developed and the speed came out as predicted. In short this flying boat designed from theoretical and model experimental data, combined with the practical experience of a half dozen or more people, performed in every way so close to her designed characteristics as completely to justify the methods of the naval architect as here applied in the design of a flying machine.

As flying tests on the first boat were continued, many changes were tried to improve the original design, and as these were found advantageous, were incorporated on this and on the other three boats building.

The month of November, 1918, was spent in thoroughly trying out the NC-1. Among other flights a round trip from Rockaway, N. Y., to Washington, D. C., via the entrance to Chesapeake Bay, was made with nine people on board. On November 25 the NC-1 broke the world's record for passenger carrying, having on board in the air 51 persons. One of these was a stowaway, who had concealed himself in the interior of the hull for over an hour prior to the start of the flight, and is probably the first man to deliberately stow himself away on an airplane in order to make a voyage. On these flights Naval Constructor Richardson was in charge and was one of the pilots.

After making various minor improvements, it was concluded that the maximum which could be obtained from three Liberty engines had been reached and no further improvements in performance could be expected until geared Liberty engines became available. The geared engines were still in an experimental stage. It was apparent, however, that the flying part of the craft could sustain a greater load if more power were available, and it was accordingly decided to add a fourth engine, making a total of four Liberty engines. The second boat completed, designated as NC-2, was, therefore, fitted with four Liberty engines arranged as two pairs of tandems, on its trials in March, 1919, successfully flew with a total weight of 28,000 lbs. The addition of the fourth engine, which increased the

dead weight of the boat by about 1,500 lbs., permitted about 3,300 lbs. of extra weight to be carried, or a net gain of 1,800 lbs.

The NC-3 and NC-4 were completed in April, 1919, and were likewise fitted with four high compression Liberty engines, but with a somewhat different arrangement. In these two boats two engines were arranged on the center line as a tandem pair with the other two engines mounted on the wings as tractors, as were the wing engines on the NC-1. In these boats a further change was made by omitting the center nacelle and placing the pilots in a cockpit in the hull. This arrangement of engines is novel and has the advantage of concentrating weights near the center of the boat so that it can be maneuvered more easily in the air.

Due to injury to two outer wing sections while at anchor in a gale late in March the NC-1 was put temporarily out of commission. After the completion of weight-lifting trials on the NC-2, the outer wing sections of that boat were transferred to the NC-1 as no spare wings were available. Except for this regrettable injury, all four of these boats would have been able to leave Rockaway Beach together for the trans-Atlantic Flight.

The hull of the boat is 45 feet long by 10 feet beam and is divided into six watertight compartments, which are used for the following purposes: No. 1, Navigator's cockpit, with compass and navigating instruments, charts, etc.; No. 2., Pilot's cockpit with seats and controls for the principal pilot and his assistant, reserve compass, air speed meter, inclinometer, turn indicator, barograph, engine throttles and self-starters; No. 3., Hold, for crew off watch to rest, spare parts, provisions, etc.; Nos. 4 and 5, Tank compartments with gasolene tanks, gages, engine instruments and mechanician's station; No. 6., Radio station with radio operator, sending and receiving sets, radio telephone and direction finder. There is provision for pumping out the bilges and for ventilation to blow out gasolene fumes. A windmill pumps gasolene from the main tanks to a gravity tank in the top wing. Another windmill generates current for the radio and starter battery.

The control surfaces are all carefully balanced so that the pilot needs his assistant only in bumpy air. Indeed, in still air the craft is so inherently stable that the pilot has nothing to do but keep his course.

The wings are remarkable chiefly for their size and lightness. The span is 126 ft. and area 2,380 sq. ft. The load carried in flight is 11.7 lbs. per sq. ft., yet the wings only weigh 1.2 lbs. per sq. ft.

The maximum cruising range is calculated at 1400 nautical miles. This cruising range depends of course on normal functioning of the engines and the absence of head winds. The flight to the Azores of about 1250 nautical miles indicates that the calculated range is not unduly optimistic. The boats were originally planned to fly across the Atlantic and then to hunt submarines. The trans-Atlantic part has now been successfully accomplished and it is hoped that there will be no more need for submarine hunting.

The crossing of the Atlantic by a direct flight from Newfoundland to Ireland, especially with a land machine stripped for the event has already been proved possible. In that case greater endurance is obtained by sacrificing seaworthiness in case of a forced landing. The NC type, being designed for war service, has made no sacrifice in this regard. It is certain that larger flying boats than the NC will be built to have greater endurance and sea-keeping qualities. This will be the next step, and can be taken as soon as an important improvement in engines is made. There is small advantage now to be gained from merely adding more Liberty engines. The weight goes up as fast as the power and the endurance remains about the same. But it seems clear that improvements in engines will come, as they always have when needed, and we shall expect to see this improvement marked by the smashing of another record.

J. C. HUNSAKER.

THE STORY OF SENATE BILL 5464

BY VIRGINIA YEAMAN REMNITZ

AMONG the bills which Congress did not reach at its last session, and which will await consideration, is one which has a life story of poignant appeal and significance. In its implications it includes the blind gropings of eight millions of lives; it is an instrument for letting in light, and thus driving out a pestilence which walks in darkness. It is the bill of the hour, because it meets the crying need of the hour.

It has to do with the making of Americans. Now, there are people who hold that Americans, like poets, are born and not made; yet even those who inherit America owe their inheritance to some ancestral immigrant. And there are others who think that Americans are made by issuing to them naturalization papers; but the terms naturalization and Americanization are not interchangeable. You may scratch a naturalized citizen and find a foreigner, but an Americanized man or woman has an American heart and mind.

The definitions of Americanization hitherto given stagger under a load of explanations, but the term is really very simple in its meaning. Americanization is merely the process of becoming American in feeling. The man who does not speak English cannot be wholly American in feeling because he cannot get into close touch with his surroundings; and the illiterate native-born cannot be wholly American in feeling because he cannot understand American institutions, and does not conform to American standards of living.

But when Senate Bill 5464—otherwise known as House Bill 15402, and as the Smith-Bankhead Americanization Bill—is passed, these hitherto hampered men and women may become enlightened citizens, wholly American in feeling. The bill asks a yearly appropriation of $12,000,000

to carry out the new Federal programme for the education of our illiterates, both native and foreign-born. The work is to be an extension of that of the Board of Education, thus coming under the administration of the Department of the Interior. Mr. Fred Clayton Butler, the Director of Americanization, is in charge of the work, and the figures he gives startle us out of our comfortable assumptions.

There are eight million people in the United States who may properly be classed as illiterates, and in our first draft there were 76,000 men who could not speak English. Imagine the plight of those lads, unable even to understand the orders given them by their officers; of those mothers and fathers who did not know why their sons were taken away to fight and die—and then think of our native-born boys who could not communicate with their families! Mrs. Edith Terry Bremer, of the Y. W. C. A. "Foreign Community and Immigration Work," has given a most moving account of her experiences in working for the relief of our foreign-born soldiers and their relatives. There were mothers who could not read the English letters they received, and there were boys who could not send home letters in any language. Through the war we came to realize that our foreign-born have been terribly neglected, and that thousands of native Americans are without even the rudiments of an education.

Then anarchy, literally the pestilence that walks in darkness, crossed the ocean and sought out its predestined victims—for only in the soil of ignorance can the germs of anarchy develop. We had scarcely realized about our illiterates when their peril—and ours—had to be faced. We had thought ourselves so enlightened as to be immune from this hideous plague, and here were thousands upon thousands of neglected men and women who might become centers of infection.

Cold statistics force the need of Americanization upon us, but it can be apprehended only through a closer and more personal understanding. We must think of our foreign-born as fellow human beings rather than as elements in a national problem; we must acquaint ourselves with the peoples who are represented by our immigrants, and we must know what forces have been at work upon them since they came to live among us.

To look upon our Ghettos and our other foreign colo-

nies either as picturesque elements of our city life, or as danger spots, is to pass our foreign-born by on the other side of the street. To help them, and to make use of the gifts they bring us, we must understand their racial characteristics, must acquaint ourselves with their traditions, their culture, their national history. To try to work for the immigrant without some knowledge of these things is like trying to open a locked door without the key.

Also, these things are contributions brought by the immigrant to our national treasury. Shall we let them lie there, unregarded and forgotten,—or shall we use them for the enriching of our common life? The Italian's instinctive appreciation of art and beauty, the Greek's devotion to a glorious tradition, the Russian's passion for the things of the spirit, the intellectual keenness of the Jew:—these are among the gifts brought us by our immigrants; these are the traits which go into the making of an ever evolving type.

During the past we have, for the most part, left the immigrant to shift for himself, paying as low a wage as he would accept for his toil, using his labor, and forgetting all his possibilities save those which served our utilitarian purpose. As a result, women skilled in exquisite embroidery scrub office floors, men used to work in the open fields delve in mines, and the entrancements of southern Europe are exchanged for hideous industrial centers, with never a living pot of green to relieve the squalor and ugliness.

The fact that the immigrant was not always content with his wage has been a frequent cause of misunderstanding and strife; and in the great strike at Lawrence, in the winter of 1912, the forces which have been at work among the foreign-born in this country stalked the streets together in a picturesque parody of comradeship.

The writer had gone to Lawrence to observe conditions, and a girl who represented some button workers on strike in a Western State proved a valuable guide. Because of her good fellowship, some invisible line was crossed and a new world entered.

It was the world of our immigrant, unskilled worker; and that world at an hour of crisis. Soldiers patrolled the streets; but beneath the enforced order surged a savage, tumultuous unrest. The forces of discipline and discontent were barely able to tolerate each other.

Presently we were joined by a tall, imposing man in a fur-lined overcoat. He was a preacher from a near-by city; and he, also, had come to observe conditions. But he was, all too evidently, from the outside world—a notable figure among the strikers and the soldiers; the angry women who hurled epithets at the latter, and the children who played at striking.

The preacher, as we walked along, talked to the button worker; and finally he asked her to accept a small Testament he had with him, and to carry it with her for the sake of the influence it would enable her to exert over her fellow-workers. But the striking button worker refused the gift. She told the preacher why quite bluntly. "It would only spoil my influence with the girls," she said.

Yet the preacher, in offering his gift, had been perfectly reasonable—from the point of view of the teachings contained in the Testament. These teachings he knew would, if carried out in practice, bring all strife among men to an end. He had offered the perfect cure.

What he did not know was that the church, as organized and conducted, has so misrepresented those teachings that the mass of the world's workers think of the Savior of mankind as the special guardian and champion of their employers. This is inevitable, since it is their employers who hold the church pews; and since the churches are conducted, upon the whole, for the benefit of those who hold the pews. It is a simple and unescapable fact; and it perfectly explains a situation about which there has been a deal of needless discussion. And it is a fact which, in connection with the Gospel teachings, puts commentary to the blush.

Of what avail, then, could this force of organized religion hope to be against the force which next presents itself—that is, the force of anarchy? It presented itself, in this instance, under the guise of a mild-mannered, dreamy-eyed little man who joined the button worker, and to whom her companion was introduced as, "a lady interested in the strike." That description would hardly seem to have justified the confidence of an anarchist; but while we drank the inky concoction served to us in a workingman's coffee house, the man explained that he was the President of an international organization, a million strong, which "backed" with sympathy and money every

industrial and political uprising, wherever it occurred or whatever its cause.

"Whether right or wrong?" the observer asked.

"Whether right or wrong," was the quiet answer.

Thus we cried peace when there was no peace, and rejoiced while the horror stalked boldly through our cities and industrial centers—through the very fields where our grain gave promise of life to starving Europe. It is no longer a question whether we owe the immigrant and the native-born illiterates this education; it is a remedy which we must apply as quickly as possible.

The rights of the native-born to an education are generally conceded in theory, even though denied in practice; but our score with the immigrant is seldom fairly balanced. It has been our complacent habit to think and to speak of America as the great benefactor of the oppressed of Europe. We have pictured her as welcoming all such with open arms, giving them opportunity, freedom and better conditions of living.

In a sense this picture is true. But it is also true that while we realized our need of the immigrant, we not only welcomed him to our shores,—we actually lured him through the false representations of steamboat and labor agents. Then, when he came, we provided him with wretched, dark little rooms and charged for them an exorbitant rent. We gave him the hardest, the most disagreeable and the most dangerous work to do; and the high wages which had tempted him were often consumed by the high cost of living, or cut in half by part time employment or slack seasons. The immigrant found in the new world a greater measure of liberty and opportunity; but too often the high ideal he had brought with him of America was not fully realized. Yet this ideal has ever freshened our democratic impulse, and renewed our own faith. Had it not been for this refreshing, this renewal, the springs of democracy might have died at their source; and our ideal, unrenewed, might have perished.

The native arts brought us by the immigrant have, until recently, been as blindly disregarded as his native traits. A recent awakening to the precious contribution these arts make to our national life is due to the efforts of settlement workers and such organizations as the Y. W. C. A. International Institutes. Folk dancing and folk music, dramatic

art, the making of beautiful pottery, and various native handicrafts, are now fostered among our foreign-born by a number of altruistic agencies.

These same organizations have proved, also, the possibility of teaching English to the adult immigrant, and of teaching "American housekeeping" to our foreign-born women. And it has been shown that, for the agencies which prey upon the immigrant, can be substituted those which minister to his well-being.

The learning of a new language is a difficult undertaking for any adult, especially for one whose mind is untrained to concentration; but an experiment made by a few of the residents of a New York suburb emphasizes the reward of the teacher, rather than his difficulties. A sudden influx of Italians, with their families, to this suburb had resulted in the development of tenement conditions almost overnight. The laborers came to bring water and light; they were left to fester in dirt and the darkness of ignorance.

Then it occurred to a few citizens that these people might be taught English, and that their children might be made ready for the public schools. There were only Saturday morning classes for the children, and two evening classes a week for the men; but the results for the effort put forth, were surprising. Not a single pupil, young or old, gave a moment's trouble through lack of attention or courtesy. They were all eager to learn, and they learned with great rapidity. But this little experiment only emphasizes facts long familiar to those who work for our foreign-born, whether they work individually or as members of an organization.

The process of naturalization, in contrast with that of Americanization, is a very simple one. However long it may take to make an "old family" in America, it takes just five years to make an American citizen. At the end of that time, if an immigrant is judged to be of good moral character, can read the required English, understands something of our Constitution, and takes the oath of allegiance, he may receive his naturalization papers—having declared his intention of applying for them two years previously.

In May, 1919, about two and a half years after its founding, the Bureau of Naturalization had granted citizenship to nearly 2,000,000 immigrants. How great is the

field for Americanization work, both within and without the fold of citizenship, may readily be judged from these figures.

But it is more poignantly realized through actual contact with the need itself. In the course of a recent investigation made by the writer, it developed that very few of the adults in the homes visited could speak English. One German woman, here for thirty-five years, explained her lack of our language by saying, "Not care much for English." In a Polish family, the father had been in America thirteen years, the mother eleven, and yet they had to call in one of their children to act as interpreter! It seemed the rule, rather than the exception, for men and women who had been here from four to sixteen years to have only the rudiments of English at their command. And in a town not far from New York City, 17.5% of the people cannot speak English; while in two near Boston 13.2% of the people are illiterates.

The explanation is easily found. These people live, for the most part, in national communities, and often the men work in national groups. The women are held at home by their household work and their children. They have, often, almost no contacts to relieve their lives of the hardest toil, and the most deadly monotony. One of these women, an Italian, put the whole case very neatly. She was found scrubbing the floor of the room where her oldest child, a daughter, lay sick in bed. She had, besides, a husband, several younger children, and four boarders to care for.

"You must be kept very busy!" the visitor exclaimed.

The woman looked up, a glint of humor in her dark eyes. "Yes," she answered, "work all day . . . work all night . . . get put in box . . . no good."

For such a programme as that the Government Americanization plan would substitute one quite different. This woman and thousands of her sisters would not only be taught English; they would also be taught "American housekeeping," and their social and recreational needs would be met. The little Italian mother had a home that shone with cleanliness, but she did not know how to prepare suitable food for the sick child; and just across the hallway, supported on about the same wage, was a home which, in its hideous squalor, revolted the senses. Such a home is very likely to contribute its quota to the saloon,

and to breed a discontent which offers fruitful soil for the seeds of anarchy, now sowed so recklessly throughout the land. Thousands of these wives and mothers, it must also be remembered, have recently become citizens simply because their husbands are citizens. It is a bit of rough justice, the sequence of a law which forces her husband's citizenship upon a woman, and has made " aliens " of hundreds who are loyal Americans. And though many of these foreign-born women are pitifully ignorant of the art of home-making, their courage and cheerfulness under difficulties, their self-sacrificing devotion to their families, and their zeal for the education of their children, are beyond praise.

They stand in dire need of help, and they are by no means ready for citizenship. But they offer splendid material for Americanization. And it is to be hoped that suitable houses will be furnished our foreign-born women in which to apply their knowledge of " American housekeeping." The housing conditions in our foreign quarters, whether in great cities or in smaller towns, are apt to furnish a cynical comment upon our boast of hospitality to the immigrant.

The Smith-Bankhead Americanization Bill asks that the yearly appropriation of $12,000,000 begin at once, and end in 1926. Each State, to participate, must require the instruction of all illiterate and non-English speaking minors over sixteen. The amount granted each state depends upon the proportion her number of illiterates bears to the total number in the country. The federal funds are to be used for teachers and salaries, and not for buildings or equipment.

In 1914 the Bureau of Education established a Division of Immigration; and its publication, " The Americanization Bulletin," gives an account of its activities. But these activities have been very limited through lack of funds, and no adequate programme could even be planned until there was some likelihood of a special appropriation.

The programme outlined by Mr. Butler, the Director of Americanization, can be put into operation as soon as the appropriation asked for is available. It embraces national, State, and community activities; there would be Regional Directors, State Committees, and community workers. The movement, starting from a central Headquarters, would

reach out to every part of the country where the need of Americanization exists. Mr. Butler states that there are 3,500,000 native-born Americans who can neither read nor write, and that there are 5,000,000 people, over ten years of age, in the United States who cannot read any language.

This Government movement would join forces with all the existing agencies engaged in work for our illiterates, and would make the fullest possible use of their activities. Among these agencies are the public schools, the industrial centers, the social settlements and such organizations as the Y. W. C. A. and the Y. M. C. A. The schools Mr. Butler would turn into community centers, and he would hope to rouse the manufacturers to an appreciation of the educational needs of their employees. It should not be hard to convince manufacturers and other producers of the importance of this work, since the teaching of English to a worker increases his worth $250.00 annually. This is because the worker is better able to avoid accidents, save goods, and manipulate machinery.

For the foreign-born women there would be classes in the homes, Mothers' Clubs, instruction in housekeeping and hygiene, and social recreation.

One of the wisest provisions of the programme is that for establishing Leagues of the Foreign-born; these Leagues would be self-organizing and would administer their own affairs. No social programme can be effective which does not use the principal of self-help.

Another interesting feature of Mr. Butler's programme is the attention given to recreation, especially community recreation. He would seek to substitute pageants, parades, gardens and other wholesome diversions for those commercialized entertainments which waste the worker's time and money.

Civilization itself seems to depend upon the substitution of enlightenment for ignorance. Only thus can the mighty energies which become destructive through restlessness and discontent be turned into forces for the upbuilding of the nation.

VIRGINIA YEAMAN REMNITZ.

JAPAN AND HER NEIGHBOR

By JEREMIAH W. JENKS

Note: *Owing to the very important clause in the Peace Treaty which cedes to Japan the German rights in Shantung, and which seems to large numbers of Americans informed on Far Eastern affairs not only a most unrighteous treatment of China, but also an unnecessary and unjust surrender of American interests,* The North American Review *will publish some articles covering this question. These articles are not controversial in tone, but will attempt to set forth impartially the fundamental facts of the Far Eastern situation that have a direct bearing on this question. If the American people are to form a sane judgment on this highly important question these facts must be kept in mind. The article in this number explains the conditions leading up to the outbreak of the Great War. In the succeeding articles the acts of Japan in connection with the capture of Tsing-tao and her subsequent actions in the province of Shantung, together with the political situation in China, in which Japan has played so great a part, will be set forth.*—The Editor.

ONE of the leading United States Senators, a man unusually well equipped in diplomatic history and international law, said recently: "The Congress of Vienna never did anything so bad as this deal with Japan over Shantung."

Though the Peace Conference has acted, the question is not yet settled. China has refused to accept the settlement, and the United States Senate must give its assent by a two-thirds vote before the United States is bound. The responsibility, therefore, still rests upon the Senate to study the question.

The American people also should give close attention to this question, so momentous in its possibilities as a breeder of war, so subversive, in the minds of many, of the most elementary principles of right and justice, so flagrant an attack upon the principles of democracy, so clear a recognition of the success of vicious imperialism.

Before I should wish to pass judgment upon these strong

assertions, and before the American people should bring pressure to bear upon their Senators, a careful, impartial study should be made, giving equal heed to the rights of Japan and of China, and a careful estimate of the probable effect of either acceptance or rejection of this clause of the peace treaty upon the continuance of peace in the Orient, the relation of the United States to a possible war, and the effects upon the United States of either policy provided peace continues. In the judgment of many careful students of international politics, this clause of the treaty has in it more germs of future wars than any clause affecting Germany, Austria-Hungary or any of the other European nations. The present policy of Japan in the Far East dates practically from the Russo- Japanese war, though its underlying causes run much farther back.

On the whole, Japan was the victor in the Russo-Japanese war, though the victory was not so unqualified as at first appeared. Before she entered the war I was told by one of her leading statesmen that she had made her plans for a two years' war and believed that would be sufficient. When I inquired about her finances he said that the plans along those lines were also laid for a two years' war. After nearly a year of war covering the first summer it appeared that Japan's financial situation had not been miscalculated. Fortunately for her, there had been an unusually good harvest, and the old men, women and children had been able even to a greater degree than it had been anticipated to gather the crop. The losses, however, had been tremendous, and when, after the capture of Port Arthur and the battle of Mukden, it appeared that the war, if continued, must be carried on farther from the home base for Japan, it became evident that she must make peace promptly to secure the best terms. She had had the advantage to that date of preparedness, promptness, nearness to her own territory. After that date the Russian disadvantages would be relatively lessened. Her Government, therefore, secretly requested President Roosevelt to intervene, and the peace conference began. Count de Witte, the chief of the Russian delegation, knew accurately the situation and positively refused to pay the monetary indemnity which Japan had hoped would cover her financial losses; and Japan knew well that it was utterly impossible for her to collect such indemnity or to defeat Russia so decisively that she could

be forced to pay. The best that she could do was to free Korea, retaining a dominant position there, and to force Russia's surrender of whatever claims she had in South Manchuria, together with the southern half of Sakhalin, to which she had an historic claim. She could get no more territory, nor a dollar of indemnity, and the war left her very poor financially.

It was of course natural that Japan should adopt the policy of political domination, and that with new territory under her military power she should gradually complete her plans for keeping them. Inasmuch as her representatives in the United States have persistently claimed that "Japan has always kept her word," and her representatives at the Peace Conference refused indignantly to sign an agreement to restore Kiaochau to China on the ground that her honor was touched by such a request since her word was inviolate, I invite special attention to the following historic facts which should be kept well in mind in judging Japan's political methods.

Before entering upon the war Japan had avowed her purpose of maintaining Korea's independence, and had also stated that her purpose was to free China from Russian domination. It is probable that had this policy been followed, China would still be a monarchy, though one of the modern, constitutional type, and that Japan's present government would now be less embarrassed by the rapid growth of republican ideas. But this could hardly have been expected. Japan's army had been trained by German military men and her whole constitution and Government were formed and conducted on German lines. She, therefore, compelled China to agree that all the concessions earlier made to Russia should be transferred to Japan. She went, however, much farther in dominating methods than Russia had ever done. Instead of a joint use with China of Port Arthur, Japan insisted upon a sole use, and proprietary rights during the term of the so-called lease.

She has not only continued in that militaristic policy through those parts of Manchuria then secured, but she has extended this policy into Eastern Mongolia, and, since the surrender of Tsing-tao, through large parts of the province of Shantung. She has seen to it that China should in no way recover any of the sovereign rights surrendered either to Russia, Germany or herself, and her policy of control along

business lines as well as police lines has often been carried out in a most ruthless and exasperating way. It has been a commonplace all these years among American and English business-men in Manchuria that the so-called "Open Door," formally agreed to by Japan, has been in great part closed, although in an indirect fashion. Japanese, as contrasted with foreigners, are favored with transportation facilities on roads under Japanese management, with better rates at the banks, with better service of all kinds, to so great an extent that the trade of Europeans and Americans which grew under Chinese, or even Russian domination, has relatively dwindled fast since the Japanese took control. All this has taken place in face of the repeated assertions made by Japan that she always keeps her agreements, and the fact that she has several times made formal agreements with reference to the territorial independence of China and the policy of the "Open Door."

In Korea the policy was more direct and more promptly carried out. At the beginning of the Russo-Japanese war, as was natural from the military viewpoint, an agreement was made with the Korean Government that Korea might be used as a base for military operations. In this agreement (Feb. 23, 1904) she "definitely guarantee (d) the independence and territorial integrity of the Korean Empire." Note how she kept this agreement. The Korean Government agreed that Japan might occupy "such places as may be necessary from strategic points of view." In August of the same year, Korea under pressure agreed to take a Japanese subject as financial adviser whose counsel must be followed, also a diplomatic adviser to negotiate contracts with foreigners and direct diplomatic affairs. For some reason the Japanese Government seems to have been especially careful to explain matters to the American Government. It may be that it has remembered pleasantly (because Japanese statesmen really are glad that their country has become associated with foreign Powers as one of the sisterhood of nations) that the United States was the first to open the doors of Japan to foreign associations, and that the United States Government has always taken the lead in the most friendly way in bringing Japan into closer and more favorable international relations, as, for example, in connection with the extra-territorial restrictions on Japanese courts. In consequence, the Japanese Minister at

Washington, in communicating this agreement with Korea, said that Japan "did not intend to place any impediment in the way of legitimate enterprise in Korea, but merely to check "unwise and improvident engagements." Another agreement of April 1, 1905, amalgamated the transportation systems of Japan and Korea. On November 17, the Emperor of Korea agreed to receive a Japanese resident-general at his Court to direct diplomatic affairs and control all foreign arrangements. Within two years the Japanese compelled the transfer of all administrative measures and of high official appointments to their hands. In 1909 the Japanese took over the police power, and on August 23, 1910, the Korean Emperor was forced to surrender his imperial title, and his country was formally annexed to Japan.

Space does not permit any detailed account of the measures followed by Japan in securing concessions from Korea. It may suffice to say that, as was natural, the Korean Emperor and Court did not willingly make these concessions. They were practically held as prisoners, were surrounded with military guards, and when pleadings and arguments did not suffice, threats and show of violence were employed. It took no long memory to recall the event of the assassination of a Korean queen.

From the close of the Russo-Japanese war in 1905, Japan's policy of territorial expansion by means political and military, seems to have been formally established and persistently carried out, and the means followed have often been characterized by well-informed residents of the Far East as "Prussian" methods, even before those methods became so well known as they have been during the Great War. Secret agreements, bribery, threats, force, brutal insults and violence against individuals regularly upheld by the Japanese courts and Government whenever complaint was made, have all been employed with a diligence, persistence, boldness and unscrupulousness that has brought fear to the hearts of the Chinese, and, in many instances, discouragement to other foreigners. Doubtless, with a purpose in mind which Japanese statesmen and Japanese subjects have considered right, they have looked upon most of their acts as praiseworthy. I do not question their motives. But the best states of the democratic type of today do not employ such methods.

At the close of the Russo-Japanese war, the Japanese Government found the country handicapped with a heavy debt, with an army and navy which, in spite of their excellent quality, were a heavy economic burden to carry, and a burden which, considering her political ambitions for the future, it was impossible to lighten. Moreover, Japan's industrial resources are, relatively speaking, small. Her agricultural resources are greatly restricted by the character of the land, and her population, considering the natural resources, is dense—some 428 to the square mile on the Japanese main island, Hondo.

It is worth while to dwell for a moment upon the question of population, inasmuch as it has been made a subject of explanation (to my mind not sound) for many of the Japanese political ambitions. Defenders of Japan's aggressive acts in Korea, Manchuria, and other parts of China, say that she has a rapidly growing population cooped up in some poor islands relatively small in extent; that the United States, Canada, Australia and New Zealand are unwilling to admit her people in large numbers to their countries, and that therefore she should have a right to expand by sending her population to other countries.

It should be noted, however, that the Japanese, as a matter of fact, do not want to go to China, the country now in question, in any large numbers as immigrants. Americans who hear this argument from Japanese should press home the following facts, which have been conceded repeatedly, and will be conceded without hesitation by every well-informed, honest-minded Japanese. The Japanese working-men, farmers, and shop-keepers have not, speaking generally, been successful in Manchuria, and many of these classes who earlier went to China have returned because they could not withstand the competition of the Chinese. As farmers, as shop-keepers, as coolie laborers, the Chinese can underbid the Japanese, and do, as a matter of fact, beat them in even competition. The Japanese purpose is not to relieve their density of population by sending out large numbers of immigrants; their purpose is to exploit Manchuria and Shantung and Eastern Mongolia by sending in their capital, their engineers, their business managers as bosses and directors of labor to manage Chinese laborers. They hope to take from China the profits; to get from her raw materials for their own factories in Japan. Owing

to their militaristic views, they think they can do this better by having political control than by following commercial methods, even though the political control involves incurring the hatred of the Chinese by the employment of tyrannous methods. The populations of both Great Britain and Germany greatly increased without expansion of territory, as they became industrial nations. So with Japan. Great Britain for decades has grown rich by industrial work, buying her food elsewhere. And Germany in later years has sent few colonists abroad as compared with other days. Japan has done well in the same direction, but she is not content with economic methods.

Even in spite of the fact that the Japanese banks and the Japanese Government give special favors to the Japanese as contrasted with the Chinese, the facts mentioned above regarding the superior qualities of the Chinese in competition still remain, and Americans should not be misled by this emigration argument. The Japanese do not want to emigrate to Manchuria in large numbers as settlers, and they may and do go now if they wish, still retaining Japanese citizenship. The situation is even more striking in Shantung. In that province the population is very much denser than in Japan, averaging, according to the best figures, 683 per square mile to Japan's 428 per square mile on their main island. The argument would be far stronger for the residents of Shantung to demand admission as immigrants to Japan on this ground than *vice versa.* But the Japanese have seen to it by their laws—rigidly enforced—that Chinese laborers shall not be admitted to Japan. In this regard I believe the Japanese are right. The Chinese would underbid the Japanese workmen and displace them in fair competition. The Japanese ambition in Shantung is not emigration, but industrial exploitation through political and financial control. But they should tell the truth and not try to hoodwink Americans by false pretenses.

The Great War gave Japan a marvellous opportunity for a far more rapid carrying out of her plans than could possibly have been anticipated. She was in real need. Her militaristic policy had compelled her to maintain a large army and navy. Her plan of governmental enterprise in business fields with state railroads, subsidized steamship lines and government support of many enterprises had left her with a heavily burdened treasury and a very high tax

rate for a poor people. Unwilling to trust to business methods to solve her problems she had to keep up the much more expensive and dangerous methods of political pressure. Now was her chance. She put her ablest men on the job. The war must be turned to the best account. Japan was to be made a great Power, the director of the Far East. How has she carried out her plans?

China has for many years been a favorable field for financial investments of many types. Foreign merchants and bankers have in many instances made large profits. Chinese business men have shown not only marked ability, but an unusual degree of honesty and trustworthiness, and the Government, in spite of the personal weaknesses of many individual officials, has always been ready to make arrangements to secure, beyond question, the payment of its foreign obligations.

A most unsatisfactory monetary situation has long called for monetary reform. An international group of the bankers of the United States, Great Britain, France and Germany had practically concluded a loan of $50,000,000 to China (primarily for currency reform) in 1911, when the outbreak of the revolution against the Manchu dynasty prevented its consummation. Later this same group of bankers completed arrangements with the new President of the Republic, Yuan Shih-Kai, for a reorganization loan of some $125,000,000 to reform and build up the new government along wiser administrative lines. Russia and Japan wished to be taken into this consortium, mainly, of course, as it appeared then, and as we know now, for political reasons. Because of their political influence, and especially perhaps because of their ability to affect the Chinese political situation unfavorably if they were not admitted, both were taken into the consortium, although Japan's financial situation was so weak that she would have had to borrow her share of the contemplated reorganization loan in order to keep her position in the group.

The opportunities for economic expansion were very great. The keenness of competition among the foreigners was in many respects to the advantage of China and the Chinese, the English and German interests being on the whole predominant.

The Chinese Government, feeling its weakness from the military point of view, and realizing how much had

been lost by the aggressive action of the stronger Powers, had long followed the policy of attempting to secure safety by balancing the interests of the competing groups and playing them off one against the other. While one may understand the feelings of the Chinese in this regard, and while one may also recognize the fact that this game was at times a means employed for the personal benefit of some Chinese officials interested, nevertheless, in the long run, it was leading to the tying of China's hands and to her exploitation for the benefit of others, rather than to the best development of her resources. Her weakness presented a great temptation. At the time of the Boxer troubles it was perhaps not unnatural that most of the Powers already interested should have sought, each for itself, to secure its own best advantage, although that policy was leading straight toward a practical division of China through the strengthening of the spheres of interest. Under the wise leadership of Secretary Hay, however, (who also in part perhaps played some of these nations each against the other, though with the intent rather of saving China than of securing any special advantage for America) a new policy, that of the "Open Door," was at least in name substituted. All the greater nations agreed in 1899 to maintain the territorial entirety and political sovereignty of China.

Following up this policy, in President Taft's administration, this international grouping of business interests referred to above had been made and America had entered actively into the field.

Near the beginning of President Wilson's Administration, owing probably in part to a lack of complete understanding of the situation, and in part to a well-grounded desire to improve the situation in China, the American Government withdrew its support of the American group, which of course found itself compelled to withdraw from the consortium. Our Government had thought the terms made with China unjustly severe, especially from the political viewpoint. Whether or not they were too severe would depend upon the way in which they were administered. There seems little reason to doubt that the purpose of the American bankers at least was gradually to strengthen China so that she could recover much of her lost power in international dealings. It cannot be known, of course, whether this was the purpose of all the other groups or what

the result would have been. There is certainly reason to believe that the urgency of the desire of Japan and Russia to be admitted to the Group was largely due to the fact that they feared the consortium might weaken their political influence, and they wished to be in a better position to care for their interests as they understood them.

The second contention of President Wilson, that the bankers representing the United States interest was a relatively small group of New Yorkers who were seeking to secure a monopoly of that great opportunity, was a purely domestic question and has nothing whatever to do with the international aspects of the situation. It is interesting to note, however, that the new group now considering with representatives of other nations the financial reorganization of China is made up of some thirty odd bankers representing all sections of the country.

Next month the aggressive policies of Japan during the Great War contrary to the interests not only of China, but also of the United States, will be explained.

JEREMIAH W. JENKS.

CHAPTERS OF ROOSEVELT'S LIFE—II

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

WHICH WAS THE REPUBLICAN PARTY?

THE head and front of the quarrel which wrecked the Republican Party, must be sought in Roosevelt's thoroughly patriotic desire to have a successor who should carry on the principles which he had fought for and had embodied in national laws during the nearly eight years of his Presidency. He felt more passionately than anybody else the need of continuing the work he had begun, not because it was his work, but because on it alone, as he thought, the reconciliation between Capital and Labor in the United States could be brought about, and the impending war of classes could be prevented. So he chose Judge Taft as the person who, he believed, would follow his lead in this undertaking. But the experience of a hundred and twenty years, since Washington was succeeded by John Adams, might have taught him that no President can quite reproduce the qualities of his predecessor, and that the establishment of a Presidential dynasty is not congenial to the spirit of the American people. Jefferson did, indeed, hand on his mantle to Madison, and the experiment partially succeeded. But Madison was much nearer Jefferson in ability and influence than Judge Taft was near Roosevelt.

During the campaign of 1908, and immediately after the election, we can imagine that Mr. Taft was sincerely open to Roosevelt's suggestions, and that he quite naturally gave Roosevelt the impression that he intended to follow them, not because they were Roosevelt's, but because they were his own also. As soon as he began to realize that he was President, and that a President has a right to speak and act on his own motion, Mr. Taft saw other views rising within him, other preferences, other resolves. From the bosom of his family he may have heard the exhortation,

"Be your own President, don't be anybody's man or rubber stamp." No doubt intimate friends strengthened this advice. The desire to be free and independent, which lies at the bottom of every normal heart, took possession of him also; further, was it not the strict duty of a President to give the country the benefit of his best judgment instead of following the rules laid down by another, or to parrot another's doctrines?

Whatever may have been the process by which the change came, it had come before Taft's inauguration. He chose a new Cabinet, although Roosevelt supposed that several of the members of his Cabinet would be retained. Before the Colonel started for Africa he felt that a change had come, but he went away with the hope that things would turn out better than he feared. His long absence under the Equator would relieve any anxiety Taft might have as to Roosevelt's intention to dictate or interfere.

Very little politcal news reached the Colonel while he was hunting. In an intimate letter which he wrote from "North of Kenia" on September 10, 1909, he remarked that from all he heard, he judged the Taft Administration was doing well. "Of course," he added, "I expected that there would be trouble over the tariff." On reaching Italy, on his return journey, he met Mr. Gifford Pinchot, who had come post haste from New York, and conveyed to him the latest account of the political situation at home. It was clear that the Republican Party had split into two factions—the Regulars, who regarded President Taft as their standard bearer, and the Insurgents, who rallied round Roosevelt, and longed desperately for his return. To the enemies of the Administration, it seemed that Mr. Taft had turned away from the Rooseveltian policies. In his appointments, he had replaced Roosevelt men by Regulars. His Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Ballinger, came into conflict with Mr. Pinchot over conservation, and the public assumed that the President was not only unconcerned to uphold conservation, but was willing that the natural resources of the Nation should fall again into the hands of greedy private corporations. This assumption proved to be false, and Secretary Ballinger was exonerated by a public investigation; but for two years at least, the cloud hung over Mr. Taft's reputation, and, as always happens, the correction being far less nimble and spectacular

than the accusation, took a much longer time in remedying the harm that it had done.

When, therefore, Roosevelt landed at the Battery on June 18, 1910, the day of his apotheosis, he knew that a factional fight was raging in the Republican Party. His trusty followers, and every one who bore a grudge against the Administration, urged him to unfurl his flag and check any further disintegration; but prudence controlled him and he announced that he should not speak on political matters for at least two months. He was sincere; but a few days later at the Harvard Commencement exercises he met Governor Hughes, of New York State, who was having a fierce struggle against the Machine to put through a bill on primary elections. The Governor begged the Colonel as a patriotic, boss-hating citizen, to help him, and Roosevelt hastily wrote and dispatched to Albany a telegram urging Republicans to support Hughes. In the result, his advice was not heeded, a straw which indicated that the Machine no longer feared to disregard him.

For several weeks Roosevelt waited and watched, and found out by personal investigation, how the Republican Party stood. It took little inspection to show him that the Taft Administration was not carrying out his policies, and that the elements against which he had striven for eight years were creeping back. Indeed, they had crept back. It would be unjust to Mr. Taft to assert that he had not continued the war on Trusts. Under his able Attorney General, Mr. George W. Wickersham, many prosecutions were going forward, and in some cases, the legislation begun by Roosevelt was extended and made more effective. I speak now as to the general course of Mr. Taft's Administration and not specially of the events of 1910. In spite of this continuation of the battle with the "Octopus"—as the Big Interests, Wall Street, and Trusts were indiscriminately nicknamed—the public did not believe that Mr. Taft and his assistants pushed the fight with their whole heart. Perhaps they were misjudged. Mr. Taft being in no sense a spectacular person, whatever he did would lack the spectacular quality which radiated from all Roosevelt's actions. Then, too, the pioneer has deservedly a unique reward. Just as none of the navigators who followed Columbus on the voyage to the Western Continent could win credit like his, so the prestige which Roosevelt gained

from being the first to grapple with the great monopolies, could not be shared by any successor of his, who simply carried on the work of "trust-busting," (as it was called), which had become commonplace.

Nevertheless, although nobody doubted Mr. Wickersham's legal ability, the country felt that during the Taft Administration zeal had gone out of the campaign of the Administration against the Interests. Roosevelt had plunged into the fray with the enthusiasm of a Crusader. Taft followed him from afar but without feeling the Crusader's consecration or his terrible sincerity. And, during the first six months of his Administration, President Taft had unwittingly given the country the measure of himself.

The Republican platform adopted at Chicago, declared

> unequivocally for a revision of the tariff by a special session of Congress, immediately following the inauguration of the next President. . . . In all tariff legislation the true principle of protection is best maintained by the imposition of such duties as will equal the difference between the cost of production at home and abroad, together with a reasonable profit to American industries. We favor the establishment of maximum and minimum rates to be administered by the President, under limitations fixed in the law, the maximum to be available to meet discriminations by foreign countries against American goods entering their markets, and the minimum to represent the normal measure of protection at home.

The American public, regardless of party, assumed that the "revision" referred to in this plank of the Republican platform meant a revision downward; and it supposed from sayings and opinions of Mr. Taft, that he put the same construction upon it. He at once called a special session of Congress, and a new Tariff Bill was framed under the direction of Sereno E. Payne, a stand-pat Republican member of Congress, Chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, and of Nelson W. Aldrich, Senator from Rhode Island, and guardian angel and factotum for the Big Interests.

For several months these gentlemen conducted the preparation of the new bill. Payne had already had experience in putting through the McKinley tariff in 1890, and the Dingley tariff in 1897. Again the Committee room was packed by greedy protectionists who, for a consideration, got whatever profit from the Government they paid for. Neither Payne nor Aldrich had the slightest idea that to fix tariff rates to enrich special individuals and firms

was a most corrupt practice. When a Republican Senator who honestly supposed that the revision would be downward, privately remonstrated, the reply he heard was, "Where shall we get our campaign funds?" Finally, after some discussion between the House and the Senate—a discussion which did not lessen the enormities of the measure—the Payne-Aldrich bill was passed by Congress and signed by President Taft, and it enjoyed the bad eminence of being worse than the McKinley and the Dingley tariffs which had preceded it.

The public, which had seen more clearly than on former occasions, how such charters to legalize industrial piracy were devised, was somewhat dashed by President Taft's approval. Perhaps it still hoped that the creation of a non-partisan Tariff Commission of experts would put an end to this indecent purchase and sale of privileges and would establish rates after the scientific investigation of each case. Soon, however, these hopes were swept away; for on September 17, 1909, the President delivered at Winona, Minnesota, a laudatory speech on the new Tariff. He admitted that some points in Schedule K—that comprising wool and woolen goods—were too high. But, he said solemnly that this was "the best Tariff Law the Republicans ever made, and, therefore, the best the country ever had." In that Winona Speech, Mr. Taft hung a millstone round his own neck. His critics and his friends alike had thrust upon them this dilemma: either he knew that the Payne-Aldrich Tariff had been arrived at by corrupt ways and was not a revision downward—in spite of which he pronounced it the "best ever"; or he did not know its nature and the means used in framing it. In the latter case, he could not be considered a person sufficiently informed on great financial questions or on the practices of some of the politicians who made laws for him to sign, to be fit to sit in the President's chair. If, on the other hand, knowing the measure to be bad he declared it the "best ever," he was neither sincere nor honest, and in this case also, he was not a President whom the country could respect.

I would not imply that the American public went through this process of reasoning at once, or arrived at such clear-cut conclusions; Demos seldom indulges in the luxury of logic; but the shock caused by the Winona speech vibrated through the country and never after that did the

public really trust Mr. Taft. It knew that the Interests had crawled back and dictated the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, and it surmised that, although he prosecuted the trusts diligently, they did not feel greatly terrified. He was not dishonest. Like most of us, in theory he preferred Virtue to Vice, but he was so good-natured, so hospitable, that when Vice came to him in good clothes, and with smooth manners and a proper introduction, he mistook it for Virtue.

While President Taft slowly lost his hold on the American people, he gained proportionately with the Republican Machine. That Machine was composed of the Regulars of the party, or the Conservatives, as they preferred to be called, and it was losing its hold on the country. There comes a time in every sect, party or institution when it stops growing, its arteries harden, its young men see no visions, its old men dream no dreams; it lives in the past and desperately tries to perpetuate the past. In politics when this process of petrifaction is reached, we call it Bourbonism, and the sure sign of the Bourbon is that, being unconscious that he is the victim of sclerosis, he sees no reason for seeking a cure. Unable to adjust himself to change and new conditions he falls back into the past, as an old man drops into his worn-out armchair.

Now Roosevelt had been, of course, the negation of Bourbonism. He had led the Republican Party into new fields and set it to do new work, and far off, shining clearly, its goal beckoned it on. His followers were mostly young men; they saw that the world had changed, and would change still farther, and they went forward valiantly to meet it and, if possible, to shape its changes. For ten years past, these Radicals, as the Regulars named them somewhat slurringly and who were better defined as "Insurgents," had played an increasingly important part in Congress. They would not submit to the Bosses and the Machine, but voted independently, and, although they were not all of them avowed Rooseveltians, they all were going in his direction. In the second year of Mr. Taft's administration, they rebelled against the rigid dictatorship of Joseph G. Cannon, the Speaker of the House. "Uncle Joe," as the public nicknamed him, dated from before the Civil War, and entered Congress in 1863, forty-seven years before. It was as if a rigid Bourbon, who had served under Louis XIV in France, in 1763, had been chief law-maker

under Napoleon I, in 1810. Mr. Cannon, however, had never learned that the Civil War was over, whereas every Frenchman who survived the Revolution, knew that it had taken place. So the Insurgents rose up against him, in his old age, deprived him of his dictatorial power and, at the next election, Democrats and Republicans combined to sweep him out of office altogether.

The Jews who ridiculed Noah when he began to build the Ark were, it proved, Bourbons, but they had some excuse, for when Noah was working there was no portent of a flood and not even a black cloud with a shower wrapped up in it hung on the horizon. But the Republican Regulars, under Mr. Taft, could not complain that no sign had been vouchsafed to them. The amazing rise in power and popularity of Roosevelt during the decade, the surging unrest of Labor throughout the world, the obviously altered conditions which immense fortunes and the amassing of wealth by a few corporations had produced, and such special symptoms as the chafing at the Payne-Aldrich Tariff, the defeat of Speaker Cannon and the election of a Democratic House of Representatives, ought to have warned even the dullest Republican. For good, or for ill, a social and industrial revolution was under way, and, instead of trimming their sails to meet it, they had not even embarked.

Roosevelt and the Insurgents had long understood the revolution of which they were a part, and had taken measures to control it. Roosevelt's first achievement, as we have seen, was to bring the Big Interests under the power of the law. The hawks and vultures, whose wings he clipped, naturally did not like it or him, but the laws had force behind them, and they submitted. The leaders of the popular movement, however, declared that this was not enough. They preached the right of the people to rule. The people, they urged, must have a real share in electing the men who were to make the laws and to administer and interpret them.

Every one knew that the system of party government resulted in a Machine, consisting of a few men who controlled the preliminary steps which led to the nomination of candidates and then decided the election, so far as their control of the regular party members could do this. It would be idle, said the advocates of these popular rights, to make the best of laws in behalf of the people and allow them to be enforced by representatives and judges chosen,

under whatever disguise, by the great capitalists. And so these Progressives, bent on trusting implicitly the intelligence, the unselfishness and the honesty of the People, proposed three novel political instruments for obtaining the pure Democracy they dreamed of. First, the Initiative, by which a certain number of voters could suggest new laws; second, the Referendum, by which a vote should be taken to decide whether the People approved or not of a law that was in operation; and third, the Judicial Recall, by which a majority of the voters could nullify a decision handed down by a Judge. This last was often misnamed and misconstrued, the "Recall of Judges," but so far as I know, very few of the Progressive leaders, certainly not Colonel Roosevelt, proposed to put the tenure of office of a Judge at the mercy of a sudden popular vote.

When Roosevelt returned from Africa, he found that the Progressive movement had developed rapidly, and the more he thought over its principles, the more they appealed to him. To arrive at Social Justice was his lifelong endeavor. In a speech delivered on August 31, 1910, at Ossawatomie, Kansas, he discoursed on the "New Nationalism." As if to push back hostile criticism at the start, he quoted Abraham Lincoln:

> Labor is prior to, and independent of capital; capital is only the fruit of labor and could never have existed but for labor. Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration. Capital has its rights which are as worthy of protection as any other rights. . . . Nor should this lead to a war upon the owners of property. Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; it is a positive good in the world. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus, by example, showing that his own shall be safe from violence when built.

Not all those who cry "Plato! Plato!" are Platonists. So, not all those who now appeal to Lincoln's mighty name for sanction of their own petty caprices and crazy creeds, have learned the first letter of the alphabet which Lincoln used; but Roosevelt, I believe, knew Lincoln better, knew the spirit of Lincoln better, than any other President has known it. And Lincoln would have approved of most, if not of all, of the measures which in that Ossawatomie speech Roosevelt declared must be adopted. Whenever he spoke or wrote after that, he repeated his arguments in

defense of the "New Nationalism," and they sank deep into the public conscience.

He took no active part in politics, as he thought, but the country knew better than he did that, wherever he was, politics were active. Everyone consulted him; his occasional speeches roused a storm of criticism; a dozen would-be candidates in each party sat on the anxious seat and waited for his decision. So he watched the year 1910 draw to its close and 1911 wheel by, without his giving the final word. Although he was very really the centre of attention he nevertheless felt lonely, and a friend tells me of going to Oyster Bay, late in the autumn, and finding Roosevelt in fact alone, as his family were away, and depressed by the thought that he was cut off, probably forever, from throwing himself into work which would be of public benefit. But Roosevelt was a fighter, not a sulker, and he was too healthy in spirit to give way to disappointment.

That he resented the purpose, as he supposed, of the Taft Administration to throw over his policies, I do not doubt, although there are letters in existence which indicate that he still had courteous, if not friendly, relations with President Taft. But what ate into him more than any personal resentment was his chagrin at seeing the Great Cause, for which he had spent his life, neglected and denied by the Republican Party. Progressivism seemed to be slowly in process of suffocation by the Big Interests which it had come into being to protest against, to curb, and to control.

There were other leaders in this Cause, the most prominent being Senator La Follette of Wisconsin. He had caught up very early some of Bryan's demagogic doctrines, which he had softened a good deal and made palatable to the Republicans of his State. Then he had stood out as a Liberal in Congress, and from Liberal he became Insurgent, and now that the Insurgents were being defined as Progressives, he led the Progressives in Congress. The same spirit was permeating the Democrats; only the hidebound Regular Republicans appeared not to notice that a new day had dawned. "Uncle Joe" Cannon, their Speaker of the House, reveled in his Bourbonism, made it as obnoxious as he could, and then was swept away by the enraged Liberals.

By the summer of 1911, the discussion of possible candidates grew more heated. Roosevelt still kept silent, but

he told his intimates that he would not run. He did not wish to be President again, especially at the cost of an internecine struggle. I believe that he was sincere; so is the consummate actor or the prima donna, whom the world applauds, sincere, in bidding farewell to the stage forever. Nevertheless, which of them is conscious of the strength of the passion, which long habit, and supremacy, and the intoxication of success, have evoked in them? Given the moment and the lure, and they forget their promise of farewell.

By this time the politicians began to foresee that the dissension in the Republican Party would make it difficult to choose a candidate who could win. Every President desires to be re-elected if he can be, not necessarily because he is greedy of power, but because re-election is equivalent to public approval of his first term. Mr. Taft, therefore, stood out as the logical candidate of the Conservatives. The great majority of the Progressives desired Roosevelt, but, since he would say neither yes nor no, they naturally turned to Senator La Follette. And La Follette launched a vigorous campaign for the nomination and was undoubtedly gaining ground except in the East, where some of his views had been regarded as too extreme even for the Liberals. To his great misfortune, in a speech at Philadelphia on February 2, 1912, he showed signs of a temporary mental collapse and, although his friends protested that this mishap was not serious, much less permanent, he never got back into the running.

Meanwhile, Roosevelt's nearest zealots not only urged upon him the duty of coming out squarely as the Progressive aspirant, but they set up throughout the country their propaganda for him. He received letters by the bushel and every letter appealed to his patriotism and to his sense of duty. The Progressives were in dead earnest. They believed that the country, if not civilization, had reached a crisis, on the outcome of which would depend the future health and peace of Society. They had a crusade, not a mere political campaign, ahead of them, and they could not believe that Roosevelt, their peerless champion, would fail them.

The average person, who calmly sits back in his easy chair and passes his verdict on the acts of great men, does not always allow for the play of emotions which may have

influenced them. What sort of reaction must appeals like these have stimulated? How can the unimaginative man, who has never been urged by his fellow townspeople to be even trustee of the town library or graveyard, put himself in the place of a Leader, who is told by millions of persons, possibly fanatics but not flatterers, that the destiny of the nation depends upon his listening to their entreaties?

Everything conspired to win Roosevelt over: La Follette being eliminated, there was no other Progressive whom the majority would agree upon. The Party spoke with only one voice, and uttered only one name. And, presently, the Governors of seven States—Bass of New Hampshire, Hadley of Missouri, Osborn of Michigan, Glasscock of West Virginia, Carey of Wyoming, Aldrich of Nebraska, and Stubbs of Kansas—issued an appeal to him which seemed to give an official stamp to the popular entreaties. Roosevelt's enemies insinuated that the Seven Governors had been moved to act at his own instigation, and they tried to belittle the entire movement as a "frame up," in the common phrase of the day. No doubt, he was consulted in the general direction of the campaign; no doubt, being a very alert student of political effects, he suggested many things; but the rush of enthusiasts to him was genuine and spontaneous.

I happened to spend the evening of February 25, 1912, with him at the house of Judge Robert Grant in Boston. Judge Grant and I were not politicians, and I, at least, had never voted for a Republican Presidential candidate. But both of us were very old personal friends of the Colonel, and for five hours we three talked with the utmost frankness. He knew that he could trust us, and, I think, he planned to get the views of non-partisan friends before announcing his final decision. Three days earlier, at Columbus, Ohio, he gave a great speech, in which he proclaimed a new charter for Democracy and vigorously advocated the Initiative, Referendum, and Recall. We discussed these from every side; he got the *Outlook,* in which his speech was printed, and read to us passages which he thought corrected popular misunderstanding of it. When I objected to the platform in general, because it would tend to destroy representative government and substitute therefor the whims of the populace at the moment, he replied that we had no representative government. "I can name

forty-six Senators," he said, "who secured their seats, and hold them by the favor of a Wall Street magnate and his associates, in all parts of the country. Do you call that popular, representative government?" he asked.

The evening wore on, and in similar fashion he parried all our criticism. We urged him not to be a candidate, because, we said, we thought that the public ought to be reined in and disciplined, instead of being encouraged to be more lawless and self-willed. I defended our Judiciary system and said that the American people needed most of all to be taught respect for the Courts. He explained that his Recall of Judicial Decisions did not mean, as the Opposition alleged, the Recall of Judges. Then we urged him, for the sake of his own future, not to engage in a factional strife which might end his usefulness to the country, but he brushed aside every argument based on his selfish advantage. "I wish," he said to me, "to draw into one dominant stream all the intelligent and patriotic elements, in order to prepare against the social upheaval which will otherwise overwhelm us." "A great Central Party, such as Cavour founded for the liberation of Italy?" said I. "Exactly," said he.

The thing which mainly struck me at the time, and which I still vividly remember, was the Colonel's composure throughout all this debate. Vehement he was—because he could not describe even a butterfly without vividness which easily passed into vehemence—but he was in no sense mentally overwrought; nor did he continually return to one subject like a man with an obsession. His humor flashed out, even at his own expense, but he had throughout the underlying gravity of one who knows that he is about to make a very important decision. I mention these facts because at the time, and afterward, Roosevelt's enemies circulated the assertion that his mind was unbalanced, and that this fact accounted for his break with the regular Republicans. I have in my hand a printed circular, issued by a Chicago lawyer, offering five thousand dollars apiece to each of several hospitals and other charitable institutions, if Roosevelt would allow himself to be examined by competent alienists and they did not pronounce him to be a "madman"! No! he was not mad, but he had the fervor, the courage, the impatience of a Crusader about to undergo the test of ordeal by battle.

From notes of the conversation Judge Grant made at the time I quote the following. Judge Grant asked: "Will any of the party leaders support you?"

"No," he said, "none of them; not even Lodge, I think. I don't see how he can. My support will come from the people officered by a few lieutenants—young men principally, like Governor Bass of New Hampshire." He said that he realized that the probabilities were all against his nomination; that a President in office had all the machinery on his side; but that of course it wouldn't do to admit outside that he expected to lose; that if he could reach the popular vote through direct primaries, he could hope to win. Manifestly he believed it indispensable for the future good of the Republican party that he should make the breach. When he said as much, I asked, "But the situation is complex, I suppose? You would like to be President?" "You are right," he replied, "it is complex. I like power; but I care nothing to be President as President. I am interested in these ideas of mine and I want to carry them through, and feel that I am the one to carry them through." He said that he believed the most important questions today were the humanitarian and economic problems, and intimated that the will of the people had been thwarted in these ways, especially by the courts on constitutional grounds, and that reforms were urgent.

As I went out into the midnight, I felt sad, as one might after bidding farewell to a friend who has volunteered to lead a forlorn hope. I did not realize then the moral depth from which Roosevelt's resolve came, or that he would rather die for that cause than be victorious in any other.

The next day, Monday, February 26th, he announced to the country that he was a candidate for the Republican nomination.

(*To be continued*)

THE RUSSIAN PROBLEM AND BOLSHEVISM

BY BARON ROSEN
Former Russian Ambassador to the United States

WHEN Dr. E. J. Dillon, in his remarkable book, *The Eclipse of Russia,* describes the history of the Russian Revolution as "the tale of a fatal psychological error and its sequel," he is unquestionably right. He is no less right when on page 17 of his book, he says that "the blast that destroyed the monarchy and shattered the nation came directly from the Duma leaders" in whose supposedly competent judgment the representatives of the Entente, who, as Dr. Dillon says, "aided and abetted them," must have placed greater confidence than it deserved. But then theirs was merely "the blast," catastrophically fatal indeed in its consequences, but prompted by motives the direct opposite of those which swayed the mutinous soldiers and sailors and Revolutionary workmen who actually achieved the overthrow of the Government and who wanted, above all, peace.

Besides its true underlying meaning as a revolt of the people against the war, the Russian Revolution carried, however, a still wider meaning, going far beyond the confines of Russia, to which I cannot help referring here again, quoting from an open letter I addressed in July, 1917, to an American friend in Petrograd:

"It—the Russian Revolution—meant the beginning of the awakening of the toiling masses who constitute the overwhelming majority of the people of every country, to a realization of the fact that this War—as indeed might be said of most wars since history began—had been forced on them by their rulers as an outcome of policies which to the ruling classes represent the tempting phantoms of glory, of hegemony, of prestige, of revenge, but which

to the masses present themselves merely as shibboleths, devoid of meaning in terms of the life of plain men and women, for the pursuit of which they have, however, to pay with the lives of millions of their sons and brothers, with millions of ruined homes and with all the untold misery and suffering that could never be compensated for even by the most crushing victory. It further meant that when the day of their final awakening shall have dawned upon the masses, they will make it a day of reckoning with their rulers, and that this fratricidal war between the nations may resolve itself into a fratricidal and suicidal war between the 'masses' and the 'classes' within the nations."

The part of wisdom, it would seem, would have been to have heeded the warning before it was too late.

It was the failure to have done so that has delivered Russia into the hands of "Bolshevism," with its sequel of anarchy, civil war and utter ruin and destruction of the social and political fabric of the state, because it enabled the Bolshevist leaders to secure the unflinching support of the army and navy by promising them immediate peace.

Germany, it would seem, has been overtaken by a similar fate, hastened by the insane policy of her past rulers in regard to Bolshevist Russia.

The phenomenal ease and rapidity with which soldiers' and workmen's "soviets" on the Russian model, succeeded in usurping power almost everywhere in Germany, cannot be said to bode any good to anybody for the future.

These events demonstrate the exceedingly dangerous character of the fascination which the successful establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat in Russia seems to exercise everywhere over the popular mind, ignorant of the unspeakably wretched condition to which the triumph of Bolshevism has reduced a once great and prosperous nation.

The problem of the immediate future of Russia is one of unexampled difficulty. Its sinister import should never be lost sight of, and its solution is urgently required in the common interest of civilized mankind, since, if Bolshevism be not now extirpated root and branch and if it be suffered to spread any farther, it might ultimately come to mean the doom of our race and civilization.

The task of seeking such a solution, should, however, be approached in a spirit entirely free from partisanship

and from the passions of international hatred bred by the World War. Nothing could be more fatal in the present crisis of the country's history, when the very existence of the nation hangs in the balance, than the failure to recognize that it is the paramount, the sacred duty of every Russian patriot to be neither pro-Entente nor pro-German, but above all and exclusively, pro-Russian.

A case in point is presented by the cruel fate that has overtaken the Ukraina, the most fertile, the richest in natural resources of every kind, the most prosperous part of European Russia, which had escaped the infliction of Bolshevism owing to the timely assistance of German troops, whose aid had been invoked by the Ukrainian Nationalist Rada. This help was, of course, rendered from purely selfish motives, in the hope—never, however, fully realized—of a temporary exploitation of the agricultural resources of the Ukraina for feeding the German people, but it unquestionably saved the country from Bolshevism.

It was this assistance also which enabled General Skoropadsky, a most loyal patriot, gifted with a statesman's insight and undaunted courage, to seize the reins of power at a most critical moment, to revive the ancient historic institute of the hetmanate, to organize a government on liberal lines, guaranteeing law and order, safety of life and property and all the conditions of civilized existence, to the shelter of which flocked hundreds of thousands of unhappy fugitives from Bolshevist Russia; in a word to save for civilization this large part of European Russia, about a quarter of its surface with some twenty to thirty million inhabitants, as a nucleus, upon the substantial foundation of which, with the shattered parts of what was once the Empire of Russia, the re-united country might some day be reconstituted as a political entity.

It would seem that a man who had achieved so much in so short a period of time and under such exceptional difficulties, might have counted on the unflinching support of all true patriots. Such support, however, he not only did not find where he had every right to expect it, but he was being run down and antagonized by the very people who had found shelter under his government; he was proclaimed a "pro-German"; his visit to the German Emperor was incriminating to him as an act of treason in regard to the Entente Powers, although it was perfectly

plain that it was merely an expression of the gratitude due for a most valuable assistance, which the Entente Powers, even if they had wished to, could not possibly have extended to the Ukraina, and which alone had enabled him to achieve what he had accomplished in organizing the country as a civilized state. Pressure had been put on him in order to cause him to reverse his wise and cautious policy in regard to the Ukrainian Nationalist Party and their dream of a Ukraina as an entirely self-contained state, absolutely independent and separate from Russia, and to prematurely and openly break with that party, thereby placing a most powerful weapon in the hands of the Socialist demagogue, Petlura, who was aiming at the overthrow of the hetman's government for the very purpose of bringing about the total separation of the Ukraina from Russia and its organization as an independent state. And all this was manifestly done in the hope of thereby earning the favor and securing the support of the Entente Powers.

This hoped for active support, however, not only never came, but with the withdrawal of the insignificant number of troops of the Entente that occupied Odessa and the southern part of the Province of Kherson and of the Crimea, the whole of the Ukraina, that is to say, the only part of what was once the Empire of Russia so far left standing erect as a civilized community, was abandoned to the tender mercies of the Bolsheviks.

There is no need to insist on what this meant for the unfortunate populations of the sacrificed territory. The considerations which led to the adoption of such a policy seem the more incomprehensible as many hundreds of millions of French and Belgian and English capital were invested in the Ukraina in the coal-mining and metallurgical industries and were safe under the hetman's government, although the government had of necessity to rely, temporarily, on the support afforded by the presence in the country of German troops.

Ever since the revolution Russia and the Russian people have been treated, by friend and foe alike, as an object, a kind of a corpus vile, to be experimented with for the promotion of their own selfish interests—by the Allies in trying to force a continuation of the war upon an unwilling people who had just revolted against it, and by the enemies in their attempts at breaking up the country with the aid of the

Bolsheviks. And now in Paris a kind of post mortem inquest has been and is still being held on the dead body of Russia—the chief victim of the World War—evidence being furnished chiefly by foreign diplomats and occasionally, when reluctantly called upon, by representatives partly of the old regime whose policy helped to bring on the World War, partly by the various political parties whom all Russians who have still kept the faculty of logical thinking know to have been and whom the plain people instinctively feel to have been the grave diggers of their country. As an illustration of the treatment which Russia and the Russian people—after all still a nation of some 120 million souls or so—experienced at the hands of the Peace Conference, I would quote an article which recently appeared in the Century Magazine, wherein its author, Mr. Herbert Adams Gibbons, among other things, says: "When a group of representative Russians met in Paris to protest against the recognition by the conference of a new status for the Baltic Provinces and an eastern frontier for Poland until the Russian situation was clear, their action was regarded as an impertinence."

It stands to reason, therefore, that what is primarily needed is the total elimination from the consideration of the Russian problem of the fatally perturbing element of the relationship between Russia and the Entente Powers on one side, and between Russia and the Central Powers on the other—as between her and her allies, and her enemies in the World War.

It stands to reason, as well, that this can only be brought about by the final conclusion, if not of a general peace, at least of peace between the Powers of the Entente and the Central Powers.

No general peace could evidently be concluded without the participation of Russia, nor could any League of Nations be complete without including Russia and the Russian nation. But, then, Russia as a political entity has temporarily ceased to exist, and there is at present no political party, nor body of men which could be held to be entitled to enter into international engagements in the name of Russia and the Russian nation, least of all that small group of fanatic visionaries, with their following of murderous bandits, who have usurped power by violence, who maintain their tyrannical power by a regime of ter-

rorism such as the world has never yet seen, who have completely destroyed the social fabric of the state, and who have turned the greatest part of what was once the Russian Empire into a wilderness of primitive barbarism, a prison, a lunatic asylum and a slaughter house.

No one can tell as yet when and how the time will come when the world will again behold Russia constituted as a political entity and able to resume the place that is hers by birthright in the family of nations, and her status as one of the great Powers. For the present all our hopes seem to lie in the evolution out of the prevailing chaos of a military dictatorship, such as has always and everywhere been the outcome of a prolonged state of anarchy, if the teachings of history are to be believed.

Furthermore, and in the closest connection with the Russian problem, is the formidable problem of Bolshevism, which cannot be got out of the way by simply declaring Bolshevism to be a disease of defeated nations from which victor nations are immune.

To begin with, it is not the fact that defeat caused this disease. On the contrary, one might say that it was the introduction into, and the spread among the armed forces of the deadly poison of Bolshevism, which brought on the defeat of Russia. The germs of this deadly disease, although lying dormant, are present everywhere, bred by and nurtured in the atmosphere of social unrest, the inevitable accompaniment of the wonderful achievements of modern civilization, which are doing so much to emphasize and render more glaring the contrast between the luxury and the ease of the few and the want and the limitations of the many, condemned to a life of incessant toil, joyless monotony and anxious insecurity.

The lying dormant of these disease germs at present does not preclude the possibility of their bearing fruit some day. That fruit will be Bolshevism, possibly not in such a savage form as in Russia, but nevertheless ominously threatening to modern civilization.

Then, even the most purblind believers in the virtue to be displayed and the glory to be won in international strife, will come to see in its true light the folly which led the ruling classes of the leading nations of the world to waste untold billions of their peoples' wealth in gigantic armaments and a fratricidal war of mutual extermina-

tion, instead of devoting, be it even but a small part of the colossal treasure thus wasted, to the bettering of the lot and to the lightening of the burden of the toiling masses—the only possible way of preventing the rise and growth of revolutionary socialism and its off-spring, Bolshevism and anarchy.

It is too late in the day now to waste time in deploring the folly that favored the rise and growth of Bolshevism. The problem of how to deal with it stares us in the face now. Not Russia alone, nor Germany, but the whole civilized world.

One thing is certain, and it is this: The problem of Bolshevism can only be solved by all civilized mankind —I mean all mankind, and therefore not excluding Germany—acting in concert to put it down with the strong arm.

It was the suicidal feud of the ruling classes of the leading nations that created the opportunity for Bolshevism to raise its head. The continuance of that feud, whether in the shape of active military operations or of diplomatic or economic warfare, is sure to favor its growth. Therefore, the earliest possible conclusion of a general peace and, for the matter of that, a peace of reconciliation, is a pre-requisite to a successful suppression of Bolshevism.

The ruling Powers of all nations are a minority, but they have a sacred duty to perform, not towards themselves—which would be merely acting in self-defense —but towards their peoples, because the triumph of Bolshevism would mean the utter ruin, not only of the "classes," but of the "masses," as well.

That is the lesson which the establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat in Russia is teaching the world.

Taken all in all the prospect for the future does not seem to be a cheerful one, and the era of peace and good will among mankind appears to be as remote as ever.

President Wilson, in his great speech in Rome, is reported to have called attention to what is the really crucial point—the need of a new international psychology. But the World War, just as it has been an outcome of, so also has it intensified, the old traditional international psychology of distrust, and of hatred and of revenge.

One would indeed be embarrassed to discover at present any indication of an abatement of its influence.

Much, however, would be gained if, after the terrible experience through which the world has been passing, mankind would come to comprehend at last the sinister and fatal fallacy of that famous dictum, "If you wish for peace, prepare for war."

We have seen to what has led the endeavor to secure peace by preparing for war by means of powerful alliances and formidable, ever-growing armaments.

On the other hand, the two great nations to whom of right should belong the leadership of mankind, have shown the world how, not only war, but any danger of war, may be successfully avoided by preparing, not for war, but for peace. Ever since the conclusion between them of the Convention of 1817, the boundary line of some three thousand miles dividing their territories on the Continent of North America has remained absolutely defenseless on either side, and the two nations have enjoyed the blessings of a century of uninterrupted peace, although on at least two occasions friction has arisen between them such as would have led most probably to an armed conflict between them if they had been prepared for war, and if they had had in their respective capitals such institutions as "Grand General Staffs" on the European model, with their pigeon-holes full of elaborate plans for the invasion of their neighbor's dominions.

To anyone who doubts the possibility of such permanent peace, as human nature ever will allow of, being secured by the abolition of universal compulsory military service and the reduction of the size of permanent armies to such dimensions as would be required for maintaining order in the interior—to anyone who entertains such doubts, it would be sufficient to point to the shining example set to the world by Great Britain and the United States of America.

That is where would lie the only hope for the future of mankind if the League of Nations should fail to be realized.

But at present the question seems to be whether the outcome of the World War as it presents itself so far: The rise and growth of Bolshevism, with the consequent extinction of Russia as a political entity, the destruction

of three great historic empires, with a population of between two and three hundred millions, their utter abasement, their threatened beggaring and economic enslavement, and, last but not least, what might be called the "Balkanization" of Eastern Europe—whether all this will be conducive to bringing about the elimination of war as an only means of settling differences of real moment between nations, or whether it will merely prepare the ground for a series of new and perhaps still more terrible wars in the future.

ROMAN ROSEN.

THE STRATEGY ON THE WESTERN FRONT—VII

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL H. H. SARGENT, U. S. ARMY

The victories discussed in the preceding article cannot be explained solely on the ground of the vulnerability of the salients. There were other causes, the most important of which were: The change in the *morale* of the opposing armies; the surprise with which Foch carried out his attacks; and the use of small tanks by the Allies in their offensives.

Writing to his brother Joseph in 1808, Napoleon said: "In war three-fourths are of things moral; the balance of the real forces is but another fourth." (*"A la guerre les trois quarts sont des affaires morales; la balance des forces réelles n'est que pour un autre quart."*)[1]

The uninterrupted successes of the Prussian army on the battlefields of Europe during the war with Denmark in 1864, with Austria in 1866, and with France in 1870-71, had given it a moral influence greatly exceeding its actual size. And, in this great war, the Germans had been everywhere victorious, except on the Western front; and even here had met with much success and a number of times been close to final victory. For more than fifty years they had never met with a defeat, nor ever experienced on any battlefield more than a temporary setback. There is nothing that encourages the *morale* of an army like victory. With this record of victories inscribed on its banners, the German army had come to feel that it could not be beaten. It had, it is true, been checked at the Marne, at Verdun, and at the Somme; but it regarded these as no more than temporary setbacks; and now in July, 1918, after four years of persistent fight-

[1] Napier, *Peninsula War*, Vol. 1, p. 452.

ing, with spirits still high and flushed with the success of its four great thrusts, it was making a supreme effort for final victory on the Western front.

On the other hand, the French and British had no victories to encourage them. For four years they had fought bravely, brilliantly, determinedly on the defensive; and although they had succeeded a few times in taking the offensive for brief periods, their whole campaign was one of defense, in which the French and British armies had made, and were still making, every effort in their power to stay the progress of the Germans. During all this time they never lost their grip, never became completely discouraged. Their fighting spirit—their *morale*—was always good. But it was not the *morale* of victorious armies pressing on from one success to another; it was the *morale* of armies driven to bay, fighting for their lives; the *morale* of the defensive; the *morale* that persisted in the face of discouragement, that welled up from the hearts of desperate and determined men, inspired by love of country and the righteousness of their cause.

Such was the situation when the Americans came actively into the fighting. For more than a year they had been getting ready to help. It was a slow process; because, at the outbreak of the war with Germany, the United States, so far as her land forces were concerned, was totally unprepared. Laws had to be passed; civilians had to be made into soldiers; companies, regiments, brigades, and divisions had to be organized, mobilized, and trained, and then sent three thousand miles by water to the theatre of war. But soon troops began to arrive in France; and as fast as they came they were given thorough training, especial attention being given to target practice and the tactics of open warfare, in addition to careful instruction in trench fighting. But their arrival was necessarily slow at first and their training took much time; so that many months elapsed before Generals Foch and Pershing felt that the American divisions were sufficiently well trained and disciplined to take their places side by side with the veteran French and British troops. At the start, the trained divisions were given sectors of the French front to defend in the Lorraine district; later, other divisions, for practically like purposes, and to help stem the tide of any German advance, were placed temporarily under the orders of Brit-

ish and French generals and made a part of their immediate commands.

But the time came when they were to take a still greater and more independent part in assisting to put a stop to the great German thrusts. On May 28, the day following the beginning of the third great German thrust, the First American Division launched an attack against the Germans at Cantigny in Picardy and with splendid dash took the town. It was the first independent, offensive action participated in by the Americans. Strategically it was of little importance, but from a psychological point of view it was of the utmost importance; for it brought great encouragement to the French and British people and their hard-pressed armies. A week later, another and more dramatic event brought still more cheer to the French and British, when the Second and Third American Divisions put a stop to the German advance at Chateau Thierry.[1]

The moral effect of these two actions, coming as they did at this critical period, when the Germans seemed just on the point of breaking through the Allied line, was immense. Its effect on the rank and file of the British armies can hardly be overestimated. The Americans had arrived. They had shown themselves to be heroic fighters. With splendid dash, bravery and persistence they had taken Cantigny and had even met and hurled back at Chateau Thierry the Prussian Guards, the very flower of the German army. They had the push, the punch. They could not be denied. And awaiting their turn were other divisions ready and keen for the conflict; and behind them American soldiers pouring into France at the rate of a quarter million a month.

All this was the greatest encouragement the Allies had received during the war. It was a guarantee to them that the tide of battle would soon turn. It was the herald of victory; and as their spirits rose, their *morale* was enormously increased. But of no less importance to them was the correspondingly depressing effect which all this must have had on the Germans in shattering their hopes and in

[1]There has recently been considerable controversy between officers of the Third American Division and the Marines as to whether the Marines, who were a part of the Second American Division, actually fought at Chateau Thierry. The truth seems to be that the Marines were not actually in the town itself, but fought at Bouresches, in Belleau Wood, and at other places near Chateau Thierry; and that these actions and those fought immediately in and about the town by the Third American Division are generally spoken of and known as the battle of Chateau Thierry. Certain it is that both these American divisions fought in the Chateau Thierry sector to stop the Germans.

weakening their fighting spirit. With rapidly diminishing numbers, they had to look forward to meeting the rapidly increasing numbers of the Allies. In such a situation only the fortune of war or a great military genius could save them.

The real crisis of the war was to come later, on July 18, when Foch began his great offensive; but the beginning of the great change in the *morale* of the opposing armies, the psychological turn in the tide of the war, was on May 28, 1918, at Cantigny, when the First American Division captured that town—a date and a name ever to be memorable in the history of the war.

As the campaign progressed, the *morale* of the Allied armies continued of course to increase with their victories. Much of this increase was brought about by the skill displayed in the arrangement of the different nationalities on the battle line, and much was due to the friendly rivalry between the French, British and American armies, and the several American divisions.

An example or two in illustration will suffice: When General Mangin arranged his battle line for Foch's great counter offensive of July 18, he placed the famous French Moroccan Division between the First and Second American Divisions. Picture to yourself the situation! Here were two American divisions, both of which had already in their very first action won for themselves an imperishable fame, side by side with the illustrious Moroccan Division, which in brilliant action again and again had written its name in blood and gained for itself an immortal renown. What must have been the feelings of both? The French of course felt that under no circumstances would they allow themselves to be surpassed in courage and dash by the Americans; and the Americans felt to a man that they would show this veteran and brave French division that they, too, even though young and new to the game, could fight as valiantly and, if need be, die as bravely as the bravest.

The British, too, after Foch's great successful counter offensive of July 18, could not but feel that they must not be surpassed by the French and Americans; and with renewed courage they again demonstrated what British soldiers could do. And when the Second American Division in Belleau Wood and the Third at Chateau Thierry

covered themselves with glory, the officers and men of every other American division were determined that, if the opportunity came to them, they, too, would prove to the world that they were no less valiant. So the Forty-second tried to equal the Third; and the First tried to equal the Second; and the Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth vied with each other and tried to equal or surpass the First; and so it went through the American Expeditionary Forces, increasing enormously the *esprit de corps* and *morale* of every combat American division.

The surprise attacks planned and carried out by the Commander-in-Chief of the Allies had also much to do with winning the victories. We have seen how he took advantage of the woods of Villers-Cotterets to conceal and concentrate his troops for the counter offensive of July 18, and from this cover suddenly burst upon the Germans in a surprise attack. But it was perhaps not so much the surprise due to the concealment of his forces prior to attack that deserves mention, as it was the surprise caused by the rapidity of the blows which he struck and the unexpected places where they fell.

Hardly had the Germans been driven from the Chateau Thierry salient when Rawlinson attacked from the British front towards Chaulnes, and Debeney from the Montdidier front towards Lassigny and Roye. These attacks were soon followed by Mangin's attack toward Noyon and Byng's towards Bapaume. Then came Horne's great attack from Arras towards Cambrai and Douai, followed shortly afterwards by Pershing's double attack against the St. Mihiel salient.

Thus, so rapid and unexpected were Foch's blows that the Germans knew not which way to turn. They were being hammered all along the line; and if they weakened one portion of their line to strengthen another, the weakened portion might at any moment be attacked in force.

In nearly all the great battles and campaigns of history, surprise has played an important and, often, a determining part. But on the Western front, with the enemy's aeroplanes always hovering over the battle line, it was extremely difficult for either side to make any great concentration of troops at any particular point of the line and surprise the other side; nevertheless, by taking advantage of the lie of the land and its topographical features, and by moving

troops at night and concealing them as much as possible in the daytime, it occasionally happened that each side was enabled to surprise the other. But on both sides there were other surprises, such as the gas attack and tank attack surprises, which had an important bearing on the outcome.

Poisonous gas was first used by the Germans on April 22, 1915, in an attack against the British and French near Ypres. As first used, it was in the form of chlorine clouds driven by the wind across the enemy's trenches. But soon afterwards the Germans began the development and manufacture of gas shells, in which poisonous gases of various kinds were to be used. By this means they purposed to break through the enemy's lines. Heretofore, their plan had been to destroy first, with high explosive shells, the intrenchments and wire entanglements of the enemy, then to press forward and drive back the defenders; but this method having failed, they hoped by the use of poisonous gases to destroy first the defenders, then to advance with their infantry, destroy quickly the enemy's intrenchments and barb-wire entanglements, and push rapidly forward to the open country beyond. With this end in view, they kept on perfecting their gas shells and improving their methods of making gas attacks.

It was with rolling barrage fire, alternating poisonous gas shells at intervals with shrapnel that they launched their great thrusts against the Allies during the spring and summer of 1918. This method of attack was used with great success. The defenders of the advanced positions were in nearly every case practically annihilated. The almost universal success with which the Germans, in their great thrusts, broke through the Allies' intrenched lines, was largely due to these gas attacks. But no sooner was it seen by the Allies that the Germans had begun to develop this method of attack than they, too, as a means of self-protection, turned their attention to the manufacture of poisonous gases, gas shells, and gas masks. As they did not at first have the same facilities for manufacturing them as the Germans, it was a long time before they could meet the Germans on even terms in the use of this frightful method of warfare. However, they finally succeeded; and by July 18, 1918, when Foch began his great counter offensive, they were surprising the Germans with gas attacks about as frequently as the Germans were surprising them; and, later, towards the end

of the fighting on the Western front, they had begun to outdo the Germans in the use of this destructive element.

During the three and a half years prior to the great German thrust of March 21, 1918, the almost invariable practice of either combatant, in making an attack against the other, was to precede it by a great artillery bombardment of high explosive shells, in order to destroy the intrenchments and barb-wire entanglements, preparatory to the advance of the infantry. But in such an attack there was little opportunity for surprise; because the defenders, always forewarned by the artillery bombardment, knew that the main attack would follow, and were able to concentrate a sufficient force to meet it. In the tank, the Allies found a partial solution of the problem.

General Byng of the British army had conceived the idea of omitting altogether the usual artillery bombardment which heretofore had invariably preceded the attack and of substituting in its place a great number of tanks, which, having been assembled secretly behind the line, were to be launched upon the enemy and open a way through the barb-wire entanglements and intrenchments, and drive out the machine gun nests. By this plan he hoped to surprise the Germans, since there would be nothing to indicate to them that an attack was about to be made.

At Cambrai in November, 1917, General Byng carried out this method of attack with complete success. He broke through the Hindenburg Line on a front of some ten or twelve miles; and although shortly afterwards the Germans counter attacked and recovered their lines, the lesson was not lost on the Allies. They saw at once that here was a powerful weapon of offense that could be used in surprise attacks to smash through the enemy's line and destroy his machine gun fire.

Accordingly, the Allies at once began secretly the construction of a large number of tanks of both large and small size. This took time; and although a good many had been constructed, and might have been used to assist in stopping the great German thrusts, General Foch preferred to wait until more were constructed before launching them against the German lines. He desired to keep the matter of their construction secret until a sufficient number could be used effectively in his own offensives. In this way he hoped to surprise the Germans, who had constructed only a few

tanks, which were known to be very unwieldy and greatly inferior to those of the Allies. This plan was carried out. The tanks were used by General Mangin in the great offensive of July 18, and subsequently, by the other Allied army commanders in their offensives. They were a great surprise to the Germans; and, from the start, were remarkably successful; especially the smaller ones, which, being impervious to machine gun fire and having a speed of twelve miles an hour, were able, after crossing the line of the enemy's intrenchments, and destroying his machine gun nests, to drive ahead of the infantry along with the cavalry and do most effective work in capturing field guns and in rounding up the retreating and disorganized enemy.

(*To be continued*)

TWO CANDLES

BY JEANNETTE MARKS

Two candles place I at her feet,
    Two candles at her head;
These are the gifts that I would bring
    To my Beloved Dead.

I sought the violet of her eyes,
    Her eyes were closed in sleep;
My love was trembling like a child
    And could not even weep.

I clad her in a purple shroud,
    Some said it should be white;
I said, "The passion of her eyes
    Found peace in candlelight!"

Sometimes I see her ash-gold hair
    Shimmer within the night;
Sometimes I feel her violet eyes
    Searching for candlelight.

Sometimes I hear her drifting feet
    That seek from door to door,
Guided by star and blowing wind
    Dream-shod for evermore.

When will she come again to me,
    Led by the wind and star?
She need not even call my name,
    I could not wander far.

Two candles place I at her feet,
    Two candles at her head:
Remembrance and Oblivion
    Enfold my lonely dead.

JEANNETTE MARKS.

THE HAND-PICKED JOB

AN INCIDENT IN THE WORK OF THE STATE POLICE

By KATHERINE MAYO

NOBODY ever dies in Freeland, so they say. The hills are too high, the air too good, the sky too broad, the spring water too lively. So, if you go there ever so long from now you still should find Frank Malloy and Squire Malloy—no kin to each other, those two, though their fathers did come from the same glen in Donegal—and Mr. McGee and Mike Lupotka and Daniel Breslin and the rest. And they will all tell you the very same tale, if you ask them.

But Daniel Breslin's brother-in-law might not be there—who knows?—for he has gone away to France with a rifle on his shoulder. And as for little Annie Voichek, her sweet face is no more for the gaze of men, any where.

Freeland perches above the rhododendron thickets and the trout-stream woods, some seventeen miles south of Wilkes-Barre. It is the highest inhabited spot in Pennsylvania, they like to tell you. But however that may be, it is certainly high of spirit. The landlady of the Central Hotel leads you into her parlor with the air of making you welcome to a Christmas surprise. The red-cheeked girl in the dining room as smilingly as truthfully assures you "It's *all* good!" when you hesitate over the bill of fare. And the town council reposing on the middle of its spine in the front windows of the lobby, looks too gaily content ever to move.

Frank Malloy's tailor shop flourishes in the hotel basement. Daniel Breslin's undertaking establishment (how in the world does this man live!) dominates the lower street, and all the remaining conveniences desired by a comfortable population of six thousand men and women, alive or dead, string cheerfully along between.

Then, on the outskirts, come a few factories and machine shops. And beyond, and all around, mines, mines, mines,

with still more mines, or "mine patches." And of course, where those things are, things do happen occasionally.

When Captain Pitcher, commanding "B" Troop of the Pennsylvania State Police, sent Corporal Freeman and two privates of the Force over to mother the place, nothing in particular was going on, however, beyond the usual little trickle of human incident.

Nevertheless, "Was I glad to see 'em?" Mike Lupotka exclaimed. "Why, Lord love you, I *got* to see 'em! I'm Constable, ain't I? And charged to keep the peace? Well, what if I *am* as big as a house, and afraid of nobody, ain't I an elective officer? These Freeland people are my friends and kin. Always was and will be. But the Troopers ain't nobody's friends—nor enemies neither, for the matter o' that—only accordin' to how folks behave.

"Now, if *I* did what *they* do, I'd never get re-elected. But if they didn't do what they *do* do, I wouldn't get re-elected neither, see? Sure.

"Look here once: I'm Constable, and supposed to keep the peace. Well: And our people want peace, right enough and are goin' to get it. *But do you think they'd stand for one o' their own folks, like me, really botherin' in too much when some o' themselves gets lively?* Not on your life! 'Tain't in reason. I'd lose my job. So, State Police? Why, we *got* to have em! Gosh!"

Meantime, Corporal Freeman, his two men, and their three horses, settling into Freeland, began to take stock of the territory for thirty miles around.

Physically, it is a beautiful territory, though cruelly gashed and scarred by the hand of man tearing at the riches beneath the soil. Humanly, it is a human territory, full of people doing what people have always done when not much hampered by antecedents or by conventions.

Corporal Freeman and his men took stock of the region both as to geography and as to personnel. And now and again when something uncomfortable seemed likely to happen, Corporal Freeman and his men stretched out a calm, sure hand and broke that bud short off.

So came one fine Sunday, the 31st of September, 1917. All Freeland had been to church, or had played ball or pool or pinochle, or had sat on its front steps with the children and the dogs, the bright morning long. Now it had

just finished its dinner, pushed back its chair and begun to feel dull.

For example: Daniel Breslin, his wife and his wife's brother, still lingering at their table, desultorily cracking nuts—comfortable, satiated, and about talked out. Yet a few moments and one of them would surely get up with a yawn and, "Well, folks, guess I'll take a little nap."

Suddenly, like a stab in the back, a terrible scream split the sleepy air—from close by—from just across the street—the voice of a woman in desperate fear and pain.

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Breslin, "It's that poor creature again!"

"Again? Where? What do you mean?" Her brother was already up.

"Why, it's over in that little yellow house, in the alley across the way. Oh, poor thing, poor thing! Last night we heard just the same, and Dan telephoned Constable. Constable came and found an Italian beating his wife. He arrested the man. Locked him up. And this morning the woman ran over and told me she had no money, nor anything at all in the house for herself and her children to eat. So I gave her some food and she took it home. Oh, Lord have mercy on us! Ah-h!"

Another blood-curdling shriek. Mrs. Breslin crouched in her chair, covering her ears.

"I'm going across!" cried her brother.

"Don't, don't!" she implored. "You'll only get into some horrible mess and do no good at all."

But the front door slammed.

Five minutes later Shovlin stood again in the threshold, pushing before him a piteous thing.

"Here!"—he spoke through tightened lips. "Do what you can for her, sis, I couldn't leave her there!"

As Mrs. Breslin worked, stanching blood, the woman talked. "I want to tell every thing," she began.

Daniel Breslin listened awhile. Then he started for the street. "You stay here with them, Shovlin," he tossed back. "I'm going to put this up to the State Police themselves. It's full time it quit."

But Corporal Freeman, in the sub-station quarters, shook his head.

"If she wants her husband arrested, let her swear out

a warrant before a Justice of the Peace. Otherwise these are fool's errands," said he.

"Just wait, though, till I tell you: This is more than the common family row," Breslin went on. "When Constable arrested this fellow last night he locked him up. Today Squire Malloy fines him $10, warns him and turns him loose. So tonight, of course, he simply hammers the woman again. And so far it's only the same old hopeless story. But there's more beyond: *The woman says he's a robber.*"

"That," said the Corporal, reaching for his helmet, "is a horse of another breed."

On the way down the street, stopping at the Central Hotel, he ran into the lobby and pulled forth Frank Malloy. For Frank Malloy is not tailor alone, you see, but County Detective as well, with a duty to handle this kind of thing, and to serve thereto as witness. Together the three entered Breslin's door.

But the woman was gone.

"She wouldn't wait," explained Mrs. Breslin. "She was too afraid of what might come to the children. So after you left, Dan, weak as she was, she ran back home to them. And now Brother's hanging around outside lest he kills her entirely before the Trooper arrives. Oh, make haste! For the love of God, make haste, do!"

Another moment, and the Corporal, followed by Frank Malloy, entered the little shack in the alley across the way.

The room itself told at a glance its tale of utter shiftlessness and want. A stove, a bench, a chair or two, a dirty lamp, a pan or so, no more. And on the bench, the woman, cowering, her eyes on the door to the room beyond.

Her thick, black hair, lank with blood and water, hung heavy on her neck. Her white bodice, split and tattered, showed great splashes of fresh red. Her two hands, clamps of nervous terror, clutched her skirts on either side. Her face, ghastly in its lean and livid fever, never turned from that inner door.

"Good evening," said the Corporal.

No sign.

"She's deaf, may be," Malloy suggested.

The Corporal walked over and laid a hand on her arm. With a gasp she sprang up, shrinking back. As she moved

they saw the thing that her widespread skirt had sheltered —three little children, huddled on the floor.

"It's all right," said Freeman.

Then, recognizing the uniform, she fell to kissing his hand.

"He's in there!" she cried, tumultuously, indicating the door. "And I can't stand any more—not *any* more. I want to tell all about him this very night, even if he kills me. Killing is better than this. I'm deaf. See? Well, he kicked me deaf. We are starving—the children and me. He drinks half the time and we get no food. Only this. Look here!"

She pulled aside her blouse to show a hideous raw mark across her breast.

"He gave me that last night. Tonight it was this," and she pushed apart the masses of her hair revealing a long fresh cut laying open the scalp.

"Now, he'll do these things to me, I guess, as long as I live. Yes. Because I belong to him. I'm his wife. But must he kill the children, too? The little, little children that do no hurt at all? Then listen: I *will* tell. He's done more. He's a robber. *A robber,* I tell you! Sure you can get him for that?"

The appeal in her face was terrible to see.

"It was just after we were married. He came home one night and he showed me—"

But the Trooper stopped her short. "You can tell us anything you like," he quietly assured her, "but I'll bring your husband in here first to hear what you have to say."

A moment later the Corporal emerged from the inner room, shoving before him a man—a man of medium height, slight, with a mop of curly black hair, a long, flowing black moustache and a chin blue and rough with stubble beard. His glittering eyes travelled sidewise, from the woman to his captor, then back, and back again, and his fingers opened and clenched.

"Is this your husband?" asked the Corporal.

"Yes."

"What is your name?" The grip on the man's shoulder took a visible touch of emphasis.

"Alfonso Passo."

"Yes. And I am Jennie Passo, his wife. And tonight *I* speak."

The children had stolen forward to her knees. Their big black eyes stared out of colorless, skeleton faces. The eldest, a girl perhaps five years old, showed utter terror in every line. The second was just too little to understand.

Now the mother spread her arms before them, pressing them back against her own poor body, as she launched into speech. It was like some small, weak, terrified, outraged animal—like a beaten, bleeding starveling bitch, briefly exalted into valor by pain and fear.

So, in a high-pitched monotone, she poured out her tale —fast, faster, as if she feared lest her courage wane or means be found to stop her breath before the last word was done.

When she married this man,—and that was October 21st, eight years ago, perish the day,—he had scarcely a penny to his name, she affirmed. He worked a little, about the mines, but only a little. They lived on credit and at once were worse than poor. Then came a night five weeks, may be from the wedding, when Passo, who had left her that morning with a curse to fill the empty cupboard, returned in haste.

"Clean up to leave right away. We've got to get out of here," he urged. And he showed her a fat purse.

"Where did you get it?" she asked.

"Took it off a girl," he leered, "a very nice little girl."

Even as she tied the knot of their bundle, he flung her out of the house. By the shortest cut he made for the outskirts of the village; thence, avoiding both highways and byways, across country and away. Until three o'clock in the morning they tramped through the brush, she spent with fatigue, he pushing and pulling her with blows and oaths, till they reached the town of Hazleton, and an obscure Italian inn.

There they spent the remnant of the night.

But before they slept he rewarded her with a glimpse of the contents of the purse. One hundred and fifty-nine dollars, it contained,—a fortune.

"Where did you get it?" again she asked.

"Off a girl—a very nice little girl," once more he replied—"and I bet she'll suffer for it, too.'"

"And that morning we took a train to New York, and we staid in New York a week," the woman gasped on, "then we came back here to Freeland and staid just one

single day. That very night we crept out like before, and back to New York again. For he—— " she half rose from her seat in her desperate eagerness, pointing with outstretched arm at the man before her—" *he* said the police were hunting him *because he had robbed the girl!* Yes, you did, you did, no matter if you kill me for it! Can you deny it? Will you deny it? What? "

Slowly the man's eyes fell before her frenzied challenge.

" Mr. Passo "—now it was the officer of State Police who spoke—" Mr. Passo, you have listened to what your wife has been telling me. What have you to say? Is it the truth? "

Silent, the Italian bowed his head.

So Corporal Freeman and Frank Malloy, one on either side, led him away to the familiar jail, and, on charge of assault and battery, locked him up to await the morrow's hearing by the Justice of the Peace.

Then the Corporal struck into his job.

Eight years ago, if the story was true, a girl, age, name and character unknown, had been robbed of a sum not smaller than one hundred and fifty-nine dollars, at an unknown place within such distance of Freeland as a man by any means might reach and return from in a day's time. Who was the girl, what the place?

In its actual setting, among surroundings so heterogeneous, the question was vague. Eight years ago anything might have happened here,—and, happening, might have been deeply overlaid with the dust of later events. Besides, since no arrest had been made, who would remember so little a thing—who but the criminal and the victim of his crime?

" No, *I* never heard tell of it." " No, *I* don't reck'lect," answered one after another of the neighbors round about.

" Just think again," the Corporal urged, where the will seemed good. " Think way back."

But nobody knew.

Corporal Freeman, late 12th United States Infantry, with a fine Philippine record, now of the Pennsylvania State Police—this Corporal Freeman took a fresh grip. " If Passo is a robber," he said to himself, " I can't let him loose on the community without a better fight than this."

For, as in a vision, he saw a second release of the wife

beater, whose next move, in view of his wife's rebellion, would logically be to kill her first and then to disappear for good.

"If he's a robber," thought Freeman, "I must be able to prefer the charge immediately after the Justice's hearing tomorrow night."

So he struck out on a broader line.

But nobody seemed to know.

And then it was that a minor inspiration skipped into the Corporal's head.

"McGee," buzzed that little, thin voice, "McGee would remember if any one does—McGee."

Now Mr. McGee, since many years, had been field reporter for the papers of Hazleton, the biggest neighboring town. It was his business to know everything, and his gift to forget nothing entirely that once had lodged in his mind.

"Let me see," pondered Mr. McGee, white-haired and ruddy-faced, looking up from his copy and tilting back his chair—"Does that bring anything back? Eight years ago —1909.—That was the year that 'C' Troop moved up from Reading, and all Berks County put up such a howl about letting it go—the year Sergeant Beck cleaned out the Black Hand at Hazleton, and Oftedahl, of yours, saved half a township from burning off the map.—Yes—I know. —Little girl robbed? Let's see: Why, sure!

"There was a Polish family, living over Highlands way. I don't recall their name just now. But they sent this girl over to the office of the mine where the man worked, one pay-day, with a handful of checks to cash. Later they said that on her way home the girl was robbed. No arrest was made, and considerable doubt was felt whether any such robbery had really taken place. There wasn't any sequel. It just died out. Here, I've got the name for you now. It's Voichek. Over in Highlands they lived."

So, by short cuts and corner clippings, in the least time possible, Corporal Freeman reached Highlands and its main street.

As a matter of fact, though, Highlands has but one street, and only a score, more or less, of dwellings. Highlands is just a "mining patch." All its houses are exactly alike and all painted red. Each has before it a sizable

yard, of exactly the same dimensions as its neighbors, fenced with miscellaneous collections of rough slabs, derelict laths and slats, and such other longish wooden things as come handy. Each toes the common line, to an inch, and all together wear, somehow, the air of a comfortable, if very informal front-row orchestra audience at a Saturday night mill town movie.

It is their strict alignment, their many windows, and above all, the scene before them, that impart that auditory air. When you look for the first time beyond the muddy road skirting their gates, with its amiable population of puppies, hens and ducks, and over the spine of the long, grey culm-bank couched on its farther side like a flot-sammed whale on a beach, you fairly catch your breath.

For beyond that culm-bank the ground drops away with a sudden plunge—disappears—gives place to spacious void. And where you see solid earth again, it is far away, distance-hazed, of strange and grandiose outline.

There, on the high skyline, above the mountains' flowing shoulders, for mile on mile, the bold silhouettes of the breakers cut the sky. Peaks of coal-refuse, absolutely conical, black as night, enormous—like unspent volcanoes of a wizard's dream—rise, preposterous, against the clouds. "Strippings," sharp and raw as Culebra Cut, slash big scars of yellow across the plane. And everywhere between, like the remnants of an exquisite verdure tapestry rent by swords and blown to bits by guns, lie the tattered remnants of the beauty of the world.

But Corporal Freeman, for the moment, saw none of these things. Corporal Freeman's mind was fixed on the front-row orchestra chairs. In which of those twin red houses did the Voichek family live? He looked down the line. Some showed trig and tidy, some debatable, some frankly down at heel. Some had occupied that sizable front yard with a vegetable garden that must have equalled a twenty per cent addition to the tenants' means. Some stopped at a bed of marigolds and a red geranium or two. Some ran entirely to empty cans.

"I hope I draw a good one," the Corporal thought. And he asked a tow-head swinging on a gate: "Where does Mr. Voichek live?"

"Last house," said tow-head. "End of the row."

And in very fact, the last house, at the end of the row, was the neatest one of all.

Mrs. Voichek sat in the kitchen, with the new baby in her arms. The stove beside her bloomed as smoothly black as care and polish could make it. The bare floor had earned that good soft grey that is the fruit of soap and water. The window panes shone spotless. The scanty furniture stood orderly aligned. On the walls hung a crucifix, and certain bright-toned religious prints.

Mrs. Voichek, herself of an austere neatness, sat with Michael, the new baby, nursing in her arms. And her face, modest, open, seemed full of gentle calm. As the Corporal entered, two other children, girl and boy, appearing from somewhere, came and stood behind her chair. They, too, were sweet-faced, gentle mannered, still.

The woman rose to meet her guest.

"Will you please take a place, sir?" she asked. And she motioned to a child to bring forward a chair.

The Corporal launched at once into his errand. The whole atmosphere denied a reason for calculated approach.

"I understand," said he, "that some eight years ago one of your family, a girl, was robbed. It is my business, as an officer of the State Police, to do my best to set such things right, no matter how long past they may be. So I come to you to ask for information as to when and where the thing occurred and all concerning it."

As he began to speak the woman had bowed her head. Now she raised it again, but over her face of an ageing peasant Madonna had settled a cloud of distress.

"Must I speak of it, sir?" she asked.

"I want to help you."

"Ah! It is too late. Too late for that. But you are State Officer. I will tell you all I know."

As she talked on, haltingly, searching her way in a language hard and strange to her tongue, the picture grew before the Corporal's eyes. He saw this thing that had happened eight years, lacking a month, ago. He saw this same little red house, neat and clean and orderly, this same woman, happy then, and eight years nearer the comeliness of her youth. He saw the miner, her husband, sober, hard-working, decent, each night returning from his toil, soot-faced and weary, but happy, too. Happy because his home was happy, his wife kind, good and thrifty, his multi-

plying children obedient, strong and bright, his little account in the bank growing bit by bit, day by day. All then was well in Voichek's world. He asked no more of it than that it should continue as it went. And his eldest child, his twelve-year-old Annie, was the pride and joy of his life.

Like a flight of steps the children ran, from Annie to the year-old baby. And Voichek and his wife hugged an ambition, a will, that was almost an obsession, for them all. Their ambition was that each and every chick should grow up in the fear of God, in devotion to the Catholic Church, and in full enjoyment of the education so liberally offered by the public schools. Their will, to work early and late, to save cent by cent, and to lay up means that should safely establish the rising family.

So, among other economies, they filled all their spare room with boarders—other miners, like Voichek himself, that no way be neglected of adding to their store.

Community of occupation naturally united in many ways the household so composed. In many things the boarders and their host pooled interest, to save either effort or time. For example, it was needless that each man, climbing out of his pit on pay day afternoon, should walk all the way to Jeddo, and the company office, to draw his week's earnings. Rather let each, with his pay-check in his pocket, hasten home, wash off the coal-black and plunge at once into good old Saturday night. Little Annie, with all the checks in her hand, could trudge through the woods to Jeddo, and bring back everybody's cash.

This, week after week, little Annie did.

So came the fifteenth day of November, 1909,—a day forever to be marked in bitter black. It was pay-day once again. Annie scrubbed her face till her cheeks and forehead glittered, braided her soft, brown hair so tight that only the smallest curls could escape, and pulled her short-sleeved jumper over her frock, because of the autumn pinch in the air.

Annie was little and round, brown-eyed and very gentle. Her mother kissed her, as she laid the checks in her hand. Any woman must have kissed her, then—the child was so open-gazed, so innocent and sweet.

So, alone, she set out for Jeddo town, down the hill, across the valley, and up the hill again. So, alone, she came

to Jeddo office, gazed once more in awe at its four-square stone solidity, walked modestly up to the pay-window and offered her vouchers to the cashier. A kindly man, this cashier, and always good to the child. Now he even made some one wait—some stranger that Annie scarcely noticed and did not know,—while he counted out the sum of the checks and passed it down within reach of her short arms.

"Be careful, Annie," said he, "you've got a pretty big roll today."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," answered the child, fastening the envelope into her safest place—the bosom of her dress.

Then she set out on her homeward way.

(*To be concluded*)

QUALITY VERSUS EQUALITY

BY MRS. R. CLIPSTON STURGIS

IT will not have escaped the notice of the keen and observant mind that the last year or two has been marked by what might be called an epidemic of processions and parades. A procession never fails to draw almost as vast a crowd as a base ball game, and the mere sight alone of such numbers is thrilling.

I live on a perfectly good, level street with many convenient cross streets dividing it, an ideal place for the formation and route of a procession, and, once upon a time, one could take it comfortably for granted that every big procession would sooner or later pass my house. This was extremely pleasant. My house was filled from attic to cellar with friends and relatives, young and old, including babies of all ages from the cradle upwards, who were being taught patriotism from their extreme youth while that of the old folks was renewed. The street is broad, and therefore capable of holding without undue crowding a vast concourse of people; the steps to the surrounding houses are all that could be desired for the accommodation of tired mothers, babies and children, and are never grudged for that purpose, and it is in all ways the street par excellence through which a procession should pass, but for some years now it has languished untouched by the feet of multitudes and unaroused by martial strains. Why? I am told that all parades and processions must now pass through the business part of the city, through the slums and past the homes of the foreign population in order that any joy or benefit that may be derived from the sight may accrue to "The People." Admirable and excellent sentiment. I agree with every word of it. But why are not my friends and I also "The People"? Why do not I need the beneficial effects of the good things—not the gods but—the

country provides? Why should not my feelings be considered equally with the people who are in the shops or live in the slums? For many years I have felt that in this, as in many other ways, my rights as an American citizen are being trampled upon, and I propose to protest.

As I reflect upon the pains taken to smooth the path and make plain the way for what is erroneously termed the "working" class over what with equal fallacy is branded the "leisure" class, I am filled with a sense of injustice, and I boldly state that in my opinion my country is going back on some of its principles. My ancestors came to this country because George Washington promised that they should be free, equal and unoppressed, and I claim that my government has made it impossible for me to be in any one of those three desirable positions. To begin with, no country in the world declares so loudly as do we that there is no such distinction as that of class. It is a lie, of course. There has been class distinction ever since Eve spanked Cain for unbrotherly action towards Abel and there always will be, until the millennium—and then there will probably be degrees of righteousness—so to the practical mind it would seem but common sense to admit it and to regulate life accordingly. There will always be those who lead and those who are led, but they should be labelled in less misleading terms. The "working" class. I challenge the monopoly of the adjective. There may be in this country a certain number of people who live a leisure or idle life, but if this be true the number is so small as to be negligible, and the term "leisure" or "upper" class is therefore, I suppose, applied to those who earn their living by their brains rather than by their hands. It is really a perfectly good way to earn a living although many people deny it. If payment in money is the standard of compensation, then brain-work must take rank far below that of manual labor, for not only is it literally as well as comparatively less highly paid, but the wage of the class who monopolize the title "working" is set and safeguarded by an arbitrary authority which dictates not only what the wage shall be but the hours during which work may be done. The brain-worker has no such security.

On a Friday afternoon, about half-past three of a very cold day last winter, I was careless enough to break a large pane of glass in my bedroom window. Realizing that it

was growing late in the day I lost no time in telephoning the glazier to request that he would come up at once and replace it. He apologized profusely, regretting in tearful accents that every one of his men was out, and that he had no one to send. I resigned myself uncomplainingly to the prospect of undressing and going to bed in a temperature where the water in a vase of flowers was already skimming over with a coating of ice, and remarked with truly Christian acceptance of the inevitable,—"But you will be sure to send some one the very first thing in the morning, won't you?" The reply came in tones of conscious superiority: "We don't work on Saturdays." And they didn't. Friday afternoon, all Saturday and Sunday that yawning hole remained in my window and, every other room in the house being occupied, for three shivering nights and mornings I dressed and undressed in that icy blast with the cold of which no open fire nor furnace could compete.

The hours of labor legalized by the Government are from eight to twelve a. m. and one to five p. m., and the strict observance of this law on the part of our fellow citizens is edifying to behold. I had a plumber at work in my bathroom not long ago, and I watched with fascinated eyes as he played little games of magic with his glowing poker and molten lead. True to the romance of fairy tales, as the clock struck the witching hour of twelve, he dropped that red hot poker with such prompt obedience to its call that it burned a large and very evil smelling hole in my much-prized new linoleum, to accomplish the purchase of which I had scraped together the pennies by the wearing of my old hat for the third winter and abstention from many thrilling movies. The plumber did not pay for the damage, of course, and I knew my place quite too well to have suggested it, but I suspected later, from the size of the bill, that he had charged me the amount that I might have asked him for damages.

If one is very rich, salvation from absolute cataclysm may occasionally be obtained by payment for over-time, and this is a point upon which the government legislates very strictly. The men who have selected trade as their calling in life may, under certain circumstances and if they so wish, work over-time, but for this the government is very particular to insist that they shall be paid extra, frequently dictating what the amount shall be. This is fair and as

it should be, and perhaps it may be excusable at this point to make a little excursion into apparent irrelevancy upon the subject of "tips," a custom which I stoutly defend. If I go to visit friends, their servants are obliged to do work for me which is outside their regular routine as arranged for when they were engaged and their wages settled, and it is often work that is more purely personal than that involved in the making of my bed or the dusting of my room. In the days when females were buttoned up behind it was very distinctly more; either a long row of ladies stood each fastening the dress of the one in front of her, or else, for half an hour before dinner, the maid fled in frenzied haste from one room to another in response to the plaintive requests issuing from half opened doors that she would "please come and do me up." This and similar services may very properly be regarded as over-time work, and I do not wish to accept such service without showing by a more convincing evidence than word of mouth that I appreciate it. The legitimate quarrel with tipping is in the exorbitance shown by those to whom money is no object, and by whose prodigality of acknowledgment, all economic balance is upset and scattered to the four winds of heaven. This is not fair, either as regards economic balance nor towards those who are unable to give so largely; nor do I believe that it meets with the unqualified approval of those who receive it. I lunched at a restaurant not long ago at a table next to that occupied by a man who was entertaining two women. He had a most elaborate luncheon including champagne, of which only one glass apiece was drunk out of each bottle, a fresh supply being requisitioned after each drink, and he tipped the waiter with a twenty dollar bill. The waiter did not happen to be a friend of mine and I had no conversation with him, but it was entirely unnecessary; the expression of his face spoke more clearly than a whole dictionaryful of words. If I could command such an expression of wordless contempt, I should treasure it as an invaluable asset. Reasonable tipping is first cousin to payment for over-time work, and as such should be acknowledged, but why draw the line as to what class of work should be paid over-time and what should not? Why should the Government protect the over-time pay of one class and not of another?

The clearest illustration, perhaps, of this unjust legis-

lation is shown in the line drawn between the profession of architecture, which is labor with the brain, and the manual labor of trades necessary for building, both of which are interdependent, and the one as indispensable as the other. The profession of architecture does not, as so vast a majority of people believe, consist solely in drawing pretty pictures and making straight lines to go in different directions on paper. In addition to this ability, the true architect must have a working knowledge of pretty much every trade under heaven. It is imperative that he should know good carpentry, bricklaying and plumbing; of soils and gardening; about plastering, painting and electricity; in short, the architect does not, as is generally supposed, build a house by the simple expedient of drawing a few plans, and sitting down, like a setting hen, to watch somebody else do the work. The acquisition of the knowledge necessary to this end means years of work, study and experience, and the production of the working drawings alone, "precept upon precept, line upon line," accounting for every square inch of every different material used in the construction of a building, is a labor but vaguely understood of the multitude. Very frequently, and especially upon government work and in war times, over-time work is required, and for this the Government legislates very strictly indeed. The department which demands for overtime work the payment of time and a half to all mechanics and laborers, demands with equal explicitness that, to professional employees, *no* additional payment shall be made. Why this class distinction? Far be it from me to put my fingers into public pies—I have quite enough private ones in the baking—but I see no reason why a share in this pie does not rightfully belong to me. It is not fair that in the fixing of payment for labor, either brain or manual, the one who pays that price should have no voice in the determining of it. For many years we have been fighting corporations as an evil that a Democracy will not endure, yet the labor unions (excellent institutions when properly handled) have been so upheld by the Government that they have become the closest kind of corporation; one which dictates with an arrogance, strongly suggestive of the late ruler of Germany, just what price millions of people outside that corporation shall pay for work done for them, and without the provision of which work the working man could not live.

Moreover, I am not free to employ, if I prefer, a workman outside that organization; if I do so, the workman and I both suffer. Also, I am obliged to pay the same price for bad work as for good. Not only must I pay for a piece of work which is so poor that it must be done over again, and I therefore pay twice, but a skilled workman must stand by and see a boy who has not yet learned the rudiments of his trade, paid the same wage as he, himself, deserves. He may want to work well and to work when he wishes, but that close corporation steps in and says, "You shall work only when and how we choose." Yet we cackle and crow that we are a "free" nation. If this is Democracy I feel that I might be able to appreciate the advantages of a monarchy.

The evils of such legislation are patent—or should be—to the least observant. For one thing, by this limiting of the character and quality of labor, it sorely discourages all good, efficient work and sublimely encourages the idle and incompetent; and it is in just this latter class where the evil is most clearly shown to lie. The skilled workman has a certain pride in his work and in his attitude toward it, but the common laborer works for his pay only. The worse he does it, and the less energy he puts into it, the greater his gain, and the fact that by this attitude he is responsible for long delay and additional expense to others, including the government which protects and encourages him in it, is a matter of perfect indifference to him and, apparently, to the Government as well.

Already I must wait, at whatever cost, from Friday till Monday to have certain kinds of work done, and few men would work after five o'clock without over-time pay if it were to save a life; now I am told that this "laboring" class is to have a six-hour day with eight-hour payment. Where do I come in on that arrangement? With all my heart and soul I believe that the man who labors should be paid and well paid, but with equal conviction I believe (1) that payment should be just and (2) that it should not be confined arbitrarily to one class of labor. I do not doubt that there was a time when the man who worked with his hands was underpaid (of the extent of his "oppression" I am for several reasons a bit sceptical) but no sane man can pretend that the situation is not changed or deny that it is now a useless waste of time and energy to kick so

unequivocally a "dead horse" as that of the "oppressed" working man. That the skilled and unskilled workman, for instance, should be paid the same wage is unjust in the extreme, and that the skilled workman does not kick so alive and thoroughly vicious a "horse" only shows that while he once labored under the possibly just conviction that he was oppressed by certain people whom he considered to be in a different class from himself, he is now, apparently, quite unconscious that he is being insulted and cheated by those of his very own crowd. I do not quarrel with the Government, nor with any other body of people who legislate to protect the interests of any class whatever, but I do think it unfair that one class of worker should be defended at the expense of another. The wages of the manual laborer have not only never been so high but are rising from week to week, —a matter for rejoicing—but the wage of the professional man is not one penny the more. Is it not a natural question on my part to ask why my Government, which promises me freedom and equality, should permit this? Why must everything be made easy for one class to the exclusion of another? Why must all those processions pass through the streets inhabited by another class of labor and not through those lived in by mine? I revert to that procession because it seems to me symbolic of the fact that a whole lot of perfectly good sympathy is being wasted upon entirely the wrong lot of people. The burden of underpayment and oppression is now being laid upon that class of people whose brains provide labor for those who work with their hands and if, under this oppression, brains "go on strike," it will be a case of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs.

Comfortable as it may have been for the rich in the days when manual labor was underpaid, no decent man or woman has any desire to return to that time. I am not a Socialist, and there is nothing in this world in which I have so profound a disbelief as in the doctrine of equality in any and every sense in which it can be used; for one reason, because I have never yet found any human being who desired it. They shriek for equality but what they strive for is ascendancy. If, however, with the cry for Equality there should be coupled the demand for Quality, the principle might possibly be one to offer a working basis upon which to found a better understanding between the people of different qualifications; but quality of work, man-

ners, morals or character meets with but scanty attention in these days when the world is obsessed with the one standard of gain for money and of money. I have never yet heard of a body of men who went on strike because the quality of their work was not appreciated, but I offer the suggestion to the "walking delegate" as a new idea, certainly more novel, and one better worth the suffering and inconvenience entailed, than their object heretofore. I should also take pleasure in making a few observations to the effect that Equality plus Quality would import to Democracy a stability in which under present conditions, one feels it to be a bit lacking. With all that is to be regretted in the standards of today, the world is unquestionably striving for a better and higher standard to which it will eventually attain. When Quality of service shall be in Equality with the rise of compensation; when the Quality of man's honor and honesty are on an Equality of mutual magnanimity; when we have learned that if we take care of the Quality the Equality will take care of itself, we shall have realized a Democracy that is as yet but a loyal dream.

MRS. R. CLIPSTON STURGIS.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

1914. By Field-Marshal Viscount French. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Although Marshal French disclaims any intention of writing a history, in the sense, even, of a complete account of the military operations on the Western Front during 1914, his book is, of course, an integral part of the history of the war, and it possesses the detailed accuracy and the breadth of view requisite in good historical writing. A day-to-day record of what the British expeditionary force did and suffered in the first year of the war, the narrative clearly outlines every strategic situation, describes every movement, and tells the part taken in each by particular forces. A reader desirous of minute military knowledge, may with the aid of the several maps with which the volume is supplied determine exactly where the British forces were and what they were doing on any day in 1914. The great movements of this momentous year—the retreat from Mons, the Battle of the Marne, the Battle of the Aisne, with the results of the siege of Antwerp and the northern movement of the Allied forces; finally, the ever memorable Battle of Ypres—all these are described with a lucidity and completeness which give one an exceptionally clear idea of the work actually performed by the officers and men of the heroic British Expeditionary Force.

But it is not merely as a minutely accurate description of military operations or as a sober and realistic testimony to the gallantry and steadfastness of British soldiers that the book is historical. "My main object in writing this record," declares the author, "is to explain as clearly as possible to my countrymen the line of thought which was in my own mind, the objects I set out to attain, and the reasons why I directed the troops as I did and came to the decisions at which I arrived at each successive phase of the operations." The volume "1914," is thus the account which Marshal French renders to the British people. This account is given in a manner frank and soldierlike, modest, impersonal; good-humored, but decisive; and marked by a fine enthusiasm for the soldierlike qualities in others. The narrative includes perforce, as falling within the sphere of the author's professional judgment, matters of the utmost importance in forming a correct conception of the war as a whole—of the factors that helped to save civilization and those which endangered it.

Through the perusal of this book two ideas are stamped upon the

mind by the authority of powerful, thoroughly informed, and manifestly impartial reasoning. The first of these is the immense importance of the independent rôle of the British army in France during the first year of the war, as illustrated by the weight of the decisions that devolved upon its Commander. The second is the danger of divided councils, as illustrated by Lord Kitchener's interferences with the conduct of the campaign, by the story of the struggle to obtain munitions, and by the disregard of Marshal French's plan to seize the Belgian coast line as far as Zeebrugge.

On August 24, during the retreat from Mons, information reached Marshal French of the defeat and retreat of the Third French Army and the continual falling back of General Lanrezac. The force opposite him was growing in numbers, and he judged it to be more than double his own. It was clear that he could not stand on the line towards which his troops were retiring. "The fortress of Maubeuge," writes the author, "lay close on my right rear. It was well fortified and provisioned. It is impossible for any one who has not been situated as I was to realize the terrible temptation which such a place offers to an army seeking shelter against overpowering odds." But Marshal French, bearing in mind the blunder of Bazaine at Metz, decided not to emulate the conduct of "one who, when the ship is foundering, should lay hold of the anchor." Leaving Maubeuge aside, he directed a retreat some miles further back to the line Le Chateau-Cambrai.

On the 25th, after a hard march, the First Corps of the British Army, commanded by Sir Douglas Haig, was attacked at Landrecies before it could get any rest at all. Sir Douglas, however, gauged the enemy's design, which was to impose upon the British the idea that he was in great strength and to pin their troops to the ground while his flanking movement became effective. With a precisely similar purpose, troops were pushed forward against the Second Corps at Le Chateau. Had the German plan succeeded, this Corps would have been pinned down and surrounded; three out of five divisions of the British Army with the Seventh Brigade must have been lost; "the enemy, continuing his combined front and flank attack, would have almost certainly pushed the whole Allied Army off their line of retreat, and a stupendous repetition of Sedan might well have resulted."

The British Army, it must be remembered, was at this time acting as an independent unit, and the common line of action had to be concerted, so far as practicable, between the commanders of the two Allied Armies. On August 29th, General Joffre, learning that the enemy had detached a considerable force to defend his eastern frontier, was naturally anxious to take the offensive at the earliest possible moment. Marshal French, however, remained firm in his conviction that the British forces could not take part in any forward movement for some days—that further retreat was for them inevitable. He also urged upon Joffre the advantage of drawing the Germans still further from their base—the final stand, he thought, should be made on some line between the Marne and the Seine. Marshal French has, therefore, his part in that strategy which afterwards proved successful, while his insistence upon his own point of view regarding the feasibility of attack prevented what easily might have proved a costly mistake.

At the same time the promise he had made to Joffre, to continue to fill up the gap between the Fifth and Sixth French armies, had to be carried out in the face of resistance from some of his subordinate commanders. In particular, " Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien gave it as his opinion that the only course open to us was to retire to our base, thoroughly refit, re-embark, and try to land at some favorable point on the coast-line. I refused to listen," says Marshal French, " to what was the equivalent of a counsel of despair."

On the 31st, demands already made that the British Army should stand and fight were urgently repeated, and this time they were actually supported by imperative messages from the French President and from Lord Kitchener and the British Government. At the same time General Lanrezac was widening the gap between his own army and the British, while " Lord Kitchener was assuring the Home Government that the British losses were comparatively small, and that all losses had been made good." Marshal French understood the extreme danger of the situation. As yet he had not received a single man, gun, or horse, with which to make good deficiencies. In fact, it would appear that at this juncture the decision of the British general alone stood between the Allies and defeat. One can hardly suppose that the author speaks idly or in a boastful spirit when he says: " I retain the most profound belief that, had I yielded to these violent solicitations, the whole Allied Army would have been thrown back in disorder over the Marne, and Paris would have fallen an easy prey into the hands of the Germans."

The result of Marshal French's refusal was the visit of Lord Kitchener to Paris—an unfortunate occurrence, which drew the Commanding General from the field at a critical moment and tended to weaken his authority in the eyes of his own troops and in the estimation of the French Ministers and generals. It is noteworthy that in dealing with this matter of the dictation attempted by Lord Kitchener as Secretary of State for War, the author shows not only entire fairness but a complete absence of bitterness and a deep respect for the military qualities and the private virtues of the official with whom he was at odds. Kitchener appears to have been a man who could realize and admit his own mistakes. But great as were his talents for command, Kitchener as Commander-in-Chief in France would have been helped very much, as Marshal French told the House of Lords in 1916, if he had had " a Secretary of State *other than himself* to deal with." And there appears to be justice in the comparison which the author draws between his own relations with Kitchener and those of McClellan with Stanton during our Civil War.

Marshal French was one of the first to be impressed with the importance to England of the Channel ports in the event of war with a continental Power. Shortly before the war, he wrote a paper on this subject for circulation among the members of the Committee for Imperial Defense. By September 16, 1914, he had come to the conclusion that there was nothing to prevent the enemy from launching a powerful attack to gain these ports while the main forces on each side were practically neutralizing each other. From that time on, he sent constant and urgent warnings upon this subject to London. Had his

advice been followed as to the employment of the troops sent to relieve Antwerp, it seems possible that Ostend and even Zeebrugge might have been secured, while it is certain that these troops might have been saved that dangerous and exhausting flank march, costing terrible loss, by which alone they were able to join the main British forces.

Marshal French's prevision was justified, for, as the story of the fighting and the author's analysis of possible results plainly show, the great battle of Ypres was for England a life-and-death struggle so doubtful that one is fain to shudder at thought of the hazard, though past. On October 31 and November 1, "no more than one thin straggling line of tired-out British soldiers stood between the Empire and its practical ruin as an independent, first-class Power."

It will be seen that the author not only shows in convincing fashion the work actually done by the British Army, and explains his own conduct in connection with that work, but that he also, in referring to the attempted relief of Antwerp and the bearing of this upon the fate of the Channel ports, advances upon controversial ground. Responsible criticism of this sort is, of course, of great value. Scarcely second in importance to the question of how the war was actually won is the question of whether it might not have been won sooner.

The British Government at this time—always with the exception of Winston Churchill—was becoming obsessed with the notion that the war on the Western Front was destined to result in a condition of stalemate, and that the part of wisdom would be to attempt operations in "other theatres." The author's analysis of this idea of "other theatres" appears conclusive so far at least as the years 1914 and 1915 are concerned. "I remain absolutely convinced," writes Marshal French, "that my plan should have been accepted and tried." With his intimate knowledge of conditions and his realistic appreciation of the whole military situation, the Commander-in-Chief in France could see in 1914 that the effort to carry on war in more than one theatre "could only result in what actually happened in 1915; namely, the series of feeble and on the whole unsuccessful attempts to break through the German line in France, and an absolute failure, compelling ultimate withdrawal of our troops, in the Dardanelles."

Scarcely controversial is the author's account of his desperate efforts to obtain an adequate supply of munitions and especially of high-explosive shells. Marshal French's official correspondence with the War Office on this subject began in the latter part of September, 1914, and continued right up to June, 1915, at which time he was constrained to take unprecedented and very drastic measures, as fully detailed in Chapter XVIII. of his book. The whole story, though obviously true, would seem antecedently incredible, and it contains a weighty lesson for any government that may hereafter be obliged to conduct a great war.

So truly impersonal is Marshal French throughout the whole course of his treatise, so well does he keep within the bounds of the reasonably demonstrable, observing always that real and instinctive decorum which is generally the sign of right reason, that one can

scarcely suppose that any of his important conclusions will be seriously weakened by later historic criticism.

PRESENT PROBLEMS IN FOREIGN POLICY. By David Jayne Hill. New York: D. Appleton and Company.

If the League of Nations is, as to not a few Americans it seems, at best a Utopian scheme, then it is true by the same token, that the persuasive arguments urged in its favor cannot be refuted except by the most thorough analysis. The League is peculiarly a matter concerning which it is possible to hold much argument without arriving at a clear conclusion. Being Utopian, it resembles a philosophy, and seems, as almost all philosophies do, highly plausible and satisfying until one begins to question its first principles. First principles are extremely abstract; they are easily hidden from view, as the whole history of philosophy-making and of political theorizing goes to show; and it requires the full power of the Socratic dialectic—that analytical power which appears to be much needed and much neglected in this day—to bring them to light when they have once been allowed to fall into obscurity.

So far as the theory of government is concerned, no one is more notable for the use of this power of fundamentally clear analysis than is David Jayne Hill. The effect of the mental reagent which Dr. Hill applies to one's somewhat confused thinking about the possibility of permanent peace is to cause the separation of the two ideas of law and of an *imperium* or supernational entity.

The distinction, though it seems obvious enough when stated in words, is sufficiently fine to be readily lost sight of. It is easy to confound the idea of law with the notion of government as enforcing the law, and to forget that the ultimate source of law is in men's minds and hearts; that a plan which tries to substitute machinery for conviction is not a means of safety but a menace.

We have the Entente of Free Nations. It was this Entente that won the war. Such an understanding for the support of law as has already come into existence between the great free nations of the world expresses the exact state of enlightened public opinion. There is no real disposition to give up any part of the principle of nationality; indeed, a part cannot be given up without surrender of the principle. "By whatever name it is called, there is no third condition between super-government and the independence of free peoples. And the free nations do not desire a super-government. There remains, therefore, no possibility but an Entente of Free Nations, however it be named, and our one solicitude should be that it be not destroyed."

What form would the great understanding between free nations take? Dr. Hill has outlined such an agreement in the simplest manner:

"We, the signatories, agree that, if peace should be anywhere threatened, we will together inquire into the cause of aggression; and if we find that the Law of Nations has been anywhere violated, we will, by mediation, together use our best endeavors to avoid strife. If war is begun, we will together consider what measures we should take in common. And we mutually agree to submit any difference we may

have with one another or with other nations to a like mediation. To this end we continue our close association of intimate counsel, and will receive into our understanding other governments when circumstances may render it proper to do so."

Such an agreement would have the great advantage of being based upon realities. It would express exactly the degree of moral unity won by the war. It formulates the only practicable *modus vivendi* for sovereign states. Above all it conserves freedom—without which men will not consider themselves bound even by the law—and places the *onus* where it belongs, upon the common sense of right. "If the Entente Allies, who have fought together in this war to vindicate the rights of nations, are not to be trusted, and there is in them no soul of honor, then the outlook for mankind is a hopeless one."

Instead of participating in so simple an agreement—an agreement which seems both entirely adequate and entirely acceptable—we are invited to engage in a political experiment which, among other defects, ignores the fact that "*we cannot change national character by forming new partnerships,* and particularly not by receiving into them a doubtful member, in the hope of rendering the defaulter and embezzler an honest man by giving him an interest in a business for which we are to furnish most of the capital."

The nations have not changed their conception of sovereignty; they have simply become more fully conscious of the higher law. The two states of mind are not the same, nor do they necessarily involve each other. Inevitably Great Britain, in the League or out of it, insists upon her own interpretation of the freedom of the seas; inevitably France, the unfortunate next-door neighbor of the European criminal, insists upon adequate guarantees of safety; inevitably the United States insists upon an assurance—however paradoxical in view of the general nature of the League—of respect for her own national policy, the Monroe Doctrine. The practical result of the junction of national interests with Utopian ideas in the League, is an effort to form "a sort of international *imperium,* constructed and designed primarily to secure its own immunity by maintaining a predominant collective force, and secondarily to convert the small states into virtual protectorates under its own laws." On the one hand, the great Powers reserve too much to conserve the idealistic character of the League; on the other hand, they undertake too much to render safe the principle of national sovereignty.

The essential distinction between Law and an *Imperium,* Dr. Hill presses home from every angle. He shows the inevitable imperialistic tendency of the League, in its influence upon the foreign policy of the nations comprising it. He points out the peril of strife in every *condominium.* In particular, he points out the absurdity of supposing that in this country the treaty-making power may override the Constitution. According to the League Doctrine, "When the treaty-making power engages to make war, to raise armies and maintain navies, or not to raise armies and maintain navies, or to do anything which the constitution empowers Congress to do, Congress *must* do it, and has *no choice,* except to take notice that the obligation has fallen due and action must be taken." In other words, the treaty-

making power may surrender a part of our national sovereignty to a super-government.

On the whole, it may be said that Dr. Hill's book constitutes something like a complete exposure of the falsity of a conception which through evasions and attenuations eludes all but the most searching analysis—a conception which has made a stronger appeal to the imaginations of well-meaning men than almost any other unsound proposition in the history of the world.

COLLAPSE AND RECONSTRUCTION. By Sir Thomas Barclay. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

A series of shrewd and fair-minded comments upon the international problems now confronting the world, Sir Thomas Barclay's book, without attempting to lay down theoretic foundations for a new world order, aims at formulating balanced judgments upon certain disputed or puzzling questions. The presupposition of the book seems to be that the peace treaty will not mark the beginning of a new era: common sense and the experience of the before-the-war-period must continue to be the guides of sound international polity. There is to be no sudden transformation of "European anarchy" into European order; simply the process of evolution, interrupted by the war, will be quietly resumed.

The generalizations upon which Sir Thomas bases his views are: (1) The movable or changeable yields to the immutable; therefore, in a conflict between racial and geographical considerations, the latter necessarily prevail; (2) Natural boundaries are such as offer the minimum of obstacles to their preservation as such; therefore navigable rivers, being highways of commerce, do not afford the requisites of natural boundaries; (3) An independent State is entitled to enjoy the consequences of its independence, such as territorial inviolability, its right to determine its own form of government, its right of diplomatic and consular representation, and its right generally to share in the international intercourse of the world. . . All independent States are international persons; (4) A State which is dependent on other States for revenue lacks an element of independence; (5) A State without free access to the sea is dependent upon its neighbors and lacks an element of independence. (6) A State enjoys its right of participation in pacific international intercourse subject to its observance of its contractual obligations and of principles of humanity, honor, and social and commercial integrity.

These principles, so far as they are new, are simply formulations of lessons learned by experience—some of it recent—stated in such a way as to avoid implication in theories too broad to be verified. Let us simply so far as possible avoid the mistakes of the past—this seems to be the point of view. Nationality is still the heart of the problem. A federation of the world is not to be confidently expected. And even the first steps toward such a federation can hardly be taken without danger. After pointing out many practical difficulties in creating a Society of Nations, Sir Thomas declares that, "The greatest of all is the creation of the new political entity itself and the curtailment of

the individual legislative independence of the federating States which it implies, not because peoples may be unwilling to curtail power of their own governments to plunge them into international ventures without their consent, but because any power of coercion possessed by the executive authority of the federated States would entail extension of the very power in question in each individual State which it is sought to restrict and release from that legislative control which is now universally acknowledged to be inherent to the possession of political freedom." This, though not quite a logical dilemma, is as nearly a complete refutation of the general argument for a Society of Nations as anything that has been propounded; it is the practical difficulty in its most general form. Though the dictum is merely a criticism, and is not intended as the final answer to the question upon which it is based, it in itself goes far toward justifying what is in effect the point of view of the whole treatise, not only as to the remaking of the map but as to the reconstitution of the political system: "Preference should be given, *ceteris paribus,* and where it works without violent resistance, to the *status quo.*"

Sir Thomas's comments and queries in regard to the details of the Society of Nations and in regard to President Wilson's Fourteen Points are acute—the truth being that these provisions and these points greatly need definition.

DEMOCRACY. By Shaw Desmond. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The general point of view of this story—as ultimately and somewhat tardily expressed—seems to be, that "Democracy is bigger than Syndicalism—it is bigger even than Socialism—it is the biggest, the most certain thing in the world—it is Evolution itself with the Will behind." In a sense, this conclusion is certainly true—it is even somewhat obvious. The use, however, of the term "bigger" and of the phrase "the Will behind" makes the statement somewhat ambiguous. The author does not say, it will be observed, that Democracy, as against Syndicalism or Socialism, is certain to have in the long run the support of men's consciences and of their sober judgments, but that it is "the biggest thing in the world," an irresistible power, a force of nature, as it were, "with the Will behind."

As a matter of fact, what the story seems to prove, so far as it proves anything, is not that Syndicalism is unjust, or faulty in conception, and not that the appeal of Syndicalism, as illustrated in the moral and emotional development of a real man, is sophistical; but rather that "direct action," as carried out in the career of a somewhat romantic, unreal, and puppet-like character, is sure to be a failure. Organized society is stronger than Syndicalism—this would seem to be the lesson. It is a lesson in force purely—one which takes on a spiritual aspect only in so far as we are impressed by the suggestion that the inevitable defeat of the Syndicalist movement is due to the superior bigness of democracy and to "the Will behind."

And so, when one regards its whole tone, the story seems to be quite as much a plea for the Syndicalist point of view as a defense of Democracy in the sense that Democracy is an expression of reason.

The author seems to sympathize more fully with his hero in his romantic vagaries than in his late and somewhat ambiguous conversion. The experiences of a hero whose emotions are "cosmic," who makes himself "the Jesus Christ of the anti-militarist movement," who calls upon organized labor, during the war, to see that the real enemy is within, and not without, the gates, are not likely to throw much light upon the theory of democracy unless these are treated in an extremely critical spirit. And though "Destin" eventually changes his mind in the course of this story, a sequel is really needed to prove his sanity.

But far more than it is the development of any view of life or bent of character, the novel is a romantic melodrama. "Destin" is simply the romantic young man of the period, in search of something "big" to worship—something big enough to include all the demands of his hypertrophied personality. "Creegan," his chief, whose tragic end is the culminating point of the narrative, is a megalo-maniac, who through his insane sincerity and his gigantic gestures is designed to give dignity to a lost cause—a cause that deserved to fail, not really because it was not big enough, but because it was wrong.

The melodramatic tone prevails throughout the story. Nearly all the noteworthy characters in it are men with terrible jaws and fearsome eyes. The public men are persons of inordinately strong personality, who seldom do anything decisive; terrific tongue-lashers, mordant ironists, who never say anything that it would be worth while to quote.

On the whole, *Democracy* will scarcely satisfy any but those romantic souls who can find something impressive in the fore-ordained collapse (uncritically described) of visionary hopes, or see something hugely significant and grandly tragic in the (literal) crucifixion of a headstrong enthusiast.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"THE MOST BEAUTIFUL LETTER OF THE WAR"

SIR,—In a strict sense, there can of course be no such thing as "the most beautiful letter of the war." None the less, the letter which is here translated and appended has come to be spoken of in this manner. It has circulated in manuscript copies and has become known to many judges of good literature, who, for lack of a better name, have formed the habit of speaking of it as "the most beautiful letter of the war."

The letter was written by Eugène Deshayes, the 18th of August, 1914, to his wife Henriette or, more tenderly, "Rietta." Eugène Deshayes was a simple workman, living at Pont-Saint-Pierre, France. He was twenty-five years old, and, like all able-bodied Frenchmen, was a soldier. At the beginning of the war, he joined his battalion and took part in the early battles. It is not known any too definitely where or in what battle he fell, but the Germans found on his body a letter which was to be sent to his wife in case of his death. The letter was forwarded to Geneva, and was sent from there to Pont-Saint-Pierre. But the young widow and her children had left the village, nor has any search ever discovered their whereabouts! The letter was returned to the post-office, opened and copies made and circulated, in the hope of finding the widow. One of these copies fell into the hands of Monsieur Gustave Lanson, the great literary critic, whose wife kindly made a copy for me.

Columbia University. RAYMOND WEEKS.

[DESHAYES' LETTER]

My Darling,

Today as I write these lines my heart is like to break, and if you ever read them, it will mean that I died doing my duty. I beg you, ere I disappear forever, to continue to bring up our children in honor and in the memory of me, for I shall have loved them much and shall have died thinking of them and of you.

Tell them always that I died on the Field of Honor, and that I

ask them to sacrifice themselves in the same manner the day when France may have need of their arm and their heart.

Preserve the certificate of good conduct which I received on leaving the regiment, and later you will make them understand that their papa would have been happy to live solely for them and for you, whom I have always so tenderly loved.

Now, I tell you good-bye. It costs me much anguish to die so far from you at the age of twenty-five, when I should have liked to live a long time, to be near you. But what would you? It is fate; and today, as I write these words, I should like for you never to have occasion to read them, for this paper will not come to you unless I fall under the bullets.

Now, I do not wish you to pass the rest of your life in devotion to one dead. Quite to the contrary, if in your life you should meet an honest lad, diligent and capable of aiding you loyally to bring up our children, well! unite your life to his; and never speak to him of me, for, if he loves you, it would sadden him to feel the shadow of a dead man about him.

Of course, I am speaking of an intelligent and loyal fellow, who would know how to understand your situation. Understand that if I speak to you in this way, it is not that my love for you has disappeared; no, quite the contrary. I love you so that I suffer cruelly under these unfortunate circumstances in which I risk my life and the love of my home, to which I have always devoted myself.

My Henriette, I ask of you one thing: it is that, until the day when God shall call you too, you think of your poor Génot, who loved you so madly and so sincerely, with a love which will follow him to the grave. Think of my memory and speak of me to our poor children.

My darling, it is over. I love you and forever, even unto eternity.

My Rietta, good-bye!

Your Génot who adored you.

FOR THE SAKE OF THE RECORD

Sir,—In a recent issue of your magazine you call attention to the fact that "early in the present war practically all the prominent scientists in Germany signed a manifesto supporting the Berlin Government in its most flagrant falsehoods and crimes, and attempting to justify even such an infamy as the destruction of Louvain." I remember well the publication of that document and, if my memory serves me faithfully, there was much that was infamous in that manifesto that the world should not forget. I therefore suggest and beg of you to publish that document in full, giving the name in full of every signer. The names of these men should go down in infamy, because they were knowingly lending themselves to one of the most infamous acts ever perpetrated by man.

A. W. Forman.

Chula Vista, Cal.

[Long as the document in question is, with its roll of dishonored signatures, we gladly comply with our correspondent's request. Every one of the categorical statements which these German University pro-

fessors prefaced with "*It is not true*" was and is true, and it would be an insulting reflection upon intelligence to pretend that these signers did not know that it was true. Of course it is demonstrable that they did not know they were lying. Therefore, they either signed what they knew was a lie, or affirmed to be true that which they did not know to be true. In either case they stamped themselves as unworthy ever again to be regarded as men of intellectual or moral integrity. *Falsi in uno, falsi in omnibus.* If they would thus lie about the facts of the war, there is no assurance that they would not with equal glibness lie about the facts of chemistry or geology or biology. The Manifesto follows.—EDITOR.]

TO THE CIVILIZED WORLD

By Professors of Germany

As representatives of German science and art, we hereby protest to the civilized world against the lies and calumnies with which our enemies are endeavoring to stain the honor of Germany in her hard struggle for existence in a struggle which has been forced upon her.

The iron mouth of events has proved the untruth of the fictitious German defeats, consequently misrepresentation and calumny are all the more eagerly at work. As heralds of truth we raise our voices against these.

It is not true that Germany is guilty of having caused this war. Neither the people, the Government, nor the Kaiser, wanted war. Germany did her utmost to prevent it; for this assertion the world has documental proof. Often enough during the twenty-six years of his reign has Wilhelm II shown himself to be the upholder of peace, and often enough has this fact been acknowledged by our opponents. Nay, even the Kaiser, whom they now dare to call an Attila, has been ridiculed by them for years, because of his steadfast endeavors to maintain universal peace. Not till a numerical superiority which has been lying in wait on the frontiers assailed us did the whole nation rise to a man.

It is not true that we trespassed in neutral Belgium. It has been proved that France and England had resolved on such a trespass, and it has likewise been proved that Belgium had agreed to their doing so. It would have been suicide on our part not to have been beforehand.

It is not true that the life and property of a single Belgian citizen was injured by our soldiers without the bitterest self-defense having made it necessary; for again and again, notwithstanding repeated threats, the citizens lay in ambush, shooting at the troops out of the houses, mutilating the wounded, and murdering in cold blood the medical men while they were doing their Samaritan work. There can be no baser abuse than the suppression of these crimes with the view of letting the Germans appear to be criminals, only for having justly punished these assassins for their wicked deeds.

It is not true that our troops treated Louvain brutally. Furious inhabitants having treacherously fallen upon them in their quarters,

our troops with aching hearts were obliged to fire a part of the town as a punishment. The greatest part of Louvain has been preserved. The famous Town Hall stands quite intact; for at great sacrifice our soldiers saved it from destruction by the flames. Every German would, of course, greatly regret if in the course of this terrible war any works of art should already have been destroyed or be destroyed at some future time, but inasmuch as in our great love for art we cannot be surpassed by any other nation, in the same degree we must decidedly refuse to buy a German defeat at the cost of saving a work of art.

It is not true that our warfare pays no respect to international laws. It knows no undisciplined cruelty. But in the East the earth is saturated with the blood of women and children unmercifully butchered by the wild Russian troops, and in the West dumdum bullets mutilate the breasts of our soldiers. Those who have allied themselves with Russians and Serbians, and present such a shameful scene to the world as that of inciting Mongolians and negroes against the white race, have no right whatever to call themselves upholders of civilization.

It is not true that the combat against our so-called militarism is not a combat against our civil nation, as our enemies hypocritically pretend it is. Were it not for German militarism German civilization would long since have been extirpated. For its protection it arose in a land which for centuries had been plagued by bands of robbers as no other land had been. The German Army and the German people are one, and today this consciousness fraternizes 70,000,000 of Germans, all ranks, positions, and parties being one.

We cannot wrest the poisonous weapon—the lie—out of the hands of our enemies. All we can do is to proclaim to all the world that our enemies are giving false witness against us. You, who know us, who with us have protected the most holy possessions of man, we call to you:

Have faith in us! Believe that we shall carry on this war to the end as a civilized nation, to whom the legacy of a Goethe, a Beethoven, and a Kant is just as sacred as its own hearths and homes.

For this we pledge you our names and our honor:

Adolf Von Bayer, *Professor of Chemistry, Munich.*
Prof. Peter Behrenrs, *Berlin.*
Emil Von Behring, *Professor of Medicine, Marburg.*
Wilhelm Von Bode, *General Director of the Royal Museum, Berlin.*
Alois Brandl, *Professor, President of the Shakespeare Society, Berlin.*
Luju Brentano, *Professor of National Economy, Munich.*
Prof. Justus Brinkmann, *Museum Director, Hamburg.*
Johannes Conrad, *Professor of National Economy, Halle.*
Franz Von Defregger, *Munich.*
Richard Dehmel, *Hamburg.*
Adolf Deitzmann, *Professor of Theology, Berlin.*
Prof. Wilhelm Doerpfeld, *Berlin.*
Gustav Hellmann, *Professor of Meteorology, Berlin.*
Wilhelm Herrmann, *Professor of Protestant Theology, Marburg.*
Andreas Heusler, *Professor of Northern Philology, Berlin.*
Adolf Von Hildebrand, *Munich.*

Ludwig Hoffmann, *City Architect, Berlin.*
Engelbert Humperdinck, *Berlin.*
Leopold Graf Kalckreuth, *President of the German Confederation of Artists, Eddelsen.*
Arthur Kampf, *Berlin.*
Fritz Aug. Von Kaulbach, *Munich.*
Theodor Kipp, *Professor of Jurisprudence, Berlin.*
Felix Klein, *Professor of Mathematics, Gottingen.*
Max Klinger, *Leipsic.*
Alois Knoepfler, *Professor of History of Art, Munich.*
Anton Koch, *Professor of Roman Catholic Theology, Munster.*
Paul Laband, *Professor of Jurisprudence, Strassburg.*
Karl Lemprecht, *Professor of History, Leipsic.*
Philipp Lenard, *Professor of Physics, Heidelberg.*
Max Lenz, *Professor of History, Hamburg.*
Max Liebermann, *Berlin.*
Franz Von Liszt, *Professor of Jurisprudence, Berlin.*
Ludwig Manzel, *President of the Academy of Arts, Berlin.*
Josef Mausbach, *Professor of Roman Catholic Theology, Munster.*
George Von Mayer, *Professor of Political Sciences, Munich.*
Sebastian Merkle, *Professor of Roman Catholic Theology, Wurzburg.*
Eduard Meyer, *Professor of History, Berlin.*
Heinrich Morf, *Professor of Roman Philology, Berlin.*
Frederick Naumann, *Berlin.*
Albert Neisser, *Professor of Medicine, Breslau.*
Walter Nernst, *Professor of Physics, Berlin.*
Wilhelm Ostwald, *Professor of Chemistry, Leipsic.*
Bruno Paul, *Director of School for Applied Arts, Berlin.*
Max Planck, *Professor of Physics, Berlin.*
Albert Plehn, *Professor of Medicine, Berlin.*
George Reicke, *Berlin.*
Prof. Max Reinhardt, *Director of the German Theatre, Berlin.*
Alois Biehl, *Professor of Philosophy, Berlin.*
Karl Robert, *Professor of Archaeology, Halle.*
Wilhelm Roentgen, *Professor of Physics, Munich.*
Max Rubner, *Professor of Medicine, Berlin.*
Fritz Schaper, *Berlin.*
Adolf Von Schlatter, *Professor of Protestant Theology, Tubingen.*
August Schmidlin, *Professor of Sacred History, Munster.*
Gustav von Schmoller, *Professor of National Economy, Berlin.*
Franz Von Stuck, *Munich.*
Reinhold Seeberg, *Professor of Protestant Theology, Berlin.*
Martin Spahn, *Professor of History, Strassburg.*
Hermann Sudermann, *Berlin.*
Hans Thoma, *Karlsruhe.*
Wilhelm Truebner, *Karlsruhe.*
Karl Vollmoeller, *Stuttgart.*
Richard Votz, *Berchtesgaden.*
Karl Votzler, *Professor of Roman Philology, Munich.*
Siegfried Wagner, *Baireuth.*
Wilhelm Waldeyer, *Professor of Anatomy, Berlin.*

August Von Wassermann, *Professor of Medicine, Berlin.*
Felix Von Weingartner.
Theodor Wiegand, *Museum Director, Berlin.*
Wilhelm Wien, *Professor of Physics, Wurzsburg.*
Ulrich Von Wilamotwitz-Moellen-Dorff, *Professor of Philology, Berlin.*
Richard Wilstaetter, *Professor of Chemistry, Berlin.*
Wilhelm Wundt, *Professor of Philosophy, Leipsic.*
Wilhelm Windebland, *Professor of Philosophy, Heidelberg.*
Frederich Von Duhn, *Professor of Archaeology, Heidelberg.*
Professor Paul Ehrlich, *Frankfort on the Main.*
Albert Ehrhard, *Professor of Roman Catholic Theology, Strassburg.*
Karl Engler, *Professor of Chemistry, Karlsruhe.*
Gerhard Esser, *Professor of Roman Catholic Theology, Berlin.*
Rudolph Eucken, *Professor of Philosophy, Jena.*
Herbert Eulenberg, *Kaiserswerth.*
Heinrich Finke, *Professor of History, Freiburg.*
Emil Fischer, *Professor of Chemistry, Berlin.*
Wilhelm Foerster, *Professor of Astronomy, Berlin.*
Ludwig Fulda, *Berlin.*
Eduard Von Gebhard, *Dusseldorf.*
J. J. De Groot, *Professor of Ethinography, Berlin.*
Fritz Haber, *Professor of Chemistry, Berlin.*
Ernst Haeckel, *Professor of Zoology, Jena.*
Max Halbe, *Munich.*
Prof. Adolf Von Harnack, *General Director of the Royal Library, Berlin.*
Gerhardt Hauptmann, *Agnetendorf.*
Karl Hauptmann, *Schreibernau.*

A LEADING UNIVERSITY AND AMERICAN LITERATURE

SIR,—Mr. T. J. Baker's article on "American Literature in the Colleges" which appeared in the June REVIEW is very much to the point at this time of "reconstruction" which we hope will include the abolition of some of our inconsistent, superficial and artificial standards. It is well to be reminded that we should not aspire to be a second edition of English culture as our colonial ancestors were, but that we have a distinct reaction from those sources of Americanism of which Mr. Baker gives such examples as "the frontier," "the Southern plantation" and "the New England farm."

But Mr. Baker knows nothing about the English Department of the University of Pennsylvania for then he would not write: "in our leading universities not only Lowell, but other American writers are neglected." As a single example of lack of neglect he says, "at Harvard Bliss Perry devotes a half term to Emerson."

At the University of Pennsylvania Professor G. H. Quinn, also Dean of the college, gives a course on *Poe and Emerson.* There is a two-term course in *American Literature.* After taking this course the undergraduate knows Benjamin Franklin, Jonathan Edwards, Cooper, Irving and Poe, "the one American great in the short-story, poetry and in criticism," as other than mere names. He also knows Joseph

Hopkinson wrote satires on George III that lessened the Revolutionary soldier's dread of and respect for His Majesty and that Freneau wrote invectives on our first President. Lincoln's speeches, too, are studied, and the writers of the New England school, of whom I think Professor Quinn would like us to rank Lowell first and Holmes second. I remember definitely the *Commemoration Ode,* read in class.

Contemporary literature, Edith Wharton, Thomas Nelson Page, Margaret Deland, George Washington Cable, is studied in the second half of the course.

Drama in America is another course, also *The Novel in America,* in all, five courses are offered. I hope Mr. Baker is not one of that type of intellectual-snob that would leave "Penn" out of a serious study of our *leading* universities.

PHILA., PA. MARTHA MCAVOY.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
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THE THREAT OF REVOLUTION

WESTWARD the course of revolution as well as of empire seems to take its way. It was only a few years ago that revolutionary movements were assumed to be confined to the Continent of Europe. Their existence and their activity there were not wondered at, because the Governments of countries there were, in the estimation of Americans, hopelessly despotic, and richly deserving of being swept into limbo. But there was not the slightest danger of any such processes occurring in Great Britain, with its liberal and democratic government, while the suggestion of their ever invading republican America was to be regarded with indignant contempt.

It was only a few weeks ago, however, that a very explicit and ominous threat of political revolution was made in Great Britain. That was when the so-called Triple Alliance, the labor unions comprising the mining, railroad, and general transportation workers, presented to the Government a series of demands, in default of the granting of which they contemplated a universal strike which would paralyze industry and starve the nation; the supremely significant thing being that the demands in question were not merely for amelioration of their conditions of employment, but also for the adoption of certain highly important governmental policies in foreign relations and in other directions having no connection whatever with domestic economics. Briefly stated, it was an attempt to coerce the Gov-

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ernment in its general diplomatic and legislative activities, and was tantamount to forcible revolution.

That naturally attracted attention here, and some began unctuously to thank God that we were not as other men, even as our British cousins, subject to threats of revolution. But before such thanksgivings got above the temple roof, a rudely disturbing note broke in upon them. That was when the big unions of railroad employees in this country presented to the Government a series of demands identical in spirit and purport with those of the British Triple Alliance, and equally ominous of forcible revolution. Nominally, it is true, the demands were for either increased wages or decreased cost of living, with a most commendable expression of preference for the latter, on the perfectly logical ground that the former would be followed by further increase in cost of living, and the men would be no better off than before. But actually the gist of the matter lay in the demand that Congress provide for the immediate expropriation of all railroads by the Government.

At first blush, that astounding demand was received by the general public with a mixture of complacence, indifference, and acquiescence. Everybody realized that while the railroad men's wages had been greatly increased by the arbitrary act of the President only a short time ago, there had since been a still greater rise in the cost of living, so that the men were no better off than before, and perhaps not as well off. Therefore, if they were fairly entitled to the increased pay which the President gave them, as he assured us they were, they were equally entitled to another increase now, unless, preferably, the cost of living could be reduced.

Nor was the real significance of the demand for Government ownership at first fully appreciated. It was rather looked upon with indifference. The roads had been so abominably and disastrously bedevilled and manhandled for years that it did not seem to matter much what was done with them. The Government, losing forty millions a month on them, did not want to retain control, and had been threatening incontinently to dump the wrecks of them back upon their owners' hands. The owners, on the other hand, were reluctant to take them back, mindful of the way in which the Government through its Interstate Commerce Commission had for years striven diligently to starve them

to death, had then cursed them for being anaemic, and during a year of its control had scrambled them into chaos.

We do not believe in the policy of Government purchase of the railroads. We do not believe that the majority of American citizens believe in it or want it adopted. Nevertheless, it is a reputable governmental policy, which has been adopted in various other countries, and there can be no objection to its consideration here. If men want to discuss it, to advocate it, to agitate peaceably for it, to make it a party platform on which to appeal to the people, there is no occasion to say them nay.

Had these railroad workers' unions, therefore, been content with suggesting or requesting the adoption of that policy, their action would have been well within the bounds of propriety and of loyalty. They had as perfect a right to do that as any one else has to oppose such a policy. But they were not content with that. They *demanded* Government ownership. They declared that they were "in no mood to brook" the return of the railroads to their lawful owners. And they declared in so many words that if Congress did not grant their demand, but instead adopted a plan proposed by the President and the Director-General of Railroads, they would go on universal strike and "tie the railways up so tight they will never run again." In other words, they threatened a universal strike against the Government of the United States.

That, we submit, grossly transcended the bounds of propriety and also of loyalty. It was an attempt to coerce the President and Congress. It was a threat to nullify the action of the Government, just as much as was that famous Nullification Act of years ago with which an earlier Democratic President knew how effectively to deal. There was no pretence that the adoption of the policy in question was desired by a majority of the American people. There was simply the statement that this very small minority of the people wanted it done, coupled with the threat that if it was not promptly done, the whole nation would be subjected to indescribable and inestimable loss, suffering, and disaster, with the almost certain accompaniment of violence, destruction of property, and bloodshed. There was no expression of willingness to discuss the matter, to consider other ways and means of attaining the economic relief to which the men were plausibly entitled. There was instead,

as we have already shown, a refusal to accept a proposal made by the President and Congress, authorities whom all other citizens, outside of those unions, regard with respect as always worthy of consideration.

Such a declaration of purpose, even if carried into effect, probably does not come under the Constitutional definition of treason, but it would be a glaring perversion of truth to pretend that it is compatible with genuine loyalty to the Government and to the Constitution of the United States, and he would be blind indeed who did not perceive in it by far the most ominous threat of revolution that this country has ever known. It is exactly at par with the threat to which we have referred as having been made in Great Britain only a week or two before. It is an attempt to make this not a popular but a class Government; not a Government of the people by the people for the people, but a Government of the people by a very limited class for the special benefit of that class.

It must have been a bitter reflection to the President, when his proposal of a plan of settlement was so defiantly and contemptuously flouted, that he had in a double sense brought the situation upon himself. There were not lacking those who foresaw and who foretold some such crisis as this at the time when he drove through Congress with whip and spur his measure for the arbitrary increase of railroad workers' wages regardless of other conditions. There were more who apprehended calamity when, at a supremely crucial time in our domestic affairs, he deserted his duties to the United States, placed himself confessedly out of touch with American affairs, and went abroad to pursue the delusive rainbow phantom of a "Presidency of the World."

Immediately following the establishment of the armistice, with the certainty of the reëstablishment of peace, this country was confronted with the most weighty and the most urgent possible problems of readjustment. Never before had its domestic economy been so disturbed. Never before had there been such need of prompt and masterful administration to bring us back from the monstrous abnormalities of wartime to the normal conditions of peace. It was a task peculiarly pertinent to the President himself, since it was he who had taken the initiative in establishing the abnormal conditions of war. There was indeed no other

who could perform it. It was a task calculated to tax to the utmost his energies, if he devoted himself exclusively to it. It was a task which the welfare of the nation demanded above everything else, even above the technical signing of a peace with Germany. It was the more urgent because of our fatuous lack of preparation for it. Other nations, both our allies and our foes, realizing that peace with its mighty readjustments would inevitably follow the war, began preparing for peace almost as soon as they entered the war. But our President, having neglected preparation for war until we were literally plunging into it, similarly declined to make any preparation for peace until peace came. And then he washed his hands of the whole business and ran away for months, to let the nation which he was sworn to serve "stew in its own juice."

It can scarcely be doubted that this most ominous crisis in our national affairs could have been altogether avoided if the President had loyally attended to the business of his office, the business which the people of the United States elected him to transact, the business which his oath of office made it incumbent upon him to perform. He saw, or he professed to see, in December last, the magnitude and the vital importance of the railroad problem, and he urged Congress to deal with it. But he knew, as he did so, that Congress could not properly deal with it unless he himself were here, to give Congress information and coöperation. Knowing that, he deserted his post of duty. He went abroad for half a year, conscious of but indifferent to the fact that by so doing he was postponing the solution of this greatest and most pressing of our domestic problems, and was directly inviting some such crisis as that which has now come upon the nation.

There is proverbially nothing to be gained by crying over spilt milk. It will not solve the problem which is now before us merely to charge the President with recreancy. Nevertheless it would be unjust and mischievous to fail to fix the responsibility for the ominous and perilous crisis which has befallen the nation. We must realize that the President, by inexcusable neglect of duty, gave opportunity for just such trouble. That realization may well shatter what is left of faith in the wisdom of his leadership. Yet it must not cause us to forget that he is, after all, our Presi-

dent, and is likely to remain such for another year and a half, and that therefore in every right and proper measure which he may be moved at this belated moment to adopt for undoing the great evil which he himself has brought upon us, he must have the loyal and aggressive support of every American citizen.

NO NEGATION OF NATIONALITY

NATIONALITY was the supreme issue of the war, and is the supreme issue of the ensuing peace. That must be the ultimate verdict of history.

It was not, of course, a new issue. The history of the world is largely a record of conflict between the principles of nationalism and internationalism. The great empires of old were essentially leagues of nations. They were even leagues for the maintenance of peace. The Peace of Rome came upon the world at the beginning of our era because the whole civilized world was subject to Rome; was comprised in the league of nations which had its capital and its council on the banks of the Tiber. So other empires, both before and after that of Rome, imposed peace for a time upon nations which otherwise would have been in frequent conflict.

Yet they all failed of endurance. Their common lot was to suffer disintegration, disruption, dissolution into their component elements. That was not because of any lack of statesmanship, or of benevolent purpose. Empire after empire practised equity among its constituent states. Rome took some of her greatest emperors from distant provinces. Roman citizenship was as sacred at Jerusalem, and an appeal to Caesar was as potent at Caesarea as in Rome itself. The end came because combination was not and could not be made amalgamation. The various nations of these leagues were held together by artificial bonds, and these were often bonds of peace and of mutual interest. But despite that fact they remained separate peoples. There was a certain principle of nationality which was unconquerable and indestructible, which neither the profits and pleasures of peace could lull into unconsciousness, nor the rigors of war could annihilate, and which in time asserted itself above all the power of international imperialism.

Now and then, it is true, a great empire has arisen which

has shown elements of endurance; but that has been because of its regard for the principle of nationality above mere internationalism.

It is a significant circumstance that the four Powers which we and the Allies have just been fighting all undertook the negation of nationality. We have just seen how Germany did this, in dealing with supposedly weaker neighbors, while cherishing the principle for herself. Austria-Hungary and Turkey had for centuries been notorious sinners against nationality. Their very existence as extensive empires was due to their persistent denial of the rights of nationality to other peoples. Even Bulgaria showed the same evil ambition in her efforts to seize upon the whole of Macedonia without regard to the nationalist claims and rights of other peoples in that much-mixed land. Each of those four Powers, therefore, was guilty of the negation of nationality. Each was or strove to be an artificial league of nations.

Now we have overthrown them. We have fought for the vindication of nationality against imperialism. We fought for the integrity and independence of Belgium and Serbia. The President declared in his Fourteen Points that we were fighting for vindication of the rights of nationality in Poland, in Alsace-Lorraine, in the component parts of the Ottoman Empire, in the Balkans, and in the great congeries of peoples which formed the bulk of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. We are pledged, if the Fourteen Points hold true, to give them nationality over internationalism.

Certainly it would be a mockery of mockeries if we were to offer them now nothing but a qualified autonomy as members of a new empire, dominated not by a Kaiser or a Sultan, but by a Big Five. If when they are made really independent they are inclined of their own free will to enter an alliance, balance of power, league, or what not, they will have that right. But it would be shameful for us, having promised them independence, to impose upon them subjection to a league of our own devising, whether they will it or not. It would be poor emancipation for a slave to transfer him from one master to five.

Most anomalous of all, however, would it be for the very protagonists and champions of nationality themselves to compromise and impair their own integrity by subjecting

themselves to an artificial internationalism. Bear in mind that under the proposed Covenant of the League of Nations the United States would in some respects be less independent than the colonial dominions of the British Empire are to-day. We should be subjected to the government of an alien body, in whose Council we would have only one vote in nine!

We have no objection to the closest fellowship of nations. We are not afraid of a league of *nations,* if ever it can be shown that it is desirable to form one for any purpose. But we insist that any such combination shall be a league of *nations,* and not of denationalized anomalies, and that if we enter any we shall do so as a *nation,* with all the rights and powers and privileges of complete and sovereign nationality unimpaired. Let there be all the international amity and comity and co-operation that may be desired or that may be for the service and betterment of humanity, but let there be no negation of nationality. That was the issue of the war. That is the issue of the peace.

A LEAGUE OF INSINCERITY

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

CONSIDERED vaguely and abstractly, the expression a "League of Nations" seems not only innocent but promising of great and desirable results. The prejudice thus created in its favor, coupled with possibilities, predictions, and promises regarding the suppression of war and the permanent establishment of peace, has won for those who have proposed, and are now urging the nation to accept, the Covenant of the League of Nations elaborated at Paris a widespread, an earnest, and without doubt a sincerely conscientious following of adherents.

That the enthusiasts of this persuasion should resent opposition to this proposal is not unnatural. To them it is like assailing virtue or denying the precepts of religion. Unable to perceive any other excuse for opposition, they set down even the moderate critics of so holy an enterprise as either blind bigots, narrow chauvinists, or selfish partisans.

If the faith of these advocates of a League of Nations were well grounded, if the plans proposed were likely to be really effective, if peace were the one great and only object to be attained, and above all if the nations entering into the compact were in fact sincere to a point of self-forgetfulness, as it is desired and expected that the American people will be, an honest man and a true patriot would not only hesitate to oppose such a league but he would feel that his conscience compelled him to approve and support it.

Quite unexpectedly the curtain has been partly lifted upon the scene of the Conference at Paris, and some of its secret aims and motives have been disclosed. Whatever may be said of the official world, the rank and file of the school of thought created by the League to Enforce Peace,

the World's Court League, and the other organized peace movements in the United States are coming to understand, by the revelation of facts which their faith prevented them from anticipating, that the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Treaty of Peace so indissolubly connected with it are not the purely ideal constructions which they have been supposed to be; but, on the contrary, involve on the one hand a practical repudiation of the principles by which they were imagined to be controlled, and on the other a failure to embody, or even to consider, the ideals of international organization which for the last quarter of a century have animated the hopes and inspired the activities of the best thought on international questions in the United States. The shock of surprise and disillusionment which these excellent and honorable citizens feel, as these disclosures are made, will enable them to understand why some independent critics long associated with the cause they hold dear have not hesitated from the beginning to seek more light upon this compact. And when they remember the part which some of these same critics have in the past played in teaching the doctrine of an internationalism based on law, and not on force, they may even pardon what seemed to them a defection which at first they could not comprehend.

It is a fact not without significance that American statesmen personally familiar through their own experience with the aims and methods of European diplomacy, have almost without exception, where no other reason than strictly unprejudiced judgment has existed, regarded with skepticism the effort to combine with a peace necessarily punitive a plan for the political reorganization of the world. They have realized not only that a tree may be known by its fruits, but that the kind of fruit to be expected may be known from the nature of the tree. As Americans, they have clearly understood that, from the conditions of the case, and without any reflection upon the integrity of European statesmen, Europe possesses "a set of primary interests" with which—as Washington said long ago, and until recently every American statesman of the first rank has believed—we, as a constitutional republic, possessing neither dynastic nor colonial interests nor imperial traditions of statecraft, have no relation. That these interests would be abandoned in the Conference at Paris it was

impossible to believe; for every one of the Great Powers with which we have been associated, notwithstanding the growth of democracy among the people in most of them, is either an actual empire, ruling subject-races and exploiting distant continents for gain, or is an aspirant to imperial dominion. All of them are eager to write a policy of mutual insurance. Not one of them is ready to give up any territory or any advantage it now possesses, no matter where it is held or at whose disadvantage.

How unequally we would be yoked with these Powers in any unlimited alliance is evident to all who reflect upon it. This does not forbid that we should place ourselves on an equality with all of them in the advocacy, the further improvement, and the defense of International Law. We may rightly refuse to deal with any nation that violates it until it has made reparation and acknowledges its authority. We should, undoubtedly, bring all our available forces to bear against any nation that criminally breaks its legal engagements; and we may properly lend such aid as we are at the time reasonably able to lend to a nation that is the victim of criminal aggression; but to become the guarantor of possessions the acquisition of which was iniquitous, or of the consummation of future transactions of which we may not even be aware, is not only wholly outside our national obligations, but violative of the only principles upon which international peace and harmony can ever be permanently organized. Unless our ideals are respected, our force and our resources might prove more helpful to the true interests of mankind if left entirely under our own control, with no prospect of future stultification through exposure to the charge of being faithless to obligations which we ought never to have assumed.

It is with extreme reluctance that I would even seem to bring under criticism any of our co-belligerents in the Great War. Months ago I pointed out the danger that a too intimate interference in matters foreign to us might lead to animadversions which would tend to alienate rather than to solidify the members of the Entente. Unhappily, that alienation has already in part resulted from a too close relation to one another's private affairs. So far as the defeat of the Central Powers was concerned, all the members of the Entente fought together in a holy companionship. In this there was complete unanimity of aim and interest. It

was a precious achievement, this sense of complete community in action. It has unfortunately been to a great degree sacrificed by an attempt to regulate matters in which that community of purpose had no place.

There was obviously, through all the entanglements of the Peace Conference, one high and universal aim to which the united efforts of the members might have been directed; while the adjustment of separate national interests could have been left to those to whom they specifically pertained, in accordance with definite rules previously agreed upon. In truth, the decisions and arrangements of the Supreme Council—which ranged at different times from ten to three members, according to circumstances—were invariably based on conceptions of power, and virtually never on accepted principles. And yet there remained, during all the negotiations, a community of interest transcending every other, which, nevertheless, was totally ignored. That interest, which was common to all, was that, henceforth, the world should be governed by definite principles of justice, and not controlled by private diplomatic bargains. If this is so, the supreme effort of the future should not merely be to safeguard possessions, irrespective of the manner in which they were acquired or are administered, but to secure the inherent rights of States, both small and great, under the rulings of a common law.

For this the Conference at Paris has shown no inclination. As I have elsewhere indicated, there is in the Covenant of the League of Nations no declaration of the inherent rights of peoples, no assertion or admission that small or weak States have any rights whatever, except such as this League pleases to accord to them. As to definite and authoritative law, under which rights can be claimed and defended in a judicial manner, there is not only no provision for it in the Covenant, but a proposal to embody it coming from outside the Conference and endorsed by the best legal thought in this country was rejected. This was a disappointment in which, I think, all lovers of justice who appreciate its significance must share.

I do not affirm that in any of their transactions the members of the Peace Conference at Paris have been insincere. According to accepted standards of sincerity as understood in traditional diplomacy, they have not been insincere. But those standards are not our standards. They

are not the standards in which we believe, and which many felt they had reason to expect would be observed. We were looking for "open covenants, openly arrived at," and we have in our hands secret agreements secretly arrived at, some of which we as a nation are now called upon to sanction and even to guarantee.

When, therefore, I speak of "insincerity," I am reading no lecture in morality to foreign Powers. I am merely stating the admitted facts with regard to what those Powers have done and may intend to do, not assuming any supervision over their performance or making any accusations of deliberate deception. The insincerity I wish at this time to emphasize is that which we, the American people, would manifest, if we should pretend, in the face of our knowledge, that this Covenant and the treaty of which it forms a part are a realization of our American international ideals.

It will, no doubt, be said that this Covenant is the nearest approach to a realization of our hopes which it is practically possible to obtain. Is any defender of this Covenant sure of that? Is our support of what has been proposed in this Covenant so unimportant to the rest of the world that our most earnest aims as a people and our most sacred sense of national responsibility may be treated with indifference? But a short time ago we were instructed otherwise. Our adherence to this Covenant was represented as something upon which the welfare of the whole world absolutely depends, and without which there will be universal chaos. Is this true, or is it false? If it is true, is it conceivable that our efforts to modify this compact in such a manner as to conform to our national traditions can be condemned either by the American protagonists of the Covenant or by European statesmen? If, on the contrary, it is false, then let us make an end of empty illusions about it, and sensibly consider, as other nations do, where our interests lie.

We have at present before us a considerable body of evidence that it is not principles, but interests, that are to be protected by the Covenant of the League of Nations. We know what some at least of the past transactions have been. What has happened to change the intentions of those who entered into those compacts? We have seen brought to the light the secret compacts of France and Great Britain with Russia, with Italy, and with Japan; these last made

as late as February and March 1, 1917, at the very moment when China, whose interests were concerned, was being urged to declare herself an ally and a belligerent, not in her own interest, but for the benefit of those who, without her knowledge, were bargaining away among themselves her undoubted rights and her future safety. Not only this, but these agreements were made at a time when the probability of our participation in the war was one of the reasons why the Chinese Republic, relying upon our friendship, as well as our influence and example, was disposed to enter it; yet both China and ourselves were left in complete ignorance of these secret "understandings" against the interest of a nation whose "territorial entity" it was one of the greatest triumphs of American diplomacy to have defended against the aggressions of European Powers.

We had all been aware that secret "understandings" were customary in the past, but we were expecting that they were to be abandoned. It was believed that not one of them would be allowed to outlive the formation of the League of Nations, now embodied in a treaty which sanctions at least one of these secret compacts, in the provisions of Section VIII of Part IV of the Treaty of Peace, under the title "Shantung." Here was an opportunity for the Conference to rectify a wrong and repudiate a dangerous policy, but the wrong was neither righted nor the policy repudiated. On the contrary, the wrong secretly agreed to was specifically sanctioned in this Treaty of Peace, and the defenders of that document are placed in the position of having to say that the treatment of China in this matter is not unjust, because in her weakness she could not have prevented it; that the concessions enforced upon her are not really territorial but only economic; and, finally, that the imposition is but temporary. This defense of a wrong decision amounts to saying that the Chinese Republic is not to be treated as a strong Power would expect to be; that encroachments upon economic resources have no vital connection with territorial and political rights; and that a condition is temporary to which no definite limit of time is set, and to which no limit is even suggested in the document imposing the obligation of submission. No one of the Powers imposing this servitude, however it be explained, would for a moment entertain the thought of itself submitting to it.

The representatives of China declare that the concessions assigned to Japan by the Treaty constitute a danger not only to the economic but to the political control of the entire Republic; and, although it is not necessary to establish the truth of this in order to justify China's protest, that opinion is held by all who have seriously examined the question. That these concessions were extorted by force from Germany gives no title to them which Germany did not possess, and her only title, as we know, was forceful occupation. China has expressed a wish to recover her rightful possessions by reimbursing the conqueror for the cost of driving out the Germans, but this offer has not been accepted. The reason for it is obvious. The question is not merely an economic one.

If the project of imperial expansion is henceforth to be abandoned, the opportunity of Japan to win the confidence and approval of the rest of the world is great. The acceptance of China's protest, which was not even heard by the Conference, would have been a telling contribution to the new order of international relationship. But it would be unjust to place too much blame upon Japan. What evidence had been given by the Powers assembled at Paris that they, in like circumstances, would act otherwise than in the manner Japan was acting? Having learned the game of European diplomacy, why should the Japanese abandon it, so long as the rules remained unchanged? Who had proposed any change in the rules? Who had proposed any declaration of rights? Who had declared that, juristically, the rights of a weak State were equal to those of a strong State, and would receive the same protection? Who had set up any principle whatever as a rule and standard of conduct? The Japanese attitude, therefore, is not to be too severely censured. Least of all should it be considered an offense to us. When the transfer to Japan of the German extortions was under consideration, although a majority of the American Commission is reported to have realized and opposed the injustice of it to China, the Commission nevertheless decided to sustain it. Thus the representatives of a Republic whose potential strength, if fully organized, could wipe half of Asia off the map, went out of the Conference "with their heads upon their breasts"—to employ the expression which the President applied in his Boston speech to all Europe, in case we did not do our duty.

Why was this injustice permitted? There is but one answer: China is not a military Power, but a peaceful nation, unable to defend its rights by force; while Japan is a strong and militant Power whose adhesion is necessary to the strength of the League of Nations. Her will must, therefore, be accepted; otherwise the League of Nations, it was believed, could not be formed. This, then, is a part of the price at which this League is bought. But this is not the whole price. The principle of equity and the right of a nation to self-determination were thereby abandoned. In brief, it was a choice between Justice and the League.

Nobody in Europe, outside of Government circles, approves of this failure of the Conference to rise above the conceptions of the old diplomacy. "Among Frenchmen and British with whom I talked at Paris," says a highly capable observer, "there was no pretense that the treatment accorded to China represented the sentiment of the French and British peoples. Political expediency dictated the attitudes of the French and British Governments"; and, it must be added, of our own also.

There is no sign that the ethical standards of the old diplomacy have been changed. The Japanese face their colleagues with perfect equanimity. "They argued," continues the same observer, speaking of his conversations with them, "that while several of the other Powers in the Allied group are still retaining special leases and concessions in China obtained and held against China's wishes, Japan cannot be asked to forego the positions she has obtained."

The only answer to this argument is a complete change of base. The Covenant of the League of Nations does not adopt it. It even seems to evade the proposal of change. It requires nothing to be given up, no matter how it was obtained. It makes no provision by which any of these economic aggressions on weak Powers may be ended. While we in America are thinking of the League of Nations as a remedy for wrongs, the imperial Powers are interested in sequestering the spoils of war. The League, it is said, is to enforce peace; but it is not to the League, it is to "the principal Allied and Associated Powers" that all the concessions wrung from Germany by the Treaty of Peace are committed.

Perhaps, on the whole, the best defense of the Shantung

article in the Treaty of Peace is the fact that it is based on certain "understandings" which the Powers entering into them felt they could not disavow. It is, therefore, timely for us to inquire what still unexecuted "understandings" of a like character may still exist, and what may be the relation of the United States to them in case the Covenant of the League of Nations is ratified.

We know that the parts of Africa and the Pacific Islands for which mandates are to be issued by the League of Nations are already the subject of "understandings." The Dark Continent is almost entirely divided between Great Britain and France, with some concessions to Italy, in the expectation that Spain and Portugal will eventually dispose of their holdings on that continent—of course in a market where the bidding will be controlled by agreement.

The fate of the Ottoman Empire is still in question, but many private engagements are known to exist concerning it. For example, a writer on "The Future of Turkey," in *The Contemporary Review* for June, 1919, speaks with confidence of what the distribution is to be. "So far as Armenia is concerned," he says, "the first necessity is to endeavor to reconcile the claims put forward on her behalf with those based by France upon the agreement with England and Russia, made in the Spring of 1916. Whilst public opinion seems to be divided upon the present validity of that agreement, it is obvious that France should be the mandatory Power for Syria." He then goes on to argue what Armenia should include, and thinks it of "immense importance"; for "if America is to be persuaded to undertake this responsibility, Armenia must include, not merely just such area as Europe might consider a disencumbrance, but, in fact, practically so much or so little as the Government of Washington might believe to be necessary to make its work a success."

Will the moral enthusiasts who are defending the Covenant as an almost divine ordinance dwell long enough on this quotation to comprehend and weigh its implications? The claims put forth in behalf of Armenia are to be "reconciled" with those of France based on an agreement made with England and Russia, in 1916, for the possession of parts of Armenia! That country, it would seem, is to be delimited, not as the Armenians occupying the land desire,

but with reference to the claims of France to this territory based on past agreements with England. As nothing could be done by the League of Nations without the consent of every member of the Council, the Great Powers, parties to the "understanding," would undoubtedly sustain it. If the United States should feel disposed to offer objection, it would be confronted, as in the case of Shantung, with a choice between submission and the dissolution of the League, and its decision would no doubt be based on the precedent itself had set.

But unless America is prepared to repudiate the whole scheme of "mandates," it will be necessary to become an accomplice in the "understandings" of the imperial Powers to a still greater extent than this. If America, the writer quoted informs us, should not be content to accept a mandate for an area left over after the other Powers had taken what they wanted—that is, such a "disencumbrance" as Armenia might be to them—a new "understanding" would have to be arranged in order to round out this "disencumbrance," and the Government at Washington, not the inhabitants of the region, would then determine how much or how little of Armenia should be given to France!

Where in this partition of territory do the rights of the Armenians themselves appear? What of "self-determination" in general? "Whilst the little Republic of Ararat, composed of the districts of Erivan, Kars and Bantum," continues this writer, "is reported to have elected to become, and therefore should become, a part of the New Armenia, it seems to me that, in the above mentioned circumstances, it would be for America to decide how much of the six valayets should be incorporated."

But there is no end of these "understandings" in which the people disposed of have nothing to say. "As no serious division of opinion seems to exist to the effect that Mesopotamia, Arabia, and Palestine . . . are to have a British mandate," the writer continues, "we can pass at once to a discussion of the futures of the areas which remain," and he then goes on to state what disposition is to be made of the rest of the Ottoman Empire. "To fulfil the principle of nationalities, Greece," he says, "should certainly secure possession of the Aegean Islands held by Italy under the Treaty of Lausanne"; but here rises another ghost of murdered nationality: "these islands were, however, definitely

given to the latter country by the pact of London"! With regard to the Adalia region, as there is no basis in nationality, the claim of Italy "depends upon certain rights and interests largely self-assumed and self-imposed—a claim unfortunately recognized by England, France, and Russia at the time of Italy's entry into the war."

Very soon, it appears, if this Covenant is ratified, we shall find ourselves not only confronted by these "understandings" but actually involved in them, and even obliged to aid in executing them, or enter into new "understandings" with regard to what does not concern us.

The question is thus pressed upon us: What are the provisions of the Covenant regarding these "understandings"? Article XXI reads: "Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of international engagements such as treaties of arbitration or regional understandings like the Monroe Doctrine for securing the maintenance of peace."

These words are not to be found in the original draft of the Covenant. They were introduced with the ostensible purpose of recognizing the Monroe Doctrine; but the form of expression employed implies that, *besides* the Monroe Doctrine, there are certain engagements, such as treaties of arbitration and "regional understandings," of which last the American policy is assumed to be only an example, the validity of which is not affected by this Covenant. So far as the Monroe Doctrine itself is concerned, the expression "regional understandings" might have been omitted. The sentence would then simply read: "Nothing in this Covenant shall be deemed to affect the validity of the Monroe Doctrine."

It has been generally felt in the United States, where the Monroe Doctrine is not regarded as an "engagement" or an "understanding," but simply and solely as a national policy, that the expression "regional understandings" does not properly describe this policy. Why, then, was this expression chosen? No form of expression could better cover the agreements regarding Shantung, the partition of the Ottoman Empire, and the distribution of the Pacific Islands taken from Germany. These are, of course, not "like" the Monroe Doctrine, in the sense of having a similar purpose; but all are "regional," that is, geographically limited, and they are "understandings." In substance they

are not only different from, but are opposed to, the Monroe Doctrine; for the American policy regards the "self-determination" of the inhabitants of the Western Hemisphere as a matter of interest to the United States; while these "understandings" are intended to cover the agreements of foreign Powers among themselves to divide, and occupy, and exploit distant territories, regardless of the will of the inhabitants.

The only intelligible reason for classing the Monroe Doctrine as a "regional understanding" is the assumption that it *becomes* an understanding through the agreement entered into with the signatories of this Covenant. There must, however, be a purpose in using the general expression "regional understandings"; which is plainly intended to include an entire class of agreements, all of which are recognized as being of equal validity and lying beyond the scope of this Covenant.

It is, therefore, desirable to know precisely *what* "regional understandings," *other* than the Monroe Doctrine, are here included, and at the same time who originated this new and undefined expression which might so obviously be applied to the "understandings" of a private and even secret nature to which attention has been called.

It is, of course, not overlooked that, in Article XVIII, it is provided that "Every convention or international engagement entered into henceforth by any member of the League shall be forthwith registered with the Secretariat"; and, in Article XX, it is agreed that "this Covenant is accepted as abrogating all obligations or understandings *inter se* which are inconsistent with the terms thereof, and the members solemnly undertake that they will not hereafter enter into any engagements inconsistent with the terms thereof."

At first sight these provisions seem to render nugatory all secret "understandings" between the members of the League. It is to be noted, however, that no obligation is accepted to abrogate any "understanding" unless it is *"inconsistent" with the terms of the Covenant;* but, in Article XXI, it is declared that "*Nothing* in this Covenant shall be deemed to *affect the validity* of" the class of international engagements therein named, "such as arbitration treaties and regional understandings." This provision, therefore, it might be contended, excludes such "under-

standings" from registration, abrogation, and prohibition in the future. It is, in effect, a ratification of *all* "regional understandings." It might even be held that, since their validity is expressly declared not to be affected by anything in the Covenant, it exempts them from arbitration, unless perhaps with reference to a dispute about one of the terms of the understanding. It has not, I believe, been pretended that China, for example, could through the League of Nations compel Japan to arbitrate her claims in Shantung. There would be at least three Powers in the Council which would deny the appeal, and it is difficult to believe that the Government of the United States, having refused even to hear China's protest, would support the demand for arbitration.

It may be said that Article X is an adequate protection of international rights, because it pledges the members of the League "to respect and preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity" of all members of the League. We see, however, how utterly ineffective this provision is in the case of a weak Power. In May, 1915, Japan presented her famous "Twenty-one Demands." They included the substitution of Japan for Germany in that province, the political and economic domination of South Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia, the Japanese control of a most important iron and coal enterprise in Central China, and an engagement of China not to cede or lease to any other Power any part of the coast of China. To these demands China was compelled to submit in conventions negotiated and concluded under circumstances of intimidation and duress, regardless of the sovereign will of the Republic. Other demands were made and postponed, but not withdrawn.

At the Peace Conference China prayed for the abrogation of the notes of May, 1915, on the ground that they were violative of "the territorial integrity and political independence of China," and contradictory of what have been announced as the guiding principles of the Peace Conference. As a distinguished Chinese statesman has put the case, "They constitute an injustice which, if not righted, will cause so much unrest and unsettlement in Far-Eastern politics as will, in time, assume proportions which will have a reflex action in Europe and America."

It is now understood, and I believe officially admitted,

that a failure to support the demands made by Japan upon China would have rendered doubtful the adherence of certain Powers to the League, and perhaps would have created an indisposition to form any League at all. If that is the price at which the formation of this League was bought, it is not difficult to foresee what its future will be; for, as a Chinese delegate asked, in commenting on a semi-official communication upon the attitude of the President of the United States in this matter: "What reason is there to assume that a League of Nations, whose Covenant is created in conjunction with this Treaty of Peace, can be depended on to rectify or to reverse the provisions of that treaty?" He might have added, particularly in view of the fact that the Covenant itself expressly provides for the exemption of "regional understandings," like the Shantung compacts, from the obligations of the Covenant, by affirming this exemption in that document itself!

In this connection it would be of interest to know precisely to what "regional understanding" we shall be committing ourselves if we accept unchanged Article XXI of this Covenant. And here it is important to note that, until they go into execution, these understandings will probably remain secret, since there is nothing in the Covenant to prohibit this; for they are not formal treaties and conventions: they are promises contained in conversations and notes exchanged in the course of diplomatic correspondence, and, if they are soon to be executed, may not even be reduced to writing. They seem, therefore, to permit of unlimited secret bargaining.

As events develop, this reservation of the validity of "regional understandings" in Article XXI may be found to have a close connection with intended "mandates" over all so-called "backward countries." Theoretically, the League of Nations is to issue "Acts and Charters" for the administration of these countries; but practically they will be portioned out to the "Big Five" in accordance with "understandings" already agreed upon. A highly competent publicist, who was in Paris during the Peace Conference and in close touch with important sources of information, reports as a matter of general knowledge, that a private agreement was reached in a personal conference of delegates last March, in Paris, to the effect that the British, French and Japanese Governments would support one

another in all questions relating to Asia and would jointly approve of Japan's claims in Shantung, as in fact they had already agreed to do. This "understanding" regarding "*all Asia*," he reports, was reached between the completion of the first draft of the Covenant and the revision of it, which resulted in the addition of Article XXI regarding "regional understandings."

With Russia disintegrated, the Ottoman Empire dismembered and apportioned to European Powers, and China left without independence, it is noteworthy that the whole of Asia becomes a field for unimpeded foreign exploitation. India, Siam, and Hedjaz are voting States in the Assembly of the League, but all of them are already under the control of Great Britain alone or jointly with France. Persia is the only other Asiatic State invited to become an adherent of the League, and since the collapse of Russia, the British "sphere of interest" in Persia has become unlimited. Italy is demanding compensation in Asia, and when it is granted, four of the five permanent members of the Council will have a community of interest in the "regional understandings" such as Article XXI renders valid and exempts from all the obligations of the Covenant.

But this is not the whole import of Article XXI. If, appealing to the protection of Article X, any country likely to be subjected to these "understandings" should seek, as China has done, to protect itself against encroachment, any one of the aggressors, under the rule of unanimity in the Council, could object that intervention was unwarranted, and if any other member of the League, actuated by sympathy or even by an adverse interest, should then go to war to prevent the aggression, that nation would find itself violating the Covenant, and thereby at war with the League.

Before adopting this Covenant, the reason for the reference in it to "regional understandings" should be fully explained; and, above all, this article should not be allowed to take its place there under the cover of the Monroe Doctrine, which is designed to protect the self-determination of free nations, and has been coupled with the Golden Rule as summing up the foreign policy of the United States.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

JAPAN IN ACTION

BY JEREMIAH W. JENKS

JAPAN, to carry out her policy in the Far East, on August 15, 1914, sent an ultimatum to Germany. She advised the Imperial German Government:

To withdraw immediately from Japanese and Chinese waters German men-of-war and armed vessels of all kinds, and to disarm at once those which cannot be so withdrawn.

To deliver on a date not later than September 15 to the Imperial Japanese authorities, without condition or compensation, the entire leased territory of Kiaochow, with a view to the eventual restoration of the same to China.

It was further stated that unless an unconditional acceptance was received by noon of August 23, 1914, "Japan may be compelled to take such action as she may deem necessary to meet the situation."

Thus Japan entered the war.

Inasmuch as throughout the war the Japanese have defended their own actions by accusing China of neglect, it is worth noting that before this action of Japan China had taken entirely suitable steps to play her own part worthily.

To protect her own interests and to secure her neutrality, she suggested the following steps:

1. That there should be neutralized under Chinese control all her territory leased to foreign belligerent nations or those that might become belligerent.

2. If war were waged on her territory, the war-like acts of belligerents should be limited to specified areas. [It will be recalled that such limitations had been made with the consent of the Powers during the Russo-Japanese war] and

3. That China would join the Allies.

Of course, the last proposition was not made until the others had failed, but China earnestly desired that her first suggestion be carried out. Had she been a strong nation, she would have put this policy into effect without consult-

ing the Powers. Under the conditions, the proposal was made, and the friendly offices of the United States were sought to carry out the policy. The German legation was inclined to be favorable, likewise Great Britain, while the United States was ready to take the initiative.

The ultimatum of Japan, with her subsequent acts in Shantung, frustrated the worthy purpose of China. Americans should not forget, however, that China at the very beginning attempted to play her part wisely and well, and that Japan was the nation that blocked these efforts. We should note, again, that in ordering Germany " to withdraw immediately from Japanese and Chinese waters," Japan assumed a prerogative that belonged only to China. Note also that this was an uncalled-for assumption, because, as a matter of fact, China did intern all war ships of both belligerents in waters that China controlled; but from Japan's insulting assumption, China realized at once her deadly purpose.

Next, China attempted to limit the scope of military operations, when the Japanese and British attacked Tsingtau. There was no need, on military grounds, to go outside the neutral zone about Kiaochow that had been leased to Germany, but China attempted to fix even more liberal limits. Great Britain scrupulously followed the wishes of China in this regard. The Japanese, on the contrary, landed their troops some hundred and fifty miles away from Tsingtau, at Lungkow, far beyond the limits fixed, and in going overland to make the attack they found excuses to seize the control of the entire railway between Tsingtau and Tsinan, the capital of Shantung, taking control of telegraphs, posts, roads, and assuming the military control of all important territory. China protested vigorously against such a policy, but without avail.

On November 7, 1914, Tsingtau surrendered. Japan from that time on has maintained her control of the entire railroad line and interfered with the police and local administration in many parts of the Province of Shantung far removed from any possible relation to the war.

The Powers, including the United States, had acquiesced so readily in her high-handed acts in Shantung, that Japan felt emboldened to clinch her hold still more firmly and to extend widely the scope of her operations.

On January 18, 1915, the Japanese Minister presented

the noteworthy " twenty-one demands," set out in five different groups. They were presented, not to the Foreign Office, but direct to the President. China was warned that she must act promptly and accept all demands without change, and that all proceedings must be kept secret. In spite of the warnings the Chinese, through newspaper correspondents, made the facts known.

Japan denied, emphatically and completely, the truthfulness of the facts as published. Japanese newspapers were warned not to publish or discuss the matter. Her representatives abroad were ordered to deny the facts and news regarding this. The Japanese Minister in Peking officially denied to the other legations that any demands had been made. When copies of the original demands had become known to other foreign Governments, Japan still denied that there were twenty-one demands, but presented a list of eleven of the least objectionable.

Meanwhile, she was pressing for an immediate answer, and on May 7, 1915, she delivered an ultimatum giving two days for acceptance, otherwise " the Imperial Japanese Government will take such steps as may be necessary."

Having failed to secure intervention by any other nation, China had no alternative but to accept, although, even then, she refused under all conditions to accept a few of the worse demands.

Let Americans now, while Japan is making so many assertions about what she proposes to do in the future in Shantung, note carefully the facts just mentioned, and consider whether they are willing to accept her official word unaccompanied by any acts on matters that concern not only China but our own rights in the Far East.

Regarding the promise to return the leased territory of Kiaochow to China, Baron Kato in December stated in the Japanese Diet that this promise was conditioned upon Germany yielding Kiaochow without resistance, and that " restitution after a campaign was not thought of."

Concerning America's connection with the " twenty-one demands," our State Department on May 16, 1915, through a note sent to both Japan and China, formally notified both Governments " that it cannot recognize any agreement or undertaking which has been entered into, or which may be entered into between the Governments of China and Japan impairing the treaty rights of the United States and its

citizens in China, the political or territorial integrity of the Republic of China, or the international policy commonly known as the open door policy."

The United States is, therefore, in position to-day to take any action that it deems proper to protect our interests in the Far East.

Having failed to secure a method by which it could check Japan's aggression, the Chinese Government next turned its attention to making provision for a more just treatment in the future, or possibly for relief from the injustice already done her, by taking measures to secure a seat at the Peace Conference as one of the Allies. It is now known that, early in the war, President Yuan Shi K'ai had thought of joining the Allies. If the Allies would consent, the Chinese would capture Tsingtau from the Germans. Failing in his attempt to maintain neutrality, or to limit military operations wherever Japan was concerned, he next proposed to send troops to participate in the capture and urged that all moves in Chinese territory be entrusted to the Chinese troops. Japan refused. Again, in August, 1915, he proposed joining the Allies, but was discouraged by the British Minister. Later, on October 30, 1915, acting on the suggestion of one of his foreign advisers, he again took up the question, this time sounding the Russian, French and American Governments, as well as the British. The matter was now given formal consideration. The United States, at that date a neutral Power, could take no formal action, but it is well understood that the American Minister was personally sympathetic with the movement, and there is no doubt that the American Government would have welcomed it.

On November 23, 1915, the representatives of Great Britain, France, and Russia had a formal conference with Viscount Ishii, at that time Minister of Foreign Affairs in Tokio. These representatives, in the name of their Governments, suggested to Japan that China join them as an ally. Japan, however, objected. Of course, official reports of the interview are not available, but reports from various sources agree that Viscount Ishii summed up the objections of Japan as being, in effect, that her interests in regard to China were paramount and that she must maintain a firm hand regarding them. Moreover (and this is the significant thing for Americans to remember in considering the

future of the Far East) he said that Japan cannot view without apprehension the prospect of a large Chinese army such as would be required if she were to participate actively in war, and she cannot view without uneasiness "a moral awakening of four hundred million Chinese" such as would be brought about by such participation. Millard's version of the statement is slightly different, but of equal significance: "Japan could not regard with equanimity the organization of an efficient Chinese army such as would be required for her active participation in the war, nor could Japan fail to regard with uneasiness a liberation of the economic activities of a nation of 400,000,000 people." Do American citizens object to either a "liberation of the economic activities" or to the "moral awakening of 400,000,000 Chinese"? Or are they prepared now, by acceding to the Peace Treaty, to give their formal approval to Japan's prevention of either the liberation of Chinese economic activities or her moral awakening? Suffice it to say that Japan's protest was sufficient, and that China was not permitted to join the Allies at that time.

As soon as it became likely that the United States would enter the war as a belligerent, a new factor of prime importance was introduced. The United States now took the initiative in helping China come into the war. The apparent sympathy of the other nations with Japan had so weakened China's confidence in Great Britain and France that she felt that if she could not join the Allies a victory of the Allies was not likely to benefit China; and inasmuch as the issue of the war was still in abeyance, and apparently Germany's position was becoming more favorable, it was thought unwise to aggravate Germany unnecessarily. Nothing could be gained thereby, while much might be lost.

The United States Government broke off official relations with Germany on February 3, 1917. The official invitation to neutrals to follow the example of the United States in severing diplomatic relations with Germany was received in Peking the following day. The American Minister at once took steps to bring the matter to a prompt decision. It was highly desirable that it be accepted. Japan, it was felt, would continue her opposition. It at once developed that Great Britain, France, Russia and Italy, while on the whole favorably impressed by our suggestion, would not urge it strongly.

The Japanese Minister sought a private interview with the President, Li Yuan Hung. He urged that China would run a great risk by joining America; that the United States would probably not be effective in the war; while she had expressed her sympathy with China, America had done little for her. It was very doubtful that Germany would be defeated by the Allies. It was much safer for China to rely upon Japan, for after the war there would doubtless be harmonious action between Japan and Germany, and then Japan could readily protect China. The Minister also presented similar arguments to the Prime Minister. Under the circumstances, the Chinese Government naturally hesitated.

Finally, unable to answer officially (the cables being out of order), the question of the Chinese as to whether in the Peace Conference America would support the Chinese claims in Shantung if China entered the war, the American Minister assured them that, in his judgment, such assistance would be given; and on the basis of that assurance China accepted America's invitation over the protest of Japan, and severed diplomatic relations.

The United States Government, so far as is known, accepted the assurance of its Minister to China as its own.

Later, still acting under the influence of the United States, China, on August 14, 1917, declared war against Germany. The hope of freedom from Japan's aggression was China's chief motive. In addition, she hoped to be free from the burden of the German and Austrian Boxer indemnities; to secure from the Allies satisfactory loans for war purposes and also for development purposes afterward; to get back under her control German concessions at Tientsin and Hankow as well as in Shantung; to secure as a result of her participation a general revision of treaties more to her advantage, and to supplant Germans in China's public service, especially in the customs and Salt Gabelle, with Chinese. All of these motives were laudable, as much so as those of any of the Allies, and vastly more so than those of Japan. In this continuance of her policy to enter the war, let Americans remember that China was acting on the urgent advice of the United States, and with at least implied assurances of support by the United States at the Peace Conference.

When the Balfour and Viviani missions were here in

April and May, 1917, there was much talk among persons conversant with conditions in the Far East regarding the acts of Japan in China. Her deliberate attempts to further her own interests, to block the entrance of China into the war, and to oppose America's interest in China's intervention, were well known.

Until the time of the Peace Conference, Americans believed that Great Britain and France really sympathized with their views regarding the Far East. Yet it seems certain that, although several weeks before the arrival in the United States of these Missions, secret agreements had been reached with Japan by which they promised to support Japan in her claims upon Shantung at the Peace Conference, no intimation of these treaties was given to our Government. The Chinese Government and well-informed Americans in China suspected some such agreement, but both Great Britain and France permitted our Government to go ahead without such knowledge and to put itself into a most embarrassing position for the future on account of the lack of that knowledge. I am making no suggestion either for or against the policy of Great Britain or France in this regard. I do, however, think it important that all Americans should know the way in which we have been drawn into our present most difficult situation by the suppression of the knowledge of these secret treaties.

The Ishii Mission reached this country about the middle of August. Owing to the tensity of feeling, great care was taken by our State Department and by the public to give its members a most elaborate and cordial, not to say effusive, reception and treatment throughout the period of their stay. Baron (now Viscount) Ishii is, as we know, a most eloquent speaker, and his skill in handling his difficult task is deserving of only high praise so far as outward form of expression is concerned.

Naturally, our State Department and our publicists were eager to know the specific purposes of this mission. No one believed that they were limited to merely war purposes, although those were of course included. About a week before the Mission's arrival in Washington I received, as did the State Department, a confidential memorandum purporting to be Ishii's programme. He was to assert:

that Japan has no ulterior motive in respect to the integrity of China;

that she adheres to her open door pledges; that nothing subversive of China's sovereignty is contemplated; that Japan's sole object is, by means entirely pacific, to bring order out of chaos in China, with no special privilege in view; that Japan understands China better than any other nation, and, owing to her geographical proximity and *special political position and interests in the Far East, she should, therefore, when essential, take the leading rôle in dealing with China as the United States does with the Nations of the Western hemisphere* [the italics are mine.]

There can be no doubt that Ishii attempted to carry this plan through, and that, from Japan's viewpoint—or, at any rate, the viewpoint she promulgated—he succeeded in accomplishing his mission; though he failed to secure recognition of any special political position which would warrant her in taking the " leading rôle in dealing with China as the United States does with the nations of the Western hemisphere."

In making public the Lansing-Ishii Agreement, Japan, in order to advance in China her own interpretation of this agreement, again deliberately tricked the State Department by publishing the agreement in Peking in the Chinese press before the time agreed upon to have it given out simultaneously in Tokyo and Washington; and also in giving out the translation of the agreement, the Japanese deliberately employed the Chinese and Japanese characters, which gave to the expression " special interests " a significance amounting to " vested interests " or " proprietorship " or "suzerainty " over China, while the characters used by the Americans meant merely " a close or strong general interest in the welfare of China," not any vested, proprietary or paramount interest. After the Americans had published their version, the Japanese endeavored to persuade the American Legation to accept the Japanese translation and amend the American version. That, however, the Americans did not accede to, and the Japanese to this day have insisted upon their version as the correct one.

The Japanese have also frequently employed the expression " Monroe Doctrine for Asia " to explain and excuse their acts in China by thus inferentially alleging a parallel between such acts and those of the United States in the Western hemisphere. Since the methods are entirely different, that seems like a deliberate attempt to mislead the world; and unfortunately they have succeeded in misleading many influential Americans who are not well informed

on the policies of the two countries. The United States has never asserted any right to special economic investments in Mexico, for example, that would in any way exclude similar investments by France, Japan, Great Britain or any other nation. She has objected only when political power seemed to be sought. There has been always a real Open Door in this hemisphere so far as the United States Government is concerned. Americans should no longer permit themselves to be hoodwinked by the expression "Monroe Doctrine for Asia."

The Japanese policy in China has been, clearly, to keep conditions unsettled by fomenting disturbances and hostilities between the so-called North and South factions, and to keep China weak. This is not a matter of suspicion or careless observation on the part of prejudiced Americans. It is a matter officially known, reported upon, and recorded in our State Department, and supported by the overwhelming testimony of Chinese, American and British officials both North and South who are fully conversant with the facts.

Japan has also attempted to secure and advance her economic supremacy throughout China by extensive loan operations in that country largely through the wealth that she has made out of the war. For months under the Terauchi régime, one of his agents, Nishihara, formerly unofficial but no less active, steered most vigorously Japan's financial drive on China. The work was carried on secretly. The securities taken in many cases were in themselves insufficient for any proper loan and their acceptance could be defended only on the ground of political expediency and the intent to exert, at the proper time, political pressure. Such obligations were even extended beyond Japan's capacity to supply the full amounts required unless the other Allies were to make her loans. The use of the loan was, in many cases, illegitimate, and contrary to agreements with other Powers; but such use was made with the full and deliberate connivance of Japan. Loans purely economic on their face became purely political in practice. Even those that were proper if carried out in the right spirit were not so carried out, and Japan has shown no intention of so managing them. There has been a clear intention to secure in advance a claim on Chinese resources in order that that agreement may be enforced afterward.

The result will be the mortgaging of China to Japan to an extent that will infringe very seriously on the already acquired rights of the United States, Great Britain and France. There had been a feeling in Peking that this Chinese muddle would be settled equitably at the Peace Conference. But what has been the result?

The full significance of the Shantung settlement seems to be appreciated by few. It is ordinarily asserted that merely the German rights in Shantung have been awarded to Japan, and that therefore China is no worse off than she was before. People shut their eyes to the moral issue and the methods employed by Japan to get this claim, and do not realize its economic and political significance. Attention is frequently called to the fact that the German concession does not include the entire province of Shantung, some 55,000 square miles (about the size of Illinois), with a population of some forty millions, but only the territory surrounding the Bay of Kiaochow, some two hundred square miles in extent, with a population of 195,000; and it is further added that Japan has promised to restore to China the political rights over even this territory of Kiaochow, retaining only the economic rights. The Japanese seem scrupulously to have avoided calling attention to the following significant fact: that in the agreement to which they forced China to accede, they reserved a Japanese settlement, selected by themselves, to remain under the absolute control and direction of Japan. After they have taken their pick of territory, there might be provided an international settlement if the other nations desire.

The outlines of this exclusive Japanese settlement seem to be clearly defined. It includes all of the wharves and other port facilities, all of the railway terminals, the cable terminals, the central telegraph, telephone, and post offices, the customs, together with all of the best business and governmental sites in Tsingtao. Furthermore, the German rights which Japan is to inherit under the treaty give her the exclusive prior right in case China wishes to build two other trunk line railroads in Shantung, to finance them or build them for China on terms similar to the Tsingtao-Tsinanfu road, to furnish all railway materials for such roads, to finance or administer the opening of mines in the province; and, in case China wishes to make any other developments of whatever nature,—

> The Chinese Government binds itself, in all cases where foreign assistance, in persons, capital or material, may be needed for any purpose whatever within the Province of Shantung, to offer the said work of supplying of materials, in the first instance to German [now Japanese] manufacturers and merchants engaged in undertakings of the kind in question.

Still further, it includes the right to extend the existing important trunk lines of the main railroad outside of the province of Shantung into the very heart of China, tapping the two existing north and south main trunk lines, thus (especially in the winter when the other northern ports are closed) enabling her to divert much of the traffic to the port of Tsingtao, over which Japan has exclusive control.

A comparison naturally springs to one's mind: Suppose that Great Britain, with her control of Canada (which is a less rigorous control than that which Japan exerts over Chinese Manchuria or Eastern Inner Mongolia), were to hold also under her control the Port of New York; the prior right to finance or build and furnish supplies to all railroads; all important mines, present and future, in that territory; and any other improvements that our people, through the Government, might contemplate making in any of that territory, north of Washington and east of Chicago, provided Great Britain would perform this work for us as cheaply as any other responsible bidder. Before acceding to these sections of the Peace Treaty regarding Shantung, Americans should consider carefully what such a grip exerted by Great Britain would mean not only to the United States, but to all other nations of the world wishing to do business with the Unied States.

The issue is clear: Japan has taken measures that are absolutely unjustifiable from both the moral and economic viewpoints. She has employed force, treachery, threats, with a boldness and skill that command admiration, but only accentuate the danger as one looks toward the future. Had the President not signed the Peace Treaty, our position would have been unassailable. Heretofore we have given due warning that we would not accede to Japan's aggressive acts if they affected American interests. The President having signed the treaty, the responsibility rests now with the Senate.

JEREMIAH W. JENKS.

THE JAPANESE EVIL IN CALIFORNIA

BY JAMES D. PHELAN

UNITED STATES SENATOR FOR CALIFORNIA

THE farming communities of California are organizing to suppress the Japanese evil.[1] The State is practically of one mind on the subject, and because it is a California problem, California is entitled to speak with authority. Of course, it is only a matter of time when the Japanese will spread eastward, but that will not be until California has been exhausted. The soil and climate of the Pacific Coast are very attractive to the Japanese, and the remuneration for labor is high. They will not voluntarily emigrate from Japan to Manchuria, nor to the Philippines. When America is closed to them, they will necessarily have to spread in Asiatic territory, and that is where they belong. They belong there, because they are non-assimilable here. They compose a permanently foreign element, and precipitate a race question far more serious than that in the South. Why "more serious"? Because they are a masterful people, of great industry and ingenuity. They have no disposition in California to work for wages, but seek control of the soil by purchase, leasehold or a share of the crops, and, under these circumstances, become impossible competitors. They know no rest and respect no standards. In other words, the white man is driven from the soil, and that is the particular point which I desire to impress at this time upon the people of the East.

[1]The "Fourteen Counties Association," embracing most of the great Sacramento Valley in the Northern part of the State, and the Alien Regulation League in the Imperial Valley on the Mexican border, are organizations which have been formed to combat the influx of Japanese, and their slogan is: "Keep the land in the hands of the white people."

The following newspaper dispatch from Stockton of July eighteenth shows organization work in the great central San Joaquin Valley:

"Figures given out here today by Secretary F. Charles Clowdsley of the Service Club, an organization of 3,400 returned soldiers of San Joaquin County, which is waging a campaign for Americanization, shows that alien births in San Joaquin County, outside of Stockton for the first six months of 1919 exceeded those of citizens. Births of children of alien parents totaled 169, while 113 births to American citizens were recorded. Japanese births during the period were 104."

The soil is the foundation of everything. Race, family, citizenship, thrift, prosperity, patriotism, success in peace and security in war—all rest upon the soil. Dispossess the people and they are condemned to poverty and vagabondage.

A Government which rests upon the morality, intelligence, and loyalty of the people can not suffer the deterioration of the people, because its own life is involved. That is one reason why all arguments in favor of increased production by undesirable immigrants fall to the ground. Production is nothing compared with population, and the character of the population determines the character of the Government. We could well afford to produce less and have a free, happy, and homogeneous population, tilling the soil and contributing, by family life, education, religion, science, and art to the upbuilding of our Western civilization. What boots it if California produces great crops and men perish, unmourned, in a hopeless economic struggle?

In the attitude of Californians there is no question of race prejudice. It is simply a question of self-preservation. The money produced from the soil by Japanese in California circulates among Japanese, in shop and store, which are conducted by their own countrymen; and thence it flows to Japan, impoverishing the State that provides it, to be invested in industries which compete with our own. So it is not only a ceaseless drain, but it becomes an aggressive antagonist. Japanese steamship lines are now carrying the commerce of the Pacific, and Japanese articles of all kinds are made in imitation of our own. There are upwards of eighty thousand Japanese in California, and they are as much a tributary colony of Japan as though the flag of Nippon had supplanted the Stars and Stripes. Most people have heard of the overwhelming invasion of the Territory of Hawaii, where extraordinary conditions prevail. There are probably 110,000 Japanese in Hawaii, as against 12,000 Americans. There is compulsory education, but the Japanese children go to Japanese schools before and after the regular school hours, where they are taught Japanese and instructed in foreign traditions and usages. It is estimated that in ten years the native Japanese will outvote the white and native Hawaiian population and control the Legislature and all municipal offices—as the Mayor, the Chief of Police, and the Council. The Hawaiian Islands have been

described militarily as the "Key of the Pacific." Unless there is some restriction, this shall be the fate of California.

Let us see what has been done to avert this evil, and how far our subserviency to Japanese diplomacy has exposed us to danger. John J. Leary, Jr., recounts in a recent *McClure's* his conversations with Theodore Roosevelt under the heading, "Why I Broke With Taft." Among other things which led to the estrangement was the Japanese treaty of 1911, which superseded the treaty of 1894. Mr. Roosevelt said:

> We had a perfectly good treaty with Japan, under which we had the right to pass exclusion laws. Japan asked that we do not do so, offering to make a "Gentleman's Agreement" to keep her folks at home if we would not pass such a law. The Agreement was made and kept, but we had the right to enforce exclusion under the treaty if Japan did not do what was right. Mr. Taft, however, went to work and made a new treaty, in which that right to exclude was waived, we relying on their "Gentleman's Agreement," which they may or may not live up to, as circumstances may seem best to them.
>
> That was a mistake, and how California ever let that treaty go through is beyond me. Now, as matters stand, Japan can do as it pleases. The part of wisdom was to have retained that provision of the old treaty as a club.

I remember protesting against this treaty in common with other Californians, but our protest was ignored. In 1906, however, Mr. Roosevelt himself labored under the same spell of the Orient, when he threatened California for attempting to segregate Japanese students in the California public schools. Japan had just emerged from successful war against China; she had taken Formosa; she had assumed control of Korea, and she had beaten Russia. Mr. Roosevelt respected her military prowess, and, as in all our dealings with Japan, sought to avoid "causes of irritation." Under these circumstances California yielded, protesting, however, that her State jurisdiction gave her exclusive authority in all matters of schools, marriage, land, and inheritance. To-day in many California schools in the rural districts sixty per cent. of the enrollment are Japanese. Roosevelt negotiated the "Gentleman's Agreement," so-called, of 1907. Japan agreed to refuse passports to her laborers who had been coming in great numbers to California; but all students, merchants, teachers, and professional men were not to be denied passports. Japan made these exceptions: She held the right to issue passports to

any laborer who had once been in America and wished to return; to the parents, wives, and children of laborers in America, and to any laborer who had secured title to land in America and wished to go to possess it.

The operations of the "Gentleman's Agreement" have been unsatisfactory. The Japanese steamship companies, which practically control the passenger routes between the Orient and the two Americas, have brought large numbers of Japanese to Mexico, and they have been smuggled over the border. Sometimes they are apprehended and deported, but it is very difficult to guard the extensive border, and so, notwithstanding the Agreement, the Japanese population in California is constantly increasing. Under advice, departing Japanese laborers sign leases in which they have no interest in order to return.

The device has been practiced of marrying the Japanese men in California to women in Japan whom they have never seen by the pretense of exchanging photographs, and these women are known as "proxy" or "picture" brides. I have recently witnessed as many as one hundred and fifty arriving on one ship in San Francisco harbor, and these unfortunate chattels, I am told, recoil in many instances from the ordeal when, through the bars of the immigration station, they see for the first time the images of their "husbands." There is no ceremony. Japan has simply given the women passports as wives, under the "Gentleman's Agreement," and they come in. They are led away by their masters and serve a twofold purpose, both in violation of the spirit of the Agreement, which was to restrict the increase of Japanese laborers. They are laborers. They work in the fields as laborers, side by side with the men; and, being remarkably prolific, they bear many children to them to swell the increasing Japanese tide. The California State Board of Health, in its twenty-fifth biennial report, gives the following vital statistics of births for 1917:

White	47,313
Japanese	4,108
Chinese	419
Negro	328
Indian	52

The report makes this comment: "The per cent. white decreased steadily through the last twelve years; thus, 98.04 (1906), 97.07, 96.8, 86.3, 96.1, 95.5, 84.6, 93.2, 91.9,

91.3, 91.4, 90.6 (1917). The decrease in the proportion of white babies is due to marked increases in Japanese birth registration, as follows: 134 (1906), 221, 455, 682, 719, 995, 1,467, 2,215, 2,874, 3,342, 3,721, and 4,108 (1917)."

This is three thousand per cent. increase! Dr. J. L. Pomery, County Health Officer of Los Angeles, gave recently in his report the birth rate by races in the rural sections of Los Angeles County, as follows:

White	48 %
Japanese	33.4%
Mexican	8.2%
Chinese	.1%
Negro	.3%

In other words, one-third of the births in Los Angeles County, California—one of the most fertile counties in the State, outside of incorporated cities and towns—is Japanese. In Placer County, California, the birth rate has been given as follows:

1916	Japanese	67	White	119
1917	Japanese	93	White	79
1918	Japanese	123	White	61

The unavoidable conclusion to be drawn from these figures is that, where the Japanese come, the whites go. It is easy to calculate how, by geometric progression, the Japanese in a very few decades will have supplanted the men and women of California who have pioneered, developed, and occupied the land.

In 1913, California, as a measure of protection, undertook to pass alien land laws. Now Japan forbids foreigners to own her land, just as, for the same economic reasons which influence us, she prohibits the immigration of Chinese. Again there was an uproar, and the State Department at Washington made protest, but in a milder form than during the agitation of the school question, which remains unsolved. Finally, laws were passed denying the privilege to own agricultural land to persons ineligible to citizenship. This affected the Japanese principally. By a compromise, such persons were allowed to lease land for three-year terms. What was the result? The Japanese started at once to circumvent the law. They excited the cupidity of farmers by offering them large prices for their land or for leaseholds. In the matter of leaseholds, for

instance, they made numberless leases for the same farm, one following the expiration of the other, and making use of different names; and in purchasing the land they resorted to the simple expedient of putting it in the names of their children, born on the soil, and therefore citizens, with all the rights appertaining to that status. They also organized corporations with more than one-half of the stockholders American citizens, as required by law—"dummy" countrymen, or ever-complacent lawyers. In these matters they are proceeding in violation of the intent and spirit of the law, as though there were no law at all. They are rapidly acquiring the most productive lands in California.

The California Legislature, realizing that the Japanese were acquiring the land in spite of prohibitive laws, and that they were actually controlling the great vegetable and fruit crops of the State, took up the question this year through one or two patriotic and farseeing members. At the instance of the Japanese Association, the powerful propagandists of Japan in this country, the old issue that it might cause "international friction" was raised. The President and Secretary of State were in Paris, dealing with the Japanese on questions of war spoils, immigration and racial equality, and when asked by the Legislature for advice the word came that action would be untimely. But action would doubtless have strengthened the President by showing the Japanese diplomatists that California was alive to her rights and resentful of Federal interference.

The timid Governor and Legislature surrendered.

The bills proposed to abolish leases to aliens; to remodel the corporation laws so they could not be used as instruments of law evasion; to permit separate schools for Japanese, where existing schools were too small, in the judgment of Boards of Education, for both Japanese and whites; and to require both parties to be present for the legal solemnization of marriage. These measures will come up again, and will probably be passed. Meantime, a drive is on among the Japanese in California to acquire land and import women. If our country, like England, was ruled in emergencies by orders in council, such an order should be issued to stop this practice now.

Congress should pass an exclusion law at once.

JAMES D. PHELAN.

A MERIT SYSTEM IN THE ARMY

A REPLY TO GOVERNOR ALLEN

BY MAJOR-GENERAL WILLIAM CROZIER, U. S. A., RETIRED

WHEN the enormous expansion of the Army brought great numbers of citizens of all degrees into close relations with it, as parts of it, or as members of voluntary organizations working with it, many of them found it different from what they had imagined, and not up to their expectations in many respects. Those officers of the regular Army who realized the deprivation of interested criticism and suggestion from without, and the loss of a certain compelling effect of improvement, difficult of attainment from within, which these evidences of concern often exert in self-contained organizations like the Army, have now, therefore, occasion to look for public comment on the shortcomings of the service, and for constructive proposals for its improvement, from citizens whose enrollment in it has given them opportunity for intimate observation, and whose standing in the community insures them both attention and influence.

An article with such intention, by Governor Henry J. Allen, of Kansas, appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for July, under the title: "Wanted—Army Reorganization." In this article, Governor Allen undertakes to answer his own question: "Why did a victorious Army which made the supreme test in France come home with a 'grouch'?" He finds the answer in the fault of the regular officers. He states that the country began with a belief in the regular organization,—or, as he puts it, in "West Point,"—and exhibited "a determination to see the game through without complaint or criticism while the stress was on"; but the belief turned out not to be well founded, and the regulars failed both in staff and line.

Some of us who were operated on by the Senate Military Committee in its investigation of the War Department, during the first year of the war, find difficulty in accepting the accuracy of the Governor's testimony as to the renouncement of complaint or criticism, at least by some representatives of the people, and have not yet realized the "unquestioning attitude" which he says was adopted; and there may be justification, therefore, in examining some other of his statements to see whether they rest upon such careful ascertainment of facts as would warrant acceptance of the conclusions as sound.

The first disillusionment, according to the Governor, came through the failure of the staff departments to supply transportation, ordnance material and airplanes; the officers refusing to be hurried, and apparently proceeding upon the theory that the battle would wait until we had made a machine gun more suitable for American use than any being used in the world.

I am not well informed in regard to the supply of transportation and airplanes, but I do know something about the machine guns, having had this particular supply under my charge during the first months of the war, and for some years previously. I can throw some light, therefore, on the statement that we spent millions of dollars and valuable months of time carrying on debates and experiments in the very face of a crowded emergency which called for guns; which statement, I presume, was based on some rather free criticism of the Ordnance Department in the press, for declining to give earlier orders for Lewis guns.

The first appropriation of any significance for the supply of machine guns was made in the act of August 29th, 1916: $12,000,000. Before that, the largest annual appropriation had been $200,000, and it was usually $150,000, when it was anything at all. The Ordnance Department knew perfectly well what gun it wanted to get—the Vickers type. This gun had been adopted for our service after careful test, and was also in successful and satisfactory use in the European war. Its excellence has never been questioned, and it remained in energetic manufacture, both here and in England, until the end of the war.

The Secretary of War, however, took the matter out of the hands of the Ordnance Department, and appointed a board of Army and Navy officers and civilians to consider

the subject of machine guns, and to make recommendations for the expenditure of the $12,000,000. The board upheld the preference of the Ordnance Department for the Vickers gun, but the representatives of the Lewis gun protested the recommendation, and the board was reconvened to consider the protest. Hence the method of making use of a board delayed the placing of orders for machine guns from the first of September till the middle of December, but it was adopted by the Secretary of War in extreme solicitude to prevent any reasonable ground for dissatisfaction on the part of the proponents of the Lewis gun, who had alleged prejudice upon the part of the Ordnance Department. The motive was good, but Governor Allen will have to admit that it was more characteristically civilian than military, and was given effect by the civilian Secretary of War, who assumed the responsibility, and not by the military officers whom the Governor criticizes.

Lewis guns had been doing good service in the British Army, but as made for that Army they were not available for us, even in a single sample for test, and as made in the United States they had failed to function satisfactorily, both in test and in service. It was not until April of 1917 that the American manufacturers succeeded in turning out a satisfactory gun, after some fifteen important changes; when large and increasing orders were given, and the expansion of the factory was aided with Government funds. If, before this time, orders had been given for Lewis guns, they would have used up our money in disregard of the conclusions of the most competent advisory agencies which the War Department had known how to create, and would have left none for investment in the well known and thoroughly endorsed Vickers gun. The above facts are set forth at length in the testimony given at the Senate Military Committee's investigation of the War Department.

Governor Allen states that "finally we fought at Chateau Thierry, at St. Mihiel, and in the Argonne Forest with machine guns purchased from our war-burdened allies." This is a misleading statement. It is true that we purchased machine guns from the French Government, not "finally," but from the early period of the war, and at the cheerful suggestion of that Government, which was well able to furnish them and found financial advantage in doing so. It is also true, however, that all divisions of our troops

which went over the Atlantic after April, 1918, had machine guns of American manufacture, and all that went over after June had both machine guns and automatic rifles of the incomparable Browning type, developed in the United States. There were enough of these latter in France at the termination of hostilities to arm all the American forces, and it was the activity of the operations and not the lack of guns which had prevented their substitution for other types in the hands of the troops.

From the date of our declaration of war to the time of the armistice, we manufactured in the United States about seventy-five per cent of the number of guns made in France during the same period, and a little more than the number made in England; but, shortly after the end of the first year, we had developed a manufacturing capacity for machine guns and automatic rifles greater than that of any other country. Not a bad achievement for a set of people who had refused to be hurried, and were "hopelessly entangled in their own red tape."

Governor Allen extends his harsh criticism to other departments of supply. He says that the misrepresentation as to a plentiful supply of American ordnance and other equipment amounted to real genius in lying; although it is difficult to understand why our troops should have been concerned whether their ordnance came from America or not, as long as they had plenty of it to use against the enemy —which they did. Perhaps his general charges can best be met by a statement made by General Pershing in a letter to the Chief Ordnance Officer of the Expeditionary Force, in February last: "During active operations extending from January, 1918, when our first division entered the line, until the close of hostilities on November 11, our troops were supplied with the equipment and ammunition necessary to carry their work to a successful conclusion."

I am the last to wish to defend or to try to explain away the lamentable shortage of war material with which we entered upon the great conflict; but certainly Army officers who had tried their best to give warning, are not responsible for it; and Governor Allen's charge of incompetence to remedy it, after they had been supplied with the means, rests upon statements of fact which he surely has not verified from the published records.

When it comes to matters of personnel, as distinguished from supply, Governor Allen finds the first cause of complaint to be in the status and treatment of the enlisted men under the system which he ascribes to regular officers; and he quotes in illustration from a letter of a soldier just returned from Europe that there is too much "for officers only" in the system, and that "the enlisted man gives up everything and gets nothing." Examining this complaint in an effort to get at the substance of it, it seems to be alleged that the writer expected to get something more out of the war than an opportunity to fight the Germans, though what it is that he expected is not stated. If it is credit, this has been taken care of, for Governor Allen testifies that these men "had been cited, and decorated and 'general ordered' for their great work"; and this kind of recognition must have come, in the great majority of cases, through the recommendation of their officers. It must have been something else, but as we are not told what it is, it is difficult to devise a remedy; and we are left to wonder whether the writer represents any widespread sentiment of the kind to which the Governor attaches importance.

Another class of complaint is stated by Governor Allen to have been voiced by a young sergeant who said to him that the men had been "West Pointed to death," and that the officers forgot they were men and tried to make mere automatons of them; and he follows this up with expression of some views to the effect that there should be less of a gulf between officers and enlisted men, and more of democracy in their relations.

This is a subject which has received a great deal of discussion, and in regard to which a conclusion is difficult. It requires much precise specification to permit the formation of a judgment as to whether a practice in enforcing discipline is one of dignity and firmness, or is characteristic of a "stiff sort of snob." I could cite instances of this war in which officers have been sharply reminded by regulars of the mutuality of the respect which is due between officers and enlisted men, which are quite as striking as those advanced by Governor Allen; and probably any other officer could do the same. But this extensive subject would require an article to itself, and I will content myself with saying that it is a fundamental principle in the regular service that the respect of an enlisted man for his officer

should not be inculcated by any method which would tend to diminish that which he has for himself. Allegation that this principle is not lived up to should be supported with specific instances and not with generalizations, and should be accompanied by such proof as to establish at least a prima facie case that the instances are typical and not sporadic.

Although there is not to be found in the above mentioned criticisms such thoughtful presentation as to aid an effort to improve the military establishment, Governor Allen mentions one difficulty which is very real in any army. It functions for its designed purpose only occasionally. Wars being fortunately rare, a military organization passes the greater part of its existence in a sort of artificial performance, in which the problems are not actual, but are set, and wherein failure does not bring the disaster of war time or result in the consequences encountered in civil life. The Governor says very truly that in real life, from which the civilian officers came to the great Army, there was one unvarying standard of success—a man must make good; and that there a position requiring efficiency must be won and kept by actual merit. He asserts that notoriously unfit officers of the regular establishment who had served long and colorless careers kept their commands.

We must admit that the Army has been without a system by which the retention of officers in service and their advancement have had any very close relation to their merits. Promotion up to the grade of colonel has been by seniority, with absence of competition, and the method of securing the elimination of the unfit through a qualifying examination for promotion has failed to work. In the first eleven years of the life of the law prescribing examination for promotion, from 1890 till the reorganization of the Army in 1901, after the Spanish war, not a single officer was forced out of the Army by the application of the law. If no more than fifty officers had been eliminated during this long period, the law would have been a conspicuous failure; but the entire absence of a list of casualties before 1901, and the extreme paucity of the list in the intervening time up to the present, seem to demonstrate that officers will not put one another out of the service for mere inefficiency, unless through the operation of rigid law from

which there can be no escape. There has been such a law in the Navy since 1899, with a short interval.

The arguments for a merit system in the lives of men, and the reasons why the public service should not go so far beyond the rule of civil life as to assure the measure of success according with the grade of colonel to every one entering at the bottom and behaving himself, are so well known that I shall not take time to rehearse them. I shall, instead, ask the attention of the readers of the REVIEW to the principal objections which have been advanced against the establishment of a merit system in the Army, and the answers to them. The essentials of such a system should provide for at least a proportion of promotions to be by selection, under proper guarantees, and for the elimination of the least fit, with pecuniary recognition of the length of service rendered by them.

An objection which is always raised against selection in promotion is the difficulty of insuring impartiality in its operation. It is urged that it would be impossible to exclude political influence and the influence of favoritism, and examples are cited of the exercise of both in the appointments made to some of the staff corps under the conditions of permanent tenure in these corps which obtained before the Spanish war. This objection is a serious one, and any plan for selection should meet it. The appointments referred to were made by the President—usually, though not always, upon the recommendation of the Secretary of War; and both of these officials must necessarily be subject to political influence. This is not said in a critical sense; but our Government being one of checks and balances is also to a certain extent one of compromises. That is, the legislative and the executive branches must get along with each other; and it may be a very doubtful question which way the duty of an Executive lies when an important piece of legislation, of undoubted value to the public service, is subject to the control of some one who is urging an appointment which ought not to be made. Officers are excusable for hesitating to commit their professional advancement to the play of influences like these. But a method of avoiding them can be found by enacting the rule that selections shall be made upon the recommendations of boards of officers, which are difficult to reach with such influences. It is not easy to get at a military

board. Politicians never attempt it; it would be too dangerous. And yielding to personal influence would require collusion, which is so difficult to attain that most of the safeguards for the prevention of fraud in commercial life are based upon its rarity.

We do not often stop to consider how much selection we have in the public service which is not influenced politically. The graduates of West Point are arranged in the order of their merit by a board of Army officers, acting in accordance with the law. No one in political life ever attempts to influence the arrangement, and it is accepted by the Army as being honestly arrived at. It is very important, too, for it governs the advancement of most of those concerned during practically all of their career, being never afterward reviewed. But it has queer features. For example: the lowest graduate of a class remains constantly above the highest graduate of the next following class who goes into the same branch of the service. Another striking truth is that if there should be but one vacancy in the Army when the last graduate of the Military Academy remained to be assigned, and it should be wanted for the son of the most influential member of the party in power, the graduate, though the son of a laborer, would be considered first, and the son of the public man would have to wait.

Another objection advanced is the difficulty of discriminating between officers in accordance with their merits. Officers are stationed far apart, under different commanders, and objectors believe that their chance of advancement would depend upon the fortuitous knowledge of them which might be in the possession of members of the selecting boards. Selections for the General Staff are cited, which are made by boards of general officers. All officers know of men who should have been selected for that body before others who actually were selected. The difficulty can, in large degree, be met by forming the boards from officers of the same branch of the service as that in which the promotions are to be made, and including in their membership officers of rank just above the eligible grade. They would thus have a closer knowledge of the candidates than that possessed by the members of the boards selecting officers for the junior grades of the General Staff. Officers soon achieve a reputation in their branch of the service,

and it is possible to promote accuracy of selection by a system of reports of superiors in which discrimination is compulsory; as by requiring that those of the same grade be arranged by the reporting officer in the order in which he would recommend them for promotion, taking into consideration all their characteristics, their seniority and the best interests of the service. Those who allege that under such a system officers would devote themselves to currying favor with their superiors, instead of to an honest performance of their duties, evince a low estimate of the manner in which the good opinion of the officers of our Army is to be gained, and represent the service as composed of such poor material in the upper grades as to make it difficult for any change of system to make it worse.

But there is no necessity for extreme accuracy in distinguishing officers of nearly equal merit. The case is not one of a number of candidates on a plane, with the task that of selecting the best one with precision, under pain of failure of function, and injustice. The eligibles are already arranged in order of precedence, which need not be disturbed unless good reason for doing so is seen, and seniority can always be followed when discrimination is found to be difficult. Injustice is not done unless an inferior man is passed over a better one; and after all, it must be remembered that ideal justice to officers is not the object of a military establishment. Although efficiency cannot be had where, in the main, there is not justice, the good of the service should be sought even at the risk of occasional failure of exact justice to an individual's supposed vested rights. Boards of officers are expert in the profession, and that selection can be discriminatingly made by them is evidenced by the character of the General Staff since the establishment of that body in 1903. Although perfection cannot be claimed, and improvement of method is possible, all officers can appreciate a comparison of the Staff as it has existed with what it would have been if the officers for it had been taken off the top of their various grades by seniority—the method by which the upper grades of other branches are formed.

Some opponents of selection maintain that, even if it were possible to carry the system out efficiently, it would do more harm than good. They aver that an officer passed over in promotion by a junior would be so disheartened

and aggrieved that his usefulness would be ended, and that he would become a center of discontent, breathing discouragement and poisoning the moral atmosphere about him. In answer to this it may be said that such effect would not be probable if we should cease to train officers to look for advancement in regular order, irrespective of merit, as a natural right. A careless or indifferent officer needs a sharp reminder that his course is not approved, and no better one can be given than to select a junior ahead of him. If he is of the right stuff, and his inefficiency has been due to thoughtlessness, such an incident should wake him up and inspire him with a determination to recover his loss, and even to win afterward the reward which he had seen pass to another. But if this kind of stimulus should not appeal to him, he would still realize that the selective process had not stopped, and that if he should be passed over again he would be in danger of being overtaken by the eliminative process. And if he should be so constituted as to be stirred by neither sense of duty, the hope of reward, nor the fear of punishment, elimination would catch him, and the service would be rid of the sore spot.

As to elimination: There are many who think that it would soon reach its limit of usefulness by retiring all of the really inefficient; and that thereafter its continued application would deprive the service of officers sufficiently alert to be useful, who would carry their expensively acquired experience with them into retirement. It is not impossible that such a stage might be reached. It would depend, for one thing, upon the drastic character of the eliminative process—whether, for example, it should be sufficiently conservative to call for the retirement of only such officers as would fail of promotion until after reaching an age at which they would not be well fitted for entering upon the duties of the next higher grade. But however this may be, the process would always be an improving one, since, even without selection in promotion, its operation would result in a continual removal of the poorest material and its replacement by the average; which would keep on raising the level, no matter how long it were carried on.

WILLIAM CROZIER.

CHAPTERS OF ROOSEVELT'S LIFE—III

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

THE TWO CONVENTIONS

DURING the weeks while Roosevelt had been deliberating over "throwing his hat into the ring," his opponents had been busily gathering delegates. By this delay they gained a strategic advantage. According to the unholy custom which gave to the Republicans in the Southern States a quota of delegates proportioned to the population and not to the number of Republican voters, a large Southern delegation was pledged for Mr. Taft very early. Most of the few Southern Republicans were either office-holders or negroes; the former naturally supported the Administration on which their living depended; the latter, whose votes were not counted, also supported the President from whom alone they might expect favors. The former slave States elected 216 delegates, nearly all of whom went to President Taft, making a very good start for him. In the Northern, Western, and Pacific States, however, Roosevelt secured a large proportion of the delegates. In the system of direct primaries, by which the people indicated their preference instead of having the candidates chosen in the State conventions, which were controlled by the "Machine," the Progressives came out far ahead. Thus, in North Dakota President Taft had less than 4,000 votes out of 48,000 cast, the rest going to Roosevelt and La Follette. In several of the great States he carried everything before him. In Illinois, his majority was 139,000 over Taft; in Pennsylvania, sixty-seven of the seventy-six delegates went to him. In Ohio, the President's own State, the Taft forces were "snowed under"; in California, a stronghold of Progressivism, he had a large plurality. Nevertheless, wherever the Regulars controlled the voting, they usually brought President Taft to the front. Even when they could

not produce the votes, they managed to send out contesting delegations.

On looking back, it appears indisputable that if the Republicans could then have cast their ballots, they would have been overwhelmingly for Roosevelt; and if the Roosevelt delegates to the Convention had not been hampered in voting, they too would have nominated him. But the elections had been so artfully manipulated that, when the Convention met, there were 220 contests. Everybody understood that the final result hung on the way in which these should be decided.

The Convention assembled in the great Coliseum hall at Chicago on June 18, 1912. But for ten days the hosts had been coming in, one delegation after another; the hotels were packed, each Committee had its special quarters; crowds of sightseers, shouters, and supporters swelled the multitude. The Republican National Committee met; the managers of each candidate met. The Committees which had not yet an official standing conferred unofficially. Rumors floated from every room; there were secret conferences, attempts to win over delegates, promises to trade votes, and even efforts at conciliation. Night and day this wild torrent of excitement rushed on.

A spectator from Mars might have remarked: " But for so important a business as the choice of a candidate who may become President of the United States, you ought to have quiet, deliberation, free play, not for those who can shout loudest but for those who can speak wisest." And to this remark, the howling and whirling dervishes who attended the Convention would have replied, if they had waited long enough to hear it through, by yelling " Hail! hail! the gang's all here," and would have darted off to catch up with their fellow Bacchanals. A smell of cocktails and of whiskey was ubiquitous; and a dense pall of tobacco smoke pervaded the Committee rooms; out of doors the clang of brass bands drowned even the incessant noise of the throngs. There was no night, for the myriads of electric lights made shadows but no darkness, and you wondered when these strange creatures slept.

Such Saturnalia did not begin with the Convention of 1912. Most of those who took part in them hardly thought it a paradox that these should be the conditions under which the Americans nominated their candidates for President.

Roosevelt had not intended to appear at the Convention, but when he discovered that the long distance telephone from Chicago to Oyster Bay, by which his managers conferred with him, was being tapped, he changed his mind. He perceived, also, that there was a lack of vigorous leadership among those managers which demanded his presence. By going, he would call down much adverse criticism, even from some of those persons whose support he needed. On the other hand he would immensely strengthen his cause in Chicago, where the mere sight of him would stimulate enthusiasm.

So he and Mrs. Roosevelt took the train to Chicago on Friday, June 14, leaving as privately as possible, and accompanied by seven or eight of their children and cousins. Late on Saturday the train, having narrowly escaped being wrecked by an accident, reached Chicago. At the station there was an enormous crowd. Roosevelt's young kinsmen kept very close to him and wedged their way to an automobile. With the greatest difficulty his car slowly proceeded to the Congress Hotel. Never was there such a furor of welcome. Everybody wore a Roosevelt button. Everybody cheered for "Teddy." Here and there they pasesd State delegations bearing banners and mottoes. Rough Riders, who had come in their well-worn uniforms, added to the Rooseveltian exultation. Whoever judged by this demonstration, must have thought it impossible that the Colonel could be defeated.

After he and his party had been shown to the suites reserved for them, he went out on the balcony of a second-floor room and spoke a few words to the immense multitude waiting below. He said, in substance, that he was glad to find from their cheers that Chicago did not believe in the thieves who stole delegates. Some who saw him say that his face was red with anger; others aver that he was no more vehement than usual, and simply strained himself to the utmost to make his voice carry throughout his audience. Still, if he said what they report, he was not politic.

Then followed three days and nights of incessant strain. The Colonel and Mrs. Roosevelt had their personal apartment in the northeast corner of the hotel at some distance from the Florentine Room, which served as the official headquarters for the Progressives. He had, besides, a private office with a reception room, and Tyree, one of the

devoted detectives who had served under him in old times, carefully guarded the entrance. There was hardly a moment when one or two persons were not closeted with him. Occasionally, he would come out into the reception room and speak to the throng waiting there. No matter what the news, no matter how early or late the hour, he was always cheerful, and the mere sight of him brought joy and confidence to his followers.

The young kinsmen went everywhere and gathered reports of what they had seen or heard. One of them kept a diary of the events as they whirled past, hour by hour, and in this one can note many of the fleeting but vivid touches which bring back to the reader now the reality of those feverish days. He attended a big Taft rally at the Taft headquarters. Bell boys ran up and down the hotel corridors announcing it. "After each announcement," writes the young cousin, "a group of Roosevelt men would cry out, 'All postmasters attend!'" Two Taftites spoke briefly and "were greeted by a couple of handclaps apiece; and then the star performer of the evening was announced in the most glowing terms as a model of political propriety, and the foremost and most upright citizen of the United States—William Barnes, Jr., of Albany." "We have got to save the country," he said, "save the constitution, save our liberty. We are in danger of monarchy. The country must be saved!!" The Roosevelt cousin thought that he spoke "without fervor to a listless, sedate, and very polite audience. It was made all the more preposterous by the fact that a very ancient colored gentleman stood back of Barnes, and whenever Barnes paused would point to the crowd and feebly begin clapping his hands. They would then slowly and very politely take up the applause, in every case waiting for his signal. It was almost pathetic."

Apparently, stump speeches were made at any moment, and without provocation, in any hall, room or lobby of the hotel, by anyone who felt the spirit move him; and, lest silence should settle down and soothe the jaded nerves, a band would strike up unexpectedly. The marching to and fro of unrestrained gangs shouting "We-want-Teddy!" completed the pandemonium.

Monday came. The young scouts were as busy as ever in following the trails which led to Taft activities. The news they brought back was always very cheering. They

found little enthusiasm among the President's supporters. They heard from the most trustworthy sources that this or that Taft leader or delegation was coming over. And, in truth, the Taft body probably did not let off a tenth of the noise which their opponents indulged in. The Taft men resorted very little to shouting, because they knew that if they were to win at all it must be by other means. The Rooseveltians, on the other hand, really felt a compelling surge of enthusiasm which they must uncork.

Meanwhile, Colonel Roosevelt and his lieutenants knew that the enemy was perfecting his plan to defeat them. On Monday evening his zealots packed the Auditorium and he poured himself out to them in one of his torrential speeches calculated to rouse the passions, rather than the minds, of his hearers. But it fitly symbolized the situation. He, the dauntless leader, stood there, the soul of sincerity and courage, impressing upon everyone that they were engaged in a most solemn cause and defying the opposition as if it were a legion of evil spirits. His closing words—"We stand at Armageddon and we battle for the Lord"—summed it all up so completely that the audience burst into a roar of approval, and never doubted that he spoke the truth.

Tuesday, at noon, a crowd of 15,000 persons, delegates and visitors, packed the vast Convention Hall of the Coliseum. Mr. Victor Rosewater, of Nebraska, presided at the opening. As it was known that the Republican National Committee intended to place on the temporary roll of delegates seventy-two names of persons whose seats were contested, Governor Hadley of Missouri made a motion that only those delegates whose right was not contested should sit and vote during the preliminary proceedings. Had he been successful, the Regulars would have lost the battle from the beginning. But he was ruled out of order on the ground that the only business before the Convention was the election of a Temporary Chairman. This took place, and Senator Root was elected by 558 votes; McGovern, the Roosevelt candidate, received 501 votes; there were fourteen scattering, and five persons did not vote. Senator Root therefore won his election by thirty-eight votes over the combined opposition, but his plurality was secured by the votes of the seventy-two whose seats were contested.

During the three following days the Roosevelt men fought desperately to secure what they believed to be justice.

They challenged every delegate, they demanded a roll-call on the slightest excuse, they deluged the Regulars with alternate showers of sarcasm and anger. But it availed them nothing. They soon perceived that victory lay with the Republican National Committee, which had the organization of the Convention and the framing of the rules of procedure. The Taft people, the Regulars, controlled the National Committee ,and they knew that the rules would do the rest, especially since the Chairman of the Convention, Senator Root, was the interpreter of the rules.

At no other National Convention in American history did a Chairman keep his head and his temper so admirably as did Mr. Root on this occasion. His intellect, burning with a cold white light, illumined every point, but betrayed no heat of passion. He applied the rules as impartially as if they were theorems of algebra. Time after time the Rooseveltians protested against the claim of the holders of contested seats to vote, but he was unmoved, because the rule prescribed that the person had a right to vote. When the contests were taken up, the Taft men always won; the Roosevelt men always lost. The " Machine " went as if by clockwork, or like the guillotine. More than once some Rooseveltian leader, like Governor Hadley, stung by a particularly shocking display of overbearing injustice, taunted the majority with shouts of " Robbers " and " Theft." Roars of passion swept through the Hall. The derision of the minority was countered by the majority with equal vigor, but the majority did not always feel, in spite of its truculent manner, confident of the outcome.

By what now seems shameless theft, the Credentials Committee approved the seating of two Taft delegates from California, in spite of the fact that the proper officials of that State had certified that its twenty-six delegates were all for Roosevelt, and had been elected by a majority of 76,000 votes. Chairman Root put the question to the Convention, however, and those two discredited delegates were admitted for Taft by a vote of 542 to 529. This indicates how close the Convention then stood, when a change of seven votes would have given Roosevelt a majority of one and have added to his list the two California delegates who were counted out. Had such a change taken place, those who watched the Convention believed there would have been a " landslide " to Roosevelt. But the Republican Commit-

tee's sorely tested rules held. After that the Rooseveltians saw no gleam of hope.

On Saturday, June 22, the list of delegates to the Convention having been drawn up as the Republican Machine intended, Mr. Taft was nominated by a vote of 561; Roosevelt received 107, La Follette 41, Cummins 17, Hughes 2; 344 delegates did not vote. The last were all Roosevelt men, but they had been requested by Roosevelt to refuse to vote.

Through Mr. Henry J. Allen, of Kansas, he sent this message:

> The Convention has now declined to purge the roll of the fraudulent delegates placed thereon by the defunct National Committee, and the majority which thus indorsed fraud was made a majority only because it included the fraudulent delegates themselves, who all sat as judges on one another's cases. If these fraudulent votes had not thus been cast and counted, the Convention would have been purged of their presence. This action makes the Convention in no proper sense any longer a Republican Convention representing the real Republican party. Therefore, I hope the men elected as Roosevelt delegates will now decline to vote on any matter before the Convention. I do not release any delegate from his honorable obligation to vote for me if he votes at all, but under the actual conditions I hope that he will not vote at all.
>
> The Convention as now composed has no claim to represent the voters of the Republican party. It represents nothing but successful fraud in overriding the will of the rank and file of the party. Any man nominated by the Convention as now constituted would be merely the beneficiary of this successful fraud; it would be deeply discreditable to any man to accept the Convention's nomination under these circumstances; and any man thus accepting it would have no claim to the support of any Republican on party grounds, and would have forfeited the right to ask the support of any honest man of any party on moral grounds.

Mr. Allen concluded with these words of his own: "We do not bolt. We merely insist that you, not we, are making the record. And we refuse to be bound by it. We have pleaded with you ten days. We have fought with you five days for a square deal. We fight no more; we plead no longer. We shall sit in protest, and the people who sent us here shall judge us.

"Gentlemen, you accuse us of being radical. Let me tell you that no radical in the ranks of radicalism ever did so radical a thing as to come to a National Convention of

the great Republican Party and secure through fraud the nomination of a man who they knew could not be elected."[1]

Every night during that momentous week the Roosevelt delegates met in the Congress Hotel, talked over the day's proceedings, gave vent to their indignation, confirmed each other's resolution, and took a decision as to their future action. The powerful Hiram Johnson, Governor of California, led them, and through his eloquence he persuaded all but 107 of them to stand by Roosevelt whether he were nominated by the Convention or not.

And this they did. For when the vote for the nomination was taken at the Convention only 107 of the Roosevelt men cast their ballots. They favored Roosevelt, but they were not prepared to quit the Republican Party.

There was one dramatic moment which, as Dean Lewis remarks, has had no counterpart in a National Convention. When the "Machine" had succeeded, in spite of protests and evidence, in stealing the two delegates from California, the friends of Mr. Taft gave triumphant cheers. Then the Roosevelt men rose up as one man and sent forth a mighty cheer which astonished their opponents. It was a cheer in which were mingled indignation and scorn, and, above all, relief. Strictly interpreted, it meant that those men who had sat for four days and seen their wishes thwarted by what they regarded as fraud, and had held on in the belief that this fraud could not continue to the end, that a sense of fairness would return and rule the Regulars, now realized that Fraud would concede nothing and that their Cause was lost. And they felt a great load lifted. No obligation bound them any longer to the Republican Party, which had renounced honesty in its principles and fair play in its practice. Henceforth they could go out and take any step they chose to promote their Progressive doctrines.

Shortly after the Convention adjourned, having by these methods nominated Mr. Taft and James S. Sherman for President and Vice-President, the Rooseveltians held a great meeting in Orchestra Hall. Governor Johnson presided, and apparently a majority of the Rooseveltians wished then and there to organize a new party and to nominate Roosevelt as its candidate. Several men made brief but earnest addresses. Then Roosevelt himself spoke, and although he lacked nothing of his usual vehemence, he

[1] *Fifteenth Republican National Convention.* New York. 1912, pp. 333, 335.

seemed to be controlled by a sense of the solemnity of their purpose. He told them that it was no more a question of Progressivism, which he ardently believed in, but a question of fundamental honesty and right, which everybody ought to believe in and uphold. He advised them to go to their homes, to discuss the crisis with their friends; to gain what adherence and support they could, and to return in two months and formally organize their party and nominate their candidate for President. And he added: "If you wish me to make the fight, I will make it, even if only one State should support me. The only condition I impose is that you shall feel entirely free, when you come together, to substitute any other man in my place, if you deem it better for the movement, and in such case I will give him my heartiest support."

And so the defeated majority of the Republicans at Chicago, Republicans no longer, broke up. There were many earnest handshakings, many pledges to meet again in August and to take up the great work. Those who intended to stay by the Republican Party, not less than those who cast their lot with the Progressives, bade farewell, with deep emotion, to the Leader whom they had wished to see at the head of the Republican Party. Chief among these was Governor Hadley of Missouri, who at one moment during the Convention seemed likely to be brought forward by the Regulars as a compromise candidate. Some of the Progressives resented his defection from them; not so Roosevelt, who said: "He will not be with us, but we must not blame him."

Six weeks later the Progressives returned to Chicago. Again, Roosevelt had his headquarters at the Congress Hotel. Again the delegates, among whom were several women, met at the Coliseum. Crowds of enthusiastic supporters, and larger crowds of curiosity seekers, swarmed into the vast building. On Monday, August 5, the first session of the Progressive Party's Convention was held. Senator Albert J. Beveridge, of Indiana, made the opening address, in which he defined the principles of their party and the objects it hoped to obtain. Throughout the proceedings there was much enthusiasm, but no battle. It was rather the gathering of several thousand very earnest men and women bent on consecrating themselves to a new Cause, which they believed to be the paramount Cause for the

political, economic and social welfare of their country. Nearly all of them were Idealists, eager to secure the victory of some special reform. And, no doubt, an impartial observer might have detected among them traces of that "lunatic fringe" which Roosevelt himself had long ago humorously remarked clung to the skirts of every reform. But the whole body, judged without prejudice, probably contained the largest number of disinterested, public-spirited, and devoted persons who had ever met for a national and political object since the group which formed the Republican Party in 1854.

The professional politician, who usually preponderates in such Conventions, and, in the last, had usurped control both of the proceedings and decisions, had little place here. The chief topic of discussion turned on the admission of negro delegates from the South. Roosevelt believed that an attempt to create a negro Progressive Party, as such, would alienate the Southern whites and would certainly sharpen their hostility towards the blacks. Therefore, he advised that the negro delegates ought to be approved by the white Progressives in their several districts. In other words, the Progressive Party in the South should be a white party, with such colored members as the whites found acceptable.

On Monday and Tuesday the work done in the Convention was much less important than that done by the Committee on Resolutions and by the Committee on Credentials. On Wednesday the Convention heard and adopted the Platform, and then nominated Roosevelt by acclamation. Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, seconded the nomination, praising Roosevelt as "one of the few men in our public life who has been responsive to modern movement." "The programme," she said, "will need a leader of invincible courage, of open mind, of democratic sympathies—one endowed with power to interpret the common man, and to identify himself with the common lot." Governor Hiram Johnson was nominated for Vice-President. Over the platform, to which the candidates were escorted, hung Kipling's stanza:

> For there is neither East nor West,
> Border nor breed nor birth,
> When two strong men stand face to face,
> Though they come from the ends of the earth.

Portraits of Washington, Jefferson, Lincoln, Jackson and Hamilton, a sufficiently inclusive group of patriots, looked down upon them. After Roosevelt and Johnson addressed the audience, the trombones sounded "Old Hundred" and the great meeting closed to the words:

Praise God from whom all blessings flow.

The Progressive Platform contained many planks which have since been made laws by the Democratic Party, which read the signs of the times more quickly than did the Republicans. Especially, many of the suggestions relating to Labor, the improvement of the currency, the control of corporate wealth, and oversight over public hygiene, should be commended. In general, it promised to bring the Government nearer to the people by giving the people a more and more direct right over the Government. It declared for a rational tariff and the creation of a non-partisan Tariff Commission of experts, and it denounced alike the Republicans for the Payne-Aldrich bill, which dishonestly revised upwards, and the Democrats, who wished to abolish protection altogether. It urged proper military and naval preparation, and the building of two battleships a year—a plank which we can imagine Roosevelt wrote in with peculiar satisfaction. It advocated direct primaries; the conservation of natural resources; woman suffrage.

So rapidly has the country progressed in seven years that most of the recommendations have already been adopted, and are among the commonplaces which nobody disputes any longer. But the Initiative, the Referendum and the Recall of Judicial Decisions were the points, as I have already remarked, over which the country debated most hotly. The Recall, in particular, created widespread alarm, and just as Roosevelt's demand for it in his Columbus speech prevented, as I believe, his nomination by the Republican Convention in June, so it deprived the Progressives at the election in November of scores of thousands of votes. The people of the United States—every person who owned a bit of property, a stock or a bond, or who had ten dollars or more in the savings bank—looked upon it almost with consternation. For they knew that they were living in a time of flux, when old standards were melting away like snow images in the sun, when new ideals, untried and based

on the negation of some of the oldest principles in our civilization, were being pushed forward. They instinctively rallied to uphold Law, the slow product of centuries of growth, the sheet anchor of Society in a time of change. Where could we look for solidity, or permanence, if Judicial Decisions could be recalled at the caprice of the mob—the hysterical, the uninstructed, the fickle mob? The opinion of one trained and honest judge outweighs the whims of ten thousand of the social dregs.

The Recall of Judicial Decisions, therefore, caused many of Roosevelt's friends, and even Republicans, who would otherwise have supported him, to balk. They not only rejected the proposal itself, but they feared that he, by making it, indicated that he had lost his judgment and was being swept into the vortex of revolution. Judges and courts and respect for law, like lighthouses on granite foundations, must be kept safe from the fluctuations of tides and the crash of tempests.

The campaign which followed was chiefly remarkable for Roosevelt's amazing activity. He felt that the success of the Progressive Party at the polls depended upon him as its Leader. The desire for personal success in any contest into which he plunged would have been a great incentive, but this was a cause which dwarfed any personal considerations of his. Senator Joseph M. Dixon, of Montana, managed the campaign; Roosevelt himself gave it a dynamic impulse which never flagged. He went to the Pacific Coast, speaking at every important centre on the way, and returning through the Southern States to New York City. In September he swept through New England, and he was making a final tour through the Middle West when, on October 14, just as he was leaving his hotel to make a speech in the Auditorium in Milwaukee, a lunatic named John Schranck shot him with a revolver. The bullet entered his body about an inch below the right nipple and would probably have been fatal but for an eyeglass-case and a roll of manuscript he had in his pocket. Before the assassin could shoot again his hand was caught and deflected by the Colonel's secretary. " Don't hurt the poor creature," Roosevelt said, when Schranck was overpowered and brought before him. Not knowing the extent of his wound, and waiting only long enough to return to his hotel room and change his white shirt, as the bosom of the one he had on

was soaked with blood, and disregarding the entreaties of his companions to stay quiet, he went to the Auditorium and spoke for more than an hour. Only toward the end did the audience perceive that he showed signs of fatigue. This extraordinary performance was most foolhardy, and some of his critics said that, as usual, Roosevelt wanted to be theatrical. But there was no such purpose in him. He felt to the depths of his soul that neither his safety nor that of any other individual counted in comparison with the triumph of the Cause he was fighting for.

After a brief examination the surgeons stated that he had better be removed to the Mercy Hospital in Chicago. They put him on his special car, and by an incredible negligence they sent him off to make the night journey without any surgical attendant. On reaching the Mercy Hospital, Doctor Ryan made a further examination and reported that there seemed to be no immediate danger, although he could not be sure whether the Colonel would live or not. Roosevelt, who was advertised to make a great speech in Louisville, Kentucky, that evening, summoned Senator Beveridge and despatched him with the manuscript of the address to take his place. Mrs. Roosevelt reached Chicago by the first train possible, and stayed with him while he underwent, impatiently, nearly a fortnight's convalescence. Then, much sooner than the surgeons thought wise, although his wound had healed with remarkable speed, he returned to Oyster Bay, and on October 30 he closed his campaign by addressing 16,000 persons in the Madison Square Garden.

He spoke with unwonted calm and judicial poise; and so earnestly, that the conviction which he felt carried conviction to many who heard him. "I am glad beyond measure," he said, "that I am one of the many who in this fight have stood ready to spend and be spent, pledged to fight, while life lasts, the great fight for righteousness and for brotherhood and for the welfare of mankind."

President Taft and the members of his Cabinet took little or no active part in the campaign. Indeed, the Republicans seemed unable to arouse enthusiasm. They relied upon their past victories and their robust campaign fund.

When Colonel Roosevelt was shot, Governor Wilson magnanimously announced that he would make no more speeches. Roosevelt objected to this, believing that a chance

accident to him, personally, ought not to stop anyone from criticising him politically. "Whatever could with truth and propriety have been said against me and my cause before I was shot can," he urged, "with equal truth and equal propriety, be said against me now, and it should so be said; and the things that cannot be said now are merely the things that ought not to have been said before. This is not a contest about any man; it is a contest concerning principles."

At the election on November 5, Wilson was elected by 6,286,000 votes out of 15,310,000, thus being a minority President by two million and a half votes. Roosevelt received 4,126,000 and Taft 3,483,000 votes. The combined vote of what had been the Republican Party amounted to 7,609,000 votes, or 1,323,000 more than those received by Mr. Wilson. When it came to the Electoral College, the result was even more significant. Wilson had 435, Roosevelt 88, and Taft, thanks to Vermont and Utah, secured 8 votes. Roosevelt carried Pennsylvania, the rock-bound Republican State; Missouri, which was usually Democratic; South Dakota, Washington, Michigan, and eleven out of the thirteen votes of California. These figures, analyzed calmly, after the issues and passions have cooled into history, indicate two things. First, the amazing personal popularity of Roosevelt. Secondly, it proved that Roosevelt, and not Taft, really represented a large majority of what had been the Republican Party. Therefore, it was the Taft faction which, in spite of the plain evidence given at the choice of the delegates, and at the Convention itself,—evidence which the "Machine" tried to ignore and suppress,—it was the Taft faction and not Roosevelt which split the Republican Party in 1912.

Had it allowed the preference of the majority to express itself by the nomination of Roosevelt, there is every reason to believe that he would have been elected. For we must remember that the Democratic platform was hardly less progressive than that of the Progressives themselves. Counting the Wilson and the Roosevelt vote together, we find that 10,412,000 votes were cast for Progressive principles against 3,483,000 votes for the reactionary Conservatives.

Although the campaign, as conducted by the Republicans, seemed listless, it did not lack venom. Being a family fight between the Taft men and the Roosevelt men, it

had the bitterness which family quarrels develop. Mr. Taft and most of his Secretaries had known the methods of Mr. Roosevelt and his Ministers. They could counter, therefore, charges of incompetence and indifference by recalling the inconsistencies, or worse, of Roosevelt's régime. When the Progressives charged the Taft Administration with being easy on the Big Interests, Attorney-General Wickersham resorted to a simple sum in arithmetic in order to contradict them, showing that whereas Roosevelt began forty-four Anti-Trust suits, and concluded only four important cases during his seven and a half years in office, under Taft, sixty-six new suits were begun and many of the old ones were successfully concluded. Some great cases, like that of the Standard Oil and of the Railroad Rates, had been settled, which equalled in importance any that Roosevelt had taken up. In the course of debate on the stump each side made virulent accusations against the other, and things were said which were not true then and have long since been regretted by the sayers. That happens in all political contests.

Roosevelt himself being the incarnation, if not indeed the cause, of the Progressive Party, had to endure an incessant volley of personal attack. They charged him with inordinate ambition. We heard how Mr. William Barnes, Jr., implied that Roosevelt must be defeated in order to prevent the establishment of monarchy in the United States. Probably Mr. Barnes, in his moments of reflection, admitted to himself that he did not really mean that; but many campaign orators and editors repeated the insinuation and besought free-born Americans not to elect a candidate who would assume the title of King Theodore. Many of his critics could account for his leaving the Republican Party and heading another only on the theory that he was moved by a desire for revenge. If he could not rule, he would ruin. The old allegation that he must be crazy was of course revived.

After the election the Republican Regulars, who had stubbornly refused to read the handwriting on the wall during the previous four years, heaped new abuse upon him. They said that he had betrayed the Party. They said that he had shown himself an ingrate towards Taft, whose achievements in the Presidency awoke his envy. And more recently, many persons who have loathed the Administra-

tion of President Wilson blame Roosevelt for having brought down this curse upon the country.

These various opinions and charges seem to me to be mistaken; and if in the foregoing chapters I have truly divined Theodore Roosevelt's character, every reader should see that his action in entering the field for the Republican nomination in 1912, and then in founding the Progressive Party, was the perfectly natural culmination of his career. Some one said that he went off at a tangent in 1912. Some one else has said better that this tangent was a straight line leading back to 1882, when he sat in the New York Assembly. Remember that the love of Justice was from boyhood his leading principle. Remember that, after he succeeded in having a law passed relieving the miserably poor cigarmakers from the hideous conditions under which they had to work, a judge declared the law unconstitutional, thereby proving to Roosevelt that the courts, which should be the citadels of Justice, might and did, in this case, care more for the financial interests of land owners than for the health, life and soul of human beings. That example of injustice was branded on his heart, and he resolved to fight the judicial alliance with inhumanity wherever he met it. So Abraham Lincoln, when, at the age of twenty-two, he first saw a slave auction in New Orleans, said, in indignant horror, to his companion, John Hanks: "If I ever get a chance to hit that thing [meaning slavery], I'll hit it hard." Exactly thirty years later, Abraham Lincoln, as President, was hitting that thing—slavery—so hard that it perished.

Roosevelt's experience as Assemblyman, as Civil Service Commissioner, as Police Commissioner, as Governor, and as President had confirmed his belief that the decisions of the courts often stood between the people and Justice. Especially in his war on the Interests was he angered at finding corporate abuses, and even criminal methods, comfortably protected by an upholstery of favoring laws. With that tact and willingness to compromise non-essentials in order to gain his essential object, which mark him as a statesman, he used the Republican Party just as long as he could. Then, when the Republican Machine rose against him, he quitted it and founded the Progressive Party, to be the instrument for carrying on and completing the great reforms he had at heart. Here was no desertion, no

betrayal; here was, first of all, common sense; if the road no longer leads towards your goal, you leave it and take another. No one believed more sincerely than Roosevelt did in fealty to party. In 1884 he would not bolt because he hoped that the good which the Republican principles would accomplish would more than offset the harm which the nomination of Blaine would inflict. But in 1912 the Republicans cynically rejected his cause, which he had tried to make the Republican cause, and then, as in 1884, he held that the cause was more important than the individual, and he followed this idea loyally, lead where it might.

In trying thus to state Roosevelt's position fairly, I do not mean to imply that I should agree with his conclusions in regard to the Recall of Judicial Decisions; and the experiments which have already been made with the Referendum and Initiative and Direct Primaries are so unsatisfactory that Roosevelt himself would probably have recognized that the doubts which many of us felt when he first proposed those measures have been justified. But I wish to emphasize my admiration for the large consistency of his career, and my conviction that, without his crowning action in 1912, he would have failed to be the moral force which he was. If ambition, if envy, if a selfish desire to rule, had been the motives which guided him, he would have lain low in 1912; for all his friends and the managers of the Republican Party assured him that if he would stand aside then he would be unanimously nominated by the Republicans in 1916. But he could not be tempted.

(*To be continued*)

THE STRATEGY ON THE WESTERN FRONT—VIII

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL H. H. SARGENT, U. S. ARMY

THE FIGHT FOR THE HINDENBURG LINE

After the St. Mihiel salient had been wiped out and there were no more German salients to attack, it was evident that the Allies would encounter much greater difficulties in forcing the Germans still farther back, particularly since Ludendorff had decided to make a determined stand along the old Hindenburg Line, which, during three years of war, had been developed into an intricate and powerful system of defenses, heretofore practically impregnable to Allied attacks. Indeed, save at the second battle of Cambrai, it had not been seriously breached throughout its entire length.

It was the middle of September, 1918, and there were only about six or eight weeks more of actual campaigning before the weather would put a stop to the fighting. It was the purpose of Ludendorff to hold the Allies substantially along the strongly intrenched positions of the Hindenburg Line until the coming of winter would permit him to rest, recuperate, and reconstruct his already shattered armies. If he could stop the onward rush of the Allied armies along this line and the armies of the Central Powers in other theatres of operations held their own, he could get his own armies again into shape for a renewal of the campaign in the spring of 1919, which he purposed doing, should the German peace offensive, which was already under way, not produce satisfactory results during the winter months.

On the other hand, Foch's purpose and hope was not to let these strongly fortified defenses stop the progress of his armies, but to break through them and continue his

victories. How to meet the difficult situation? where to strike? what plans, what strategy to adopt and carry out? were important and vital questions to be decided.

That portion of the line along which the contending powers struggled for the mastery in this great fight ran westward from a point about eight miles north of Verdun to a point about two miles north of Reims, thence northwestward through St. Quentin, Cambrai, and Lens to Nieuport on the English Channel. Southward from Verdun to Switzerland the French and Americans on one side and the Germans on the other stood inactively facing each other in their intrenchments during the great fight for the Hindenburg Line.

Tactically, on account of the Argonne Forest and its strong defenses, the most difficult portion of the whole line to break through was the Verdun-Reims sector; but strategically it offered greater advantages than any other. The reason was this: An attack pushed northward from this sector to Mezieres and Sedan would cut every east and west line of railway south of the Ardennes mountains, upon which the Germans were depending to a great extent for their supplies and munitions of war; and would leave remaining but one east and west line; namely, the Charleroi-Namur-Liege-Aix-la-Chapelle railway, which passes to the northward of the Ardennes and just south of the southeast extremity of Holland. Such an attack, if successful, could not but produce stupendous results; for with all the east and west lines cut, except the Charleroi-Namur-Liege-Aix-la-Chapelle railway, there would at once be a mighty effort on the part of the German army to retire along this line as far east as the Meuse River, before the Allies could push forward from Mezieres to Namur, sever this line of railway, and capture a good part of the German army.

However, it is evident that such a thrust as here outlined would be impossible of execution unless the Germans along other portions of the Hindenburg Line were kept occupied by Allied attacks; since, otherwise, German reserve divisions along the line could be withdrawn to the threatened flank in such numbers as to put a stop to the thrust.

On the other flank, too, there were strategical considerations of importance. It will be noticed that an Allied

thrust eastward through West Flanders towards Brussels would threaten not only the communications of the German troops along the Belgian coast and compel their retirement eastward towards Antwerp, but would threaten also the communications of the German troops occupying the Lille region; and, if pushed far enough, would likewise seriously threaten the Charleroi-Namur-Liege-Aix-la-Chapelle railway. Evidently, such a thrust, taken in conjunction with the thrust northward from the Verdun-Reims sector, would be the first step towards making of the German front an immense salient; and the farther these thrusts penetrated into German occupied territory, the greater the salient would become and the more vulnerable and dangerous it would be. But the two attacks on the flanks were not enough. It was necessary for Foch to attack also some intermediate sectors of the line in order to prevent Ludendorff from withdrawing his reserve divisions in great numbers from these sectors to the menaced flanks. But where was he to strike in order to do this and at the same time produce the greatest strategical results?

Examining the theatres of operations, we find that a thrust northeastward from the St. Quentin-Cambrai front to Maubeuge and Valenciennes, and thence eastward and northeastward towards Dinant, Charleroi, and Mons, would, taken in connection with the Flanders thrust, create a dangerous German salient in the Lille region; and, taken in connection with the Meuse-Argonne thrust, create a dangerous German salient in the Laon region. Moreover, such a thrust would sever the Metz-Sedan-Mezieres-Hirson-Maubeuge railway leading into the Lille district and make necessary the immediate retirement of the Germans from that salient; and it would also threaten the Aix-la-Chapelle-Liege-Namur-Charleroi railway upon which the German troops in Western Belgium were almost wholly dependent for their supplies and reinforcements; and should it reach Dinant, would cut in two the German armies and prevent any retirement of German troops northward from Mezieres and northeastward from Hirson to Namur.

Inasmuch as an allied thrust northward from the Verdun-Reims front towards Sedan and Mezieres would cut all the railway lines south of the Ardennes mountains; and a thrust eastward from the Flanders front towards Brus-

sels and northeastward from the St. Quentin-Cambrai front towards Charleroi and Mons, would threaten the single remaining east and west line to the north of these mountains; and inasmuch as the thrust from the St. Quentin-Cambrai front would also, if pushed eastward from Maubeuge to Dinant, cut the German armies in two, we can appreciate how extremely important, strategically, such a plan of operations would be. And we can appreciate also the importance to the strategical situation of the fact that the Ardennes Mountains form a barrier across a considerable part of the entrance from Germany into northern France and Belgium, and that this barrier has necessitated the building of the east and west railway lines on either side of them.

Of course, in breaking through the German lines from the Verdun-Reims, Flanders, and St. Quentin-Cambrai fronts, the Allies would create three salients more or less vulnerable to German attack; but since each would threaten seriously the communications of the Germans occupying Northern France and Belgium, Ludendorff's great concern would be, not to strike to destroy the Allied salients, but to fight to hold open the railways so that his armies could withdraw behind the Meuse before they were cut off and forced to surrender.

Here, again, that principle of strategy would apply, that when an army makes a thrust in such a direction as to cut or seriously threaten the communications of the other, that army whose communications are first cut or seriously threatened will invariably turn back to fight for them rather than strike at the communications of the adversary. Hence it followed that Marshal Foch need not have had and, seemingly, as the sequel will show, did not have, any great concern about the communications of his own troops occupying these salients. Accordingly, he was able to give almost his entire attention to the offensive operations against Ludendorff.

Then, again, there were other reasons, mainly on account of location, why the vulnerability of these three Allied salients would be slight. In the thrust towards Sedan from the Verdun-Reims front, the Americans would be protected on the east side of the salient by the Meuse River; and, on the west side, by the French, who were to advance on the left of the Americans. In the thrust from

the St. Quentin-Cambrai front towards Charleroi and Mons, the British would be protected on their right by the Sambre River and Canal. And, in the Flanders district, the push eastward must of necessity cause the evacuation by the Germans of the coast country; and this would give to the Flanders salient on the north side the protection of the English Channel.

Observant of all these things, Marshal Foch made his plans accordingly, and in the last week in September opened his campaign against the Hindenburg Line with these three great thrusts. Practically at the same time, or very soon afterwards, other attacks were also made from intermediate sectors, where there seemed to be favorable chances of success; but these three major thrusts were the ones that had the principal strategical bearing upon the conduct of the campaign.

An American army under General Pershing having been assembled as secretly as possible along the Meuse-Argonne sector between Verdun and Reims, quietly, on the night of September 25, took the place of the French who had held this portion of the line for a long period; and on the morning of September 26 began the attack, which, in the face of most desperate resistance, was to continue during the next six weeks and which forced back the Germans slowly but surely to the very gates of Sedan.

On the first day of the attack the Americans pushed through the first line of defenses, and on the two following days penetrated the German position to a depth of from three to seven miles, taking Haucourt, Malancourt, Varennes, Charpentry, Very, Montfaucon, Gercourt, and other villages. East of the Meuse an American division, which was with the Second Colonial French Corps, captured at the same time Marcheville and Rieville, thus giving further protection to the right flank of Pershing's army. At the same time the French, on the left of the Americans, west of the Argonne, also succeeded in pushing well to the front. In this attack by the Americans, as well as in practically all subsequent ones against the Hindenburg Line by the French, British, and Belgians, the tanks played an important and often a determining part.

The attack had taken Ludendorff by surprise; but seeing at once his peril, he immediately ordered a number of reserve divisions to the threatened front; and, collecting

such troops as were immediately at hand, began a series of counter attacks, supported by heavy artillery fire containing many gas shells. By these means the Americans and French, after a few days' fighting, were temporarily checked; nevertheless, they continued to exercise such strong pressure on the Germans, pushing forward here and there in the face of most determined and desperate resistance, that Ludendorff was compelled to continue ordering more and more divisions from other parts of his line to this menaced flank.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the line the Belgians and British from Dixmude southward to the Lys River had taken the offensive and, driving eastward, had swept the Germans across the Paschendaele Ridge into the Flanders plain below. This thrust, reaching in its first push almost to Roulers and Menin, made it necessary for the Germans to retire eastward forthwith from the Belgian coast and seriously threatened their communications in the Lille region to the southward.

Seeing, as before, the great peril to his troops, should this thrust of the Belgians and British not be stopped, Ludendorff at once hurried reserves to this front also from other parts of his line and, finally, succeeded in checking it temporarily, just as he had checked the great American Meuse-Argonne thrust.

But scarcely had these thrusts got well under way when Foch launched the attack from the Cambrai-St. Quentin front. This attack was made by Byng's and Rawlinson's British armies, assisted by the Second American Corps, composed of the Twenty-seventh and Thirtieth divisions. The attack began on September 27 in the vicinity of Cambrai, and on the two following days extended southward to St. Quentin on a front of about twenty-five miles. The fighting about Le Catelet, midway between Cambrai and St. Quentin, was severe, but success finally crowned the efforts of the British along the whole line. St. Quentin and Cambrai were both captured and the Hindenburg Line completely broken through. Nor did the thrust stop there. On October 5 the British captured a large number of prisoners and advanced some four or five miles; and on October 8 they struck a decisive blow, which, in the next four days, carried them into the open country about Le Cateau, some fourteen miles east of the Hindenburg Line.

Every mile of this advance deepened and made more vulnerable the Lille and Laon salients. Maubeuge and Valenciennes now became the new objectives of the British along this front.

Meanwhile, along other sectors of the line the Allies had made much progress. South of St. Quentin, Debeney's French army had pushed forward on the right of the British. Mangin's army, assisted by an Italian division, had driven the Germans from the Chemin des Dames. The armies of Gouraud and Berthelot, assisted by the Second and Thirty-sixth American Divisions had advanced north of Reims. And the Americans had swept the Germans out of the Argonne Forest. In short, Foch had won the great fight for the Hindenburg Line.

This great fight, which was begun by the Americans and French on September 26, 1918, and which practically ended on or about October 5, 1918, when the British broke through the Cambrai-St. Quentin front, may be looked upon as one of the great steps in that greatest of all battles in the world's history, which began with Foch's counter offensive of July 18, 1918, and did not end until the armistice of November 11, 1918, and which has been appropriately named by General Malleterre of the French army, The Battle of Liberation.

The fact that for more than four years the Germans had held the Hindenburg Line against repeated and determined efforts of the Allies to take it; and then within ten days in the fall of 1918 had lost it; leads one to inquire, how it was that Foch accomplished all this in so short a time? It was not that the Germans had shown any diminution in their fighting qualities; for they had never fought harder or more desperately. How then did he win such success? The answer is that he won it by his tank attacks; by the superior morale of his troops, which had been enormously increased by previous victories; by taking advantage of the strategy of the situation to attack the Germans in such directions as to threaten their communications; by continuing to maintain the offensive after he had assumed it in his great counter attack of July 18, 1918; and by hard blows and terrific fighting all along the line.

The tanks were an enormous help in breaking through the barb-wire entanglements and defenses of the Hindenburg Line, and in putting the machine guns out of action.

Indeed, they were of such immense help that it may with truth be said that without them the Hindenburg Line probably would never have been taken. This leads to the conjecture that if Germany had been as successful in developing this implement of war as were the Allies, the tanks on either side would to a great extent have neutralized each other; in which case the Germans most probably would have been able to hold the line, since, even with the help of the tanks, the Allies were able to break through only after the hardest fighting—fighting which involved enormous sacrifices of life.

There were in this war many surprising things relating to weapons of combat; but there was none, perhaps, more surprising than that the deciding factor in this great battle was the tank, an implement of destruction which no man had ever dreamed of prior to the war, and which was not developed until long after the war's beginning nor perfected until just a few months before its close.

The morale of the Allied soldiers at this stage of the campaign was at its highest. Their victories already won had aroused in them great enthusiasm. Obstacles, which a few weeks before might have seemed insurmountable, appeared, after these victories, insignificant to them. Their hopes had arisen; their blood had quickened; they had begun to feel that nothing could check them in their victories, nothing stop them in their progress.

Marshal Foch saw deeply into the strategy of the situation. Having ironed out all the German salients, he began operations against the Hindenburg Line with two powerful attacks on the flanks, which threatened at once the communications of the German armies occupying Northern France and Belgium; and he immediately followed these attacks with a great blow from the Cambrai-St. Quentin front, which threatened still further the German communications. The attack on the flanks made of the German line an immense salient and the attack between the flanks divided this immense salient into two salients. Where there were no salients, Foch attacked in such directions as to make them; where there was little vulnerability in the line, he attacked in such directions as to make it much more vulnerable. In each case he looked beyond the tactical victory into the strategy of the campaign. In each case he looked to the communications of the enemy. Every thrust

and nearly every attack from the beginning of his counter offensive against the Chateau Thierry salient to the driving of the Germans out of and beyond the Hindenburg Line were in such directions as to cut or threaten the communications of the enemy and produce important strategical results. Even when, as in the Argonne, the tactical difficulties were greater than along any other portion of the line, yet he chose this sector from which to make the great American thrust, knowing that a break through here would produce the greatest strategical results. Indeed, a break in the line here and an advance to Sedan and Mezieres would have necessitated the immediate withdrawal of the Germans from Northern France and Belgium, regardless of whether there were any successful attacks made along other portions of the Hindenburg Line. In fact, if when the Americans and French had reached Sedan and Mezieres, the Germans had still held the Hindenburg Line, from, say, midway between Reims and St. Quentin northward through St. Quentin, Cambrai, and Lens to Nieuport, their position, strategically, would have been much more dangerous than it was on the day of the armistice, when they were occupying a line approximately parallel to this, but some forty miles farther eastward. The reason for this is, that the Germans at the time of the armistice, being some forty miles nearer the line of the Meuse than they would have been along the Hindenburg Line from the vicinity of St. Quentin northward to the coast, were in a much more favorable position for withdrawing behind that river before their communications were severed. Or, to state the reason a little differently, the Americans and French at Sedan and Mezieres were much nearer Namur on the Charleroi-Namur-Liege-Aix-le-Chapelle railway than the Germans would have been along the Hindenburg Line northward from St. Quentin.

However, it should not be inferred from this reasoning that Foch's attacks along other portions of the Hindenburg Line than the Meuse-Argonne front were unnecessary. On the contrary, they were necessary and of the greatest importance, for without these attacks to hold the enemy in front, the Germans would have been able to mass such overwhelming forces in the Meuse-Argonne region as to prevent any Allied advance there, which would have put a stop to the carrying out of Foch's strategical plan.

From July 18, 1918, when Foch began his great counter-offensive, until the Armistice of November 11, the fighting on the Western front never ceased. It was one continuous battle composed of many smaller battles, in which Foch having got the offensive at the start continued to maintain it to the end. He was a thorough believer in offensive warfare. He knew that the *offensive alone promises decisive results.*

Ludendorff also believed in the offensive; but there was this difference between them. Ludendorff made long pauses between his thrusts, which gave the French time in each case to prepare for the next attack; and, finally, gave Foch time to prepare for his great counter offensive of July 18.

On the other hand, Foch, once having obtained the offensive, struck so rapidly and in such unexpected places that Ludendorff had no time to restore his shattered armies and prepare for offensive operations. In the rapidity with which Foch struck and in the persistency with which he continued to maintain the offensive, his operations were very similar to those of Bonaparte in his first Italian campaign.

Then, again, this striking in many places—this attacking all along the line—prevented Ludendorff from concentrating his reserves in great numbers upon menaced points, since the weakening of any portion of his line for that purpose might allow the Allies to break through along that front. This method of preventing the sending of reserves to threatened or menaced points was one which General Grant had employed with signal success in the great Civil War in America. Bearing in mind that the commander-in-chief of the Allied armies not only hammered away continuously on the Western front from July 18 until November 11, but was responsible in great measure for the active operations of the Allied armies in Palestine and, especially, in the Balkans during this period, there will be seen a great similarity between the strategy of Foch and that of our own great soldier, U. S. Grant. Indeed, the following extracts from General Grant's report of the operations during the time he was Commander-in-Chief of the United States armies in the Civil War might be used almost word for word to describe accurately Marshal Foch's strategy. Grant says:

From an early period in the rebellion I had been impressed with the idea that active and continuous operations of all the troops that could be brought into the field, regardless of season and weather, were necessary to a speedy termination of the war. . . . I therefore determined, first: to use the greatest number of troops practicable against the armed force of the enemy; preventing him from using the same force at different seasons against first one and then another of our armies, and the possibility of repose for refitting and producing necessary supplies for carrying on resistance. Second, to hammer continuously against the armed force of the enemy and his resources, until by mere attrition, if in no other way, there should be nothing left to him but an equal submission with the loyal section of our common country to the constitution and laws of the land.

In other respects, too, was Marshal Foch very much like General Grant. In campaign and battle both were distinguished for good judgment, clearness of vision, and coolness of head. Not to be anxious; not to change countenance; not to be perturbed by unfavorable events, nor to be puffed up by victory; to be always cool and collected; to avoid confusion in commands; to give orders in the midst of battle with perfect composure, these were some of the similar, distinguishing characteristics of these two great soldiers.

(*To Be Continued.*)

THE HAND-PICKED JOB

AN INCIDENT IN THE WORK OF THE STATE POLICE—II

BY KATHERINE MAYO

As Annie passed the company store, two other little girls, Anna Urish and Anna Bartosovech, Highland neighbors of her own age, joined her, and the three together trudged ahead.

For a time—till beyond Drifton—they followed the railway track. It was safest there, their parents said—more travelled—more in common view. Then, when they must, they struck out on the short-cut foot-path up the hill toward Highland—a narrow path, so that they walked in single file, Annie between the two.

To little children it seemed a sort of magic way, this narrow path, with its shouldering rocks, its miniature forests of scrub-pine, its seas of leafless huckleberry brush, its great round cushions of moss. And there, too, like a hungry dragon, lay always crouching, waiting, biding its hour, the Big Mine Cave—that yawning, black-jawed abyss, where the surface of the earth had fallen away revealing the jagged throat of galleries that, so the grown-ups said, led for tens of miles, hither and yon, no one knew where, under ground.

Today, as ever, they neared the cavern with tense nerves. Kobolds, may be,—ghosts—demons from below. It was so deep, so wide, so dark,—may be the mouth of Hell. And no human soul in sight but only they themselves. Such little children! And how fast came the dusk!

Anna Urish, file-closer, looking ahead, felt her heart turn to ice. There trudged the others, steadily on. But—but—they looked so very small—and the mouth of the cave so deep, so dark! Surely it only bided its hour!

Down in the moss at her feet the four green, shining leaves of a winter-green plant caught her eye. Maybe its

pungent tang would give her heart. She knelt to pick it, as for an instant it evaded her chilled fingers among a mass of twigs.

In that instant, a shriek—a quivering cry of terror, almost stopped her breath.

She sprang up. There, just ahead, little Annie Voichek struggled with something in the form of a man.

Again the scream—cruel—unbearable.

Anna Urish, with no thought in her mind but utter panic, turned her back and ran. Anna Bartosovech, giving just one rearward glance, fled in the opposite way. Little Annie Voichek, alone, struggled for her life—for she knew not what dearer than life—alone in that lonely path.

The grip had first clutched at her neck, from behind, snapping her head back so that spots of color dazzled her eyes. Yet somehow she broke loose from it, darting blindly ahead with outstretched arms. Again it seized her, and once again she escaped. Then a third time it struck, this unknown, unseen thing, catching her by the skirts, so that she fell on her back, while something closed about her throat, pinning her to the ground.

"If this is a devil from out of Hell," thought little Annie Voichek, heroine, "I must look him straight in the face and say my prayer."

So she opened her brown eyes wide.

Grinning down at her—so close that she felt its breath in her mouth—was a thing with the face of a man. He knelt above her. And while with one hand he pinioned her throat, with the other he fumbled at her breast. Little Annie Voichek looked him square between the eyes, and began her prayer.

He fumbled at her breast, and at last, with a jerk and a rending of cloth, tore free the precious envelope that she had so carefully pinned within. Half rising he thrust it somewhere away, then, grinning still more evilly, bent over her once again. But little Annie Voichek never took her eyes from his face. If she should live a hundred years she would always be able to see that face. And all the while her lips moved softly, slowly.

For it always helps you remember whose little girl you are, you know, and Who is taking care of you all the while, if you just keep calm, quite calm, and say your prayer very slow.

And with that, praise be to our Blessed Lady forever and ever, the creature suddenly threw back his head as though he had heard an alarm, stared away far down the path, and, with a terrible oath on his lips, leaped aside and disappeared into the black mouth of the pit.

So little Annie Voichek, holding her tattered frock together, ran as fast as her feet would carry her straight home and into her father's arms.

When Voichek had heard all the story she sobbed out, first he took his wife by the hand while they two, kneeling before the crucifix on the wall, gave thanks. Then, with a face white as death he walked out of the house.

Two hours later, Voichek came back, moving slowly, with drooping shoulders, like a man weighted with grief. Entering the room, he sank down by the table and buried his head in his arms.

After awhile the wife went over and touched him gently. "What is it, then?" she asked.

So he told her, in husky jerks.

He had been to the constable, he said. The constable would do what he could—whatever that might be.

But his friends—the other men—the men whose checks little Annie had carried together with his own—*they did not believe the child had been robbed!*

"What—what *do* they believe?" gasped the mother, already in her stricken heart knowing the truth.

"They believe that you and I have taken all that money for ourselves, and that we have taught our Annie to lie!"

And so those two that day passed into a torment whose fire had never ceased to burn in all the eight long years.

Neighbors, once friendly and trusting, thereafter passed them by with side-long eyes. Groups broke up at their approach, or drew so close together that no room remained for so much as a greeting word. No one openly said to them "Thief!" No one quite dared. Not even the men whose own money was gone—their part of the $159, that great sum, standing for so much hard toil. But, more cruel than any bitter word, stung the silent accusation of their world.

The constable had sought for the robber. Yes. So they had been told. But nothing, no one, had been found. And now, after all these years, there had been changes in the community, of course. Families had moved away. Other

families had come. The story had smouldered low—sometimes it seemed almost died out. And still now and again the embers glowed. Oh! the pain! the pain!

"And Annie?" asked the Corporal.

"Yes—our Annie—our little girl. Ah! if you knew how my man loved that one! How he had worked and planned for her—for all he wanted for her in this big country where all that is good is free! But that black cloud that swallowed all our life took our Annie too. That very day it settled over her. And she, who should have grown up—so different, was—was more and more—changed—from that time on. So—oh, you *couldn't* really wonder at what happened, could you? She—she—she left us. Just before she was seventeen years old."

Tears flooded the mother's cheeks. With twitching lips she seemed to await the Corporal's reply.

"Where did she go?" he asked, beneath his voice.

The woman murmured a broken phrase.

For an instant the Corporal dropped his gaze. Then, rising, he took her hand.

"Forgive me," he said, a little hoarsely. "You were right. It *is* too late. Goodbye—and—may Heaven forgive us all!"

But, as he tramped down the road, scattering the ducks, the hens and the puppies, exciting the round-faced towheads at the gates, his mind of a State Police officer began to work again. Too late? Was it ever too late to reach after Justice, however remote, however apart she seemed to stand? Who had been village constable eight years back? That much he remembered, having learned it in his early survey of the past: It was Mike Deramme.

So away to Mike Deramme he hastened now.

"Mike," said he. "You remember that case eight years past come next November, when a little Polish girl, Annie Voichek by name, was robbed of a bunch of pays, over between Highlands and Drifton, on her way home from Jeddo?"

"Why—yes," answered Mike. "I guess I know what you mean."

"Who did it?"

"Well, I always thought, myself, the Whistler done it."

"The Whistler?"

"Yep. Seems like I'd partly forgotten the thing, it's

all so long ago. But its comin' back to me now. There was this Hunky miner hunted me up one afternoon. See? And he said his little girl had been robbed of this here bunch of pays out near Drifton Park, like you say. So I hustled across. And right *at* the Park I lit onto two boys, that had just come down off the mountain. And I ask the boys if they'd met anybody over there. And they said yes, they met the Italian Whistler on the mountain. And they said the Whistler told 'em, ' If you two don't get out quick, I'll kill you in your tracks.'

" Then I went on to Jeddo and seen the company cashier. And he told me that that very afternoon, while he was giving the little girl the cash, the Whistler had been standing by, looking on."

" And who was the Whistler? "

" Oh, everybody called him that. He was a Wop that could whistle so well that they hired him off and on, to whistle solos with a band. Alfonso Passo's his real name."

" Alfonso Passo. Well, and then what did you do? "

" I searched around the mountain and didn't find nothing. Then I come to Freeland and went to the house where the Whistler lived, to arrest him. But he wasn't there. Then I began hunting for him—hunted for four or five weeks and couldn't see him at all. And that was the end of it.

" Oh, at the time I reckon I *could* have located him, —maybe in Berwick, where he belonged to a band, maybe somewheres else. But there wasn't any funds to pay my expenses travelling around, see? Constables don't have no such. So, I had to let him go."

" Did you ever see him again? "

" Why, I seen him right here in Freeland only three or four months ago. But of course I didn't arrest him then; wasn't constable any more."

" Why didn't you put Mike Laputka wise to it—let him do the trick? "

" Never once thought of such a thing. He was constable, not me, wasn't he? 'Twasn't my funeral. I didn't bother my head about it—didn't give it a thought."

Corporal Freeman groaned. " And yet, you're a good man, Mike,—a very good man, as everybody knows," he said.

Then he struck a bee-line for the Freeland Central

Hotel. Looking down the tilted council chairs in the office windows, he fixed an eye on Frank Malloy, prosperous tailor and County Detective, and beckoned him out.

"Frank," he murmured. "You come with me. I've a story to tell you."

Rough-hewn and brief though that story was, when it came to its end something very like tears stood in Malloy's unaccustomed eyes.

"Leave me in on this here," he growled—"it's the least you can do after tearin' a man's heart out by the roots. Come on. We'll tackle the job together."

And they did.

Their first step they took that very Monday night,—a step that should save leeway for whatever might come thereafter;—they lodged before Justice James Malloy an information of highway robbery against Alfonso Passo, just being released from jail. And Justice James Malloy held Alfonso Passo on that charge, committing him without bail.

The trial fell on November 21st, just fifty-one days later, before Judge Peter O'Boyle, of the Luzerne County Court of Common Pleas, sitting at Wilkes-Barre. And in those fifty-one days Frank Malloy worked hard. But Corporal Freeman worked, nay, slaved, by day and by night, in season and out of season, with all his heart and mind and soul and strength. And he covered a deal of ground.

For the picture of a baby girl alone in the dusk in a solitary place, struggling with a demon at the mouth of a cave, had taken possession of his whole being. And the name of her present lot—that last word wrung from her mother's quivering lips—had sealed him to her cause of retribution, justice, mercy, as surely as any accolade of Arthur's blade.

No need, here, to go into the details of the trial. The attorneys for the defense fought a skillful fight, stiff and long. But the case of the State Police was perfect—so truly perfect, measured even by their own strict standard, that the Judge himself, as he afterward confessed, half thought something might be wrong.

"Never before, in all my long observation of State Police officers in my court," said Judge O'Boyle, "had I seen one who seemed, as did this particular officer, this Corporal Freeman, personally desirous to convict the accused. Ordinarily their bearing is entirely impersonal,

colorless. They incline to give the prisoner all the benefit of any doubt. But this man told his story with a positiveness, an almost vehemence, so extraordinary—he replied to all questions and cross examinations with an accuracy so exact, that his attitude created a suspicion in my mind. Yet, while I did my best to discover in him any motive, any tendency to tinge his testimony, I could find no trace of that at all. Evidently the simple truth was that he had so thoroughly cleared his own mind, so convinced himself of a wrong to right, and so solidly built his case that he was incapable of slipping in it anywhere."

Mike Laputka took the stand, Frank Malloy, Justice Malloy, Mike Deramme, the Passos, man and wife—the last, of course, called by the defense. Examinations. Cross-examinations. Recalls.

The whole thing, contended the defense, took its rise, the whole charge originally rested, on the wife's testimony against her husband, given on a Sunday afternoon fifty-two days ago. And the law holds that a wife may not testify against her husband.

Indisputably a wife may not testify against her husband, in court. But—and here the Court underscored both the legal knowledge and the quick wit of the State Police officer—Corporal Freeman, on that Sunday afternoon fifty-two days ago, being present for quite another purpose, and seeing the wife about to bear witness against her husband, had stopped her short *until he had brought into the room her husband himself.* So that Jennie Passo's story of her husband's crime of highway robbery had been told unsolicited, and not only in the presence of a County Detective and of a State Police officer, but also in the presence of the accused man himself. And the accused, fully hearing and being challenged to reply, had by silence acquiesced in the truth of the charge. Thus, by wisdom, was inadmissible testimony transformed into positive evidence.

The defense showed the wanderings of the man—showed that although he had fled back to New York, after his one night's return to Freeland, in November, 1909; although he had since lived in Brooklyn, in Florida, in Connecticut, he had also, in that period, sojourned in Berwick, in Pittston, and in other Pennsylvania towns, whether as a musician, or as a laborer of sorts. Therefore, argued the defense, the Statute of Limitations freed him. It had run

against him for more than five years, and the matter was outlawed now. Would the Court so charge the jury?

No. For the Court held that a man who, being under charge of crime committed in a given community, and being sought therefor by officers of the peace, flees that community, remains in practical hiding and returns only by stealth, cannot thereby acquire the shelter of the law.

Through it all, Alfonso Passo sat in his place, smug, self-conscious, nonchalant. At their best they could not identify their robber. After so many years there was certainly no one to do that. So what did it matter to him what else they proved, or ruled, or quarrelled or gossiped about! He ran his long, slender fingers through his curls, stroked his sweeping moustache, flashed his small, bright eyes in smiling, side-wise glances. Some vain little "bohemian" lady-killer, he looked, some dripper of idiotic verse, some sort of musical cheap-john—but a coal miner, a laborer, even a respectable highwayman, never in the world.

Jennie, his wife, all her ephemeral courage spent, took the stand in his defense. Her testimony was meant to prove his title to freedom under the Statute of Limitations. She answered counsel's questions like a well-trained machine. The multitudinous family flittings fell from her tongue with a dry, mechanical click. Through it all glared the fact that her very life was at stake.

And yet, as she began to speak, the husband flung up his hand and made before her some lightning gesture that only an Italian could read. As she saw it, her face turned ghastly. Her voice failed. For a moment she seemed about to faint.

Again this Passo, with his side-long eyes and his sleek, secretive smile, stroked his great moustache, apparently content. Content, for his wife was his terrified serf. And today he occupied his public's view. Tonight his picture would be in the papers, may be. And at their best they could never identify their robber. There was certainly no one to do that.

Then, of a sudden, fell a curious pause. Frank Malloy back among the crowd, began to breath hard. Corporal Freeman, in front, started into space with inexpressive gaze, sitting as straight as Rameses at Aboo Simbel. But does Rameses at Aboo Simbel hear the hammering of his pulse? A kind of electric current without apparent source

swept through the place, carrying with it an inexplicable hush.

Mr. Turner, prosecutor for the Commonwealth, had said some little thing—few, if any, heard what. The Clerk of the Court had spoken. No one had caught the words. And yet something was going to happen. Now. The very doors and benches must have felt as much as that—the very gavel, in its wooden heart.

Some door opened. Some little stir arose. People turned to look.

A slight, black-robed figure, a woman with bowed head, was floating down the room. A veil completely hid her face. She reached the witness-stand, and turned to confront the Judge. A nun.

They brought her the Bible. She laid her hand upon it, and, with a spirit new to that court, raised her eyes in reverence as she repeated the words of the oath. Then they saw her countenance—and from all over the crowded room rose a little rustling sound—the intake of breath.

To attempt to tell in words how beautiful she was—*is*—seems in itself almost a sacrilege. One would rather think of the sweetest saint ever drawn by the most ethereal of all the Primitives, and say: Such was his vision when he painted this.

Her face was the face of a young angel born in Paradise and knowing naught beyond the gardens of God. From the day of her birth, you would say, the Blessed Lady herself must have held her in special keeping. No thought or word but of happy praise untroubled could ever have reached her ears or touched her soul. Innocence, peace, obedience, ignorance of the world, and a sort of luminous child-angel blessedness, softly shone from where she stood. Yes, that is no fancy phrasing, but the simple truth concerning her—the simple, literal, unornamented truth.

No one had time to think. There were lumps in men's throats, clouds over men's eyes, in men's hearts sudden imperative stirrings of that eternal Presence that never denies the countersign to Divine Love. If a habited nun had ever before appeared in a criminal court no one recalled it. The very fact itself was sensational. Yet it was not that, but rather her tender, intimate perfection, her look of the very essence of innocence, revealed for a moment by gracious favor of the cradling Hand, that broke

men's hearts as, forgetting themselves and the world around, they gazed at her.

She was twenty years old, she said, answering the questions of the Prosecutor like an exquisite child, full of gentle humility. Eight years ago she had lived in her parents' home—at— Highlands. Her name—had been Annie Voichek.

And then, led by the queries of the attorney, she told in quiet, careful words, without resentment, without heat, without the slightest echo of personal feeling, all the history of the black November day in 1909.

As cross-examination began, such of the audience as was aware of its surroundings felt a sort of anxious, warning tension contract all nerves. The defence was observing a courtesy rare in practice—was beyond reproach. And yet, when it put a question designed to confuse, it was big Frank Malloy, himself, that hardened citizen, who with a curse in his teeth, half rose from his seat, his two fists clenched and his chin thrust out like the prow of a battleship.

Mike Lupotka, beside him, laid a hasty hand on his arm. Justice Malloy, from the other side, leaned over with a soothing word:

"Steady, there, Frank. Remember,—it's his privilege."

But Malloy's eyes were wet, and Malloy's voice shook with single-minded rage as he ripped back:

"Let him have a care—damn him! Let him give the blessed little saint up there the first mean word out of him —and—*there's Irish in this room will smash his nut.*"

But now, the one great question:

By any chance, after so long an interval, could she possibly identify the man?

Describing that pitiful day so long ago, she had told the court of her steady, purposeful gaze into the face of her assailant—into the face of that unknown being that had attacked her by the Cave. Five minutes it had lasted, perhaps? Yes. It had seemed as much as that.

But never, she affirmed, had she seen him since. And eight long years had gone between.

"Do you see that man in this place today?" Slowly and clearly the Prosecutor's question sounded through the chamber.

The nun raised her beautiful eyes, for the first time look-

ing around the room. Then her gaze lowered to her own clasped hands. Standing quite motionless, her stately draperies flowing around her, she made no reply.

Alfonso Passo, with the mastery of feature common to his kind, had cleared his face of every sign of concern. He might have been the most casual stranger to the case, killing time where he sat, till this dull matter should have run its course. Even those close by him could observe no trace of anxiety in his bearing—no sign to distinguish him from any other of the many Italians in the room.

"Do you see that man in this place today?" Slowly and Prosecutor repeated.

Still no answer.

Then Judge O'Boyle himself, leaning forward in his chair, asked gently:

"Do you understand the question?"

With a catch of the breath, she looked up at the Judge and her look and her way were full of childlike appeal.

"Yes, sir, I understand," she replied. "But will what I answer now—will it—*condemn*—that man?"

"You must answer, yes or no. Do you see the man in this place today?"

Three things now clearly declared themselves concerning her: First, that she felt in its full weight the solemn responsibility so squarely laid upon her shoulders; second, that she shrank with the strongest reluctance from the chance of hurting the prisoner or any creature; and third, that she would loyally obey the court and tell the whole truth if so commanded.

For an instant she bowed her head, while her lips moved faintly. Then she looked up, calm, sure, straight across the room to where Passo yawned and lounged.

"*There is the man,*" she said.

With one horrible, shapeless howl, like a wild beast trapped, Alfonso Passo, robber, covered his face with his hands.

In point of word and form there was more to the case, of course. But not one other thing in point of fact. Nothing could shake the State's case. The Jury withdrew merely in order to hasten back. The Judge, in due season, gave sentence with a peculiar, clear-cut zest. And those who heard him felt, rejoicing, that his comments added the last ripe touch to a perfect thing.

Mrs. Voichek, over in the little red house on Highland hill, sat with happy tears running down her cheeks.

"Thank God," she sobbed, "we can all hold up our heads again. Our good name is cleared at last."

And she told once more how her twelve-year old Annie, after that one bad hour, the root of all the sorrow of the years to come, had more and more withdrawn from the common life until, at last, they had had to give her up—to let her go, into the seclusion for which she yearned.

But Corporal Freeman, working late that night with brush, sponge and curry comb over in "B" Troop stables, felt somehow vaguely sad. So, as men will, he took occasion to unburden his heart to his closest friend.

"Boston," he whispered, into one silky-brown, sharp-pricked ear. "Stop your nuzzling. This isn't sugar I'm giving you, but facts, and the sooner you swallow them, the happier you'll be. So listen here: *You and I have got to come down to brass tacks and common casualties, now.* And our business is, not to hand-pick jobs but to tackle the whole darn bunch. Most likely we'll never even see another Baby Saint, you and me. All the same, when *she* lays her little head on the pillow tonight, she won't have a worry left in the world. God bless her! *Boston, aren't you proud?*"

KATHERINE MAYO.

BAUDELAIRE AND HIS LETTERS

BY ARTHUR SYMONS

I

IN their later work all great poets use foreshortening. They get greater subtlety by what they omit, and suggest to the imagination. Browning, in his later period, suggests to the intellect, and to that only. Hence his difficulty, which is not a poetic difficulty; not a cunning simplification of method like that of Shakespeare, who gives us no long speeches of undiluted undramatic poetry, but poetry everywhere like life-blood.

Browning's whole life was divided equally between two things: love and art. He subtracted nothing from the one by which to increase the other; between them they occupied his whole nature; in each he was equally supreme. *Men and Women,* and the love-letters, are the double swing of the same pendulum; at the centre sits the soul, impelled and impelling. Outside these two forms of his greatness Browning had none, and one he concealed from the world. It satisfied him to exist as he did, knowing what he was. and showing no more of himself to those about him than the outside of a courteous gentleman. Nothing in him blazed through, in the uncontrollable manner of those who are most easily recognized as great men. His secret was his own, and still, to many, remains so.

"His secret," I have said, "was his own, and still, to many, remains so." Exactly the same thing must be said of Baudelaire. He lived, and died, secret; and the man remains baffling, and will probably never be discovered. But, in most of his printed letters, he shows only what he cares to reveal of himself at a given moment. In the letters, there is much more of the nature of Confessions. Several of his letters to his mother are heart-breaking; as

in his agonized effort to be intelligible to her; his horror of her curé; his shame in pawning her Indian shawl; his obscure certainty that the work he is doing is of value and that he ought not to feel shame. Then comes his suggestion that society should adjust these difficult balances. Again, in his ghastly confession that he has sent Jeanne only seven francs in three months; that he is as tired of her as of his own life: there is shown a tragic gift for self-observation and humble truthfulness. It would have taken a very profound experience of life to have been a good mother to Baudelaire: or she should have had a wiser curé. Think of the curé burning the only copy of *Les Fleurs du Mal* that Baudelaire had left in " papier d'Hollande," and the mother acquiescing!

I give two quotations which certainly explain themselves, if they do not explain Baudelaire:

> I must leave home and not return there except in a more natural state of mind. I have just been re-writing an article. The affair kept me so long that when I went out I had not even the courage to return, and so the day was lost. Last week I had to go out and sleep for two days and nights in a hideous little hotel because I was spied on. I went out without any money for the simple reason that I had none.
>
> Imagine my perpetual laziness, which I hate profoundly, and the impossibility of going out on account of my perpetual want of money. After I had been seeking money for three days, on Monday night, exhausted with fatigue, with weariness and with hunger, I went into the first hotel I came on, and since then I have had to remain there, and for certain reasons. I am nearly devoured, eaten, by this enforced idleness.

In a letter written in Brussels, March 9th, 1868, he says: " I have announced the publication of three fragments: *Chateaubriand et la Dandysme littéraire, La Peinture didactique,* and *Les Fleurs du Mal jugées par l'auteur lui-même.* I shall add to these a refutation of an article of Janin, one on *Henri Heine et le jeunesse des poètes,* and the refutation of *La Préface de la vie de Jules César par Napoléon III.*" Besides these on the cover of his *Salon de 1848* are announced: *De la poesie moderne; David, Guérin et Gerodet, Les Limbes, Catechism de la femme aimée.* On the paper cover of my copy of his *Théophile Gautier* (1861), under the title of *" Sous Presse,"* are announced: *Opium et Haschisch, ou l'Idéal Artificiel* (which was printed in 1860 as *Les Paradis Artificiels: Opium et Haschisch*), *Curiosités Esthètiques* (which were

printed in 1868); *Notices littéraires;* and *Machiavel et Condorcet, dialogue philosophique.* Of these *Les Limbes* appeared as *Les Fleurs du Mal* (1857); *Les Notices littéraires* at the end of *L'Art Romantique* (1868); none of the others were printed, nor do I suppose he had even the time to begin them.

He might have written on Machiavelli a prose dialogue, as original, from the French point of view, as one of Landor's Imaginary Conversations. Both had that satirical touch which can embody the spirit of an age or of two men in conversation. Both had a creative power and insight equal to that of the very greatest masters; both had the power of using prose with a perfection which no stress of emotion is allowed to discompose. Only it seems to me that Baudelaire might have made the sinister genius, the calculating cold observation, of Machiavelli, who wrote so splendidly on Cesare Borgia, give vent to a tremendous satire on priests and Kings and Popes after the manner of Rabelais or of Aristophenes.

It is lamentable to think how many things Baudelaire never did or never finished. One reason might have been his laziness, his sense of luxury, and above all his dissatisfaction with certain things he had hoped to do, and which, likely enough, a combination of poverty and of nerves prevented him from achieving. And as he looks back on the general folly incident to all mankind—his *bête noire*—on his lost opportunities, on his failures, a sack of cobwebs, a pack of gossamers, wave in the air before his vision; and he wonders why he himself has not carved his life as those fanciful things have their own peculiar way of doing.

Baudelaire was inspired to begin *Mon Coeur mis à nu* in 1863, by this paragraph he had read in Poe's *Marginalia,* printed in New York in 1856: "If an ambitious man have a fancy to revolutionize, at one effort, the universal world of human thought, human opinion, and human sentiment, the opportunity is his own—the road to immortal renown lies straight open and unemcumbered before him. All that he has to do is to write and publish a very little book. Its title should be simple—a few plain words—*My Heart laid Bare.*"

With all his genius, Poe was never able to write a book of Confessions, nor was Baudelaire ever able to finish his. Poe, who also died tragically young, throws out a sinister

hint in these last words: "No man *could* write it, even if he dared. The paper would shrivel and blaze at every touch of the fiery pen."

Baudelaire's Confessions are meant to express his most inmost convictions, his most sacred memories, his hates and rages, the manner in which his sensations and emotions have fashioned themselves in his waking self; to declare that he is a stranger to the world and to the world's cults; to express, also, as he says: *ce livre tout rêvé sera un livre de rancunes.* It cannot in any sense be compared with the Confessions of Saint Augustine, of Rousseau, of Cellini, of Casanova. Still, Baudelaire had none of Rousseau's cowardice, none of Cellini's violent exultations over himself and the things he created; none of Casanova's looking back over his past life and his adventures: those of a man who did not live to write, but wrote because he had lived and when he could live no longer.

In Baudelaire's notes there is something that reminds me of Browning's lines:

> Men's thoughts and loves and hates!
> Earth is my vineyard, these grew there;
> From grapes of the ground, I made or marred
> My vintage.

For so much in these studies in sensations are the product of a man who has both made and marred his prose and poetical vintage. He analyses some of his hideous pains; and I cannot but believe—I quote these words from a letter I have received from a man of sensitive nerves—that he may have felt: "it *is* so beautiful to emerge after the bad days that one is almost glad to have been through them, and I can quite truthfully say I am glad to have pain—it makes one a connoiseur in sensations, and we only call it pain because it is something that we don't understand." Without having suffered intensely no poet can be a real poet; and without passion no poet is supreme. And these lines of Shelley are not only meant for himself, but for most of us who are artists:

> One who was as a nerve over which do creep
> The else unfelt oppressions of this earth.

There is also something Browning says of Shelley which might be applied to Baudelaire's later years: "the body, enduring tortures, refusing to give repose to the bewildered

soul, and the laudanum bottle making but a perilous and pitiful truce between these two." He was also subject to that state of mind in which ideas may be supposed to assume the force of sensations, through the confusion of thought with the objects of thought, and excess of passion animating the creations of the imagination.

II

How commonly we hear it remarked that such and such thoughts are beyond the compass of words! I do not believe that any thought, properly so called, is out of the reach of language. I fancy, rather, that where difficulty in expression is experienced there is, in the intellect which experiences it, a want either of deliberateness or of method. For my own part, I have never had a thought which I could not set down in words, with even more distinctness than that with which I conceived it: for thought is logicalized by the effort at written composition. There is, however, a class of fancies, of exquisite delicacy, which are not thoughts, and to which, as yet, I have found it absolutely impossible to adapt language. Yet, so entire is my faith in the power of words, that at times I have believed it possible to embody even the evanescences of fancies such as I have described. Could one actually do so,—which would be to have done an original thing,—such words might have compelled the heaven into the earth.

Some of these qualities Baudelaire finds in Gautier; to my mind there are many more of these strange and occult qualities to be found in Baudelaire himself. I have said somewhere that there is no such thing, properly speaking, as a "natural" style; and it is merely ignorance of the mental process of writing which sometimes leads one to say that the style of Swift is more natural than that of Ruskin. Pater said to me at Oxford that his own *Imaginary Portraits* seemed to him the best written of his books, which he qualified by adding: "It seems to me the most *natural.*" I think then he was begining to forget that it was not natural to him to be natural.

Gautier had a way of using the world's dictionary whose leaves, blown by an unknown wind, always opened so as to let the exact word leap out of the pages, adding the appropriate shades. Both writers had an innate sense of "correspondences" and of a universal symbolism, when

the "sacredness" of every word defends one from using it in a profane sense. To realize the central secret of the mystics, from Protagoras onwards, the secret which the Smaragdine Tablet of Hermes betrays in its "As things are below, so are they above"; which Boehme has classed in his teaching of "signatures"; and Swedenborg has systematised in his doctrine of "correspondences," one arrives at Gérard de Nerval, whose cosmical visions are at times so magnificent that he seems to be creating myths, as, after his descent into hell, he plays the part he imagines assigned to him in his astral influences.

Among these comes Hoffmann, in his *Kreisleriana,* that Baudelaire read in the French translation I have before me, printed in 1834, where he says: "The musician, whose sense of music is conscious, swims everywhere across floods of harmony and melody. This is no vain image, nor an allegory devoid of sense, such as composers use when they speak of colors, of perfumes, of the rays of the sun that appear like concords." "Color speaks," says Baudelaire, "in a voice evocatory of sorcery; animals and plants grimace; perfumes provoke correspondent thoughts and memories. And when I think of Gautier's rapidity in solving all the problems of style and of composition, I cannot help remembering a severe maxim that he let fall before me in one of his conversations: "Every writer who fails to seize any idea, however subtle and unexpected he supposes it to be, is not a writer. *L'Inéxprimable n'existe pas.*" And one has to beware of the sin of allegory, which spoils even Bunyan's prose. For the deepest emotion raised in us by allegory is a very imperfectly satisfied sense of the writer's ingenuity in overcoming a difficulty we should have preferred his not having attempted to overcome.

Then there is the heresy of instruction—*l'hérésie de l' enseignement*—which Poe and Baudelaire and Swinburne consider ruinous to art. Art for art's sake first of all; that a poem must be written for the poem's sake simply, from whatever instinct we have derived it; it matters nothing whether this be inspired by a prescient ecstasy of the beauty beyond the grave, or by some of that loveliness whose very elements appertain solely to eternity. Above all, Verlaine's: *Pas le couleur, rien que la nuance!*

The old war—not (as some would foolishly have it defined) a war between facts and fancies, reason and

romance, poetry and good sense, but simply between imagination which apprehends the spirit of a thing and the understanding which dissects the body of a fact—the strife which can never be decided, was for Blake the most important question possible. Poetry or art based on loyalty to science is exactly as absurd (and no more) as science guided by art or poetry. Though indeed Blake wrought his *Marriage of Heaven and Hell* into a form of absolute magnificence, a prose fantasy full of splendid masculine thought and of a diabolical or infernal humor, in which hells and heavens change names and alternate through mutual annihilations, which emit an illuminating, devouring, and unquenchable flame; he never actually attained the incomparable power of condensing vapor into tangible and malleable form, of helping us to handle air and measure mist, which is so instantly perceptible in Balzac's genius, he who was not " a prose Shakespeare " merely, but rather perhaps a Shakespeare in all but the lyrical faculty.

I have sometimes amused myself by endeavoring to fancy what would be the fate of an individual gifted, or rather accursed, with an intellect very far superior to that of his race. Of course he would be conscious of his superiority; nor could he (if otherwise constituted as man is) help manifesting his consciousness. Thus he would make himself enemies at all points. And since his opinions and speculations would widely differ from those of all mankind, it is evident that he would be considered a madman. How horrible such a condition! Hell could invent no greater torture than that of being charged with abnormal weakness on account of being abnormally strong.

Even when Baudelaire expresses his horror of life, of how abject the world has become, how he himself is supposed to be " une anomalie," his sense of his own superiority never leaves him. He declares his thirst of glory, a diabolical thirst of fame and of all kinds of enjoyments, in spite of his " awful temperament, all ruse and violence "; and he can say: " I desire to live and to have self-content. Something terrible says to me *never,* and some other thing says to me *try. Moi-même, le boulevard m'effraye.*"

III

Here are certain chosen confessions of Baudelaire:

For my misery I am not made like other men. I am in a state of

spiritual revolt; I feel as if a wheel turns in my head. To write a letter costs me more time than in writing a volume. My desire for traveling returns on me furiously. When I listen to the tingling in my ears that causes me such trouble, I can't help admiring with what diabolical care imaginative men amuse themselves in multiplying their embarrassments. One of my chief preoccupations is to get the Manager of the Théâtre Porte-Saint-Martin to take back an actress execrated by his own wife—despite another actress who is employed in the theatre. . . .

I can't sleep much now, as I am always thinking. *Quand je dis que je dormirai, demain matin, vous devinerez de quel sommeil je veux parler.*

This makes me wonder what sort of sodden sleep he means. Probably the kind of sleep he refers to in his Epilogue to the *Poëmes en Prose,* addressed to Paris:

> Whether thou sleep, with heavy vapours full,
> Sodden with day, or, new apparelled, stand
> In gold laced veils of evening beautiful,
> I love thee, infamous city! Harlots and
> Hunted have pleasures of their own to give,
> The vulgar herd can never understand.

The question comes here: How much does Baudelaire give of himself in his letters? Some of his inner, some of his outer life; but for the most part, "in tragic hints." Yet in the whole of his letters he never gives one what Meredith does in *Modern Love.* That poem, published in 1862, remains Meredith's masterpiece, and will always remain so, beside certain things of Donne and of Browning: an astonishing feat in the vivisection of the heart in verse. It is packed with imagination, but with imagination of so nakedly human a kind that there is hardly an ornament, hardly an image, in the verse: it is like scraps of heart-broken talk, overheard and jotted down at random. These cruel and self-torturing lovers have no illusions, and their tragic hints are like a fine, pained mockery of love itself, as they struggle open-eyed against the blindness of passion. The poem laughs while it cries, with a double-mindedness more constant than that of Heine.

IV.

The life of Baudelaire, like the lives of Balzac and of Villiers and of Verlaine, was one long labor, in which time, money and circumstances were all against him. "Sometimes," Balzac cries, "it seems to me that my brain is on fire. I shall die in the trenches of the intellect." It is his

genius, his imagination, that are on fire, rather than his sleepless brain. This certainly Baudelaire never felt. Yet, in one sentence written in 1861, I find an agony not unlike Balzac's, but more material, more morbid: "La plûpart des temps, je me dis: si je vis, je vivrai toujours de même, en damné, et quand la mort naturelle viendra, je serai vieux, usé, passé de mode, criblé de dettes; ajoute à cela que je trouve souvent qui on ne me rend pas justice, et que je vois que tout réussit à souhait pour les sots." This, with his perpetual nervous terrors, his hallucinations, his drugs, his miseries, his women, his wine, his good and bad nights, his sense of poisonous people, his disorders, his excitability, his imagination that rarely leaves him, his inspiration that often varies, his phrase, after a certain despair: "Je me suis précipité dans le travail: alors j'ai reconnu que je n'avais perdu aucune faculté"; his discouragements, his sudden rages, not only against Jeanne, but when he just refrains from hitting a man's face with his stick: after all this, and after much more than this, I have to take his word when he says—not thinking of these impediments in his way—"What poets ought to do is to know how to escape from themselves."

ARTHUR SYMONS.

WHITMAN AND ANNE GILCHRIST

BY EDITH WYATT

THERE are certain phrases that haunt the memory like a bar of music: and, long after their notes are still, continue to paint the dream of a way of life upon the reader's imagination. Such a phrase occurs in Herbert Gilchrist's distinguished biography of his mother in a letter to her written by Samuel Palmer: "How often I think of your sweet house on the L'Allegro Upland among the green hills."

A natural dweller on L'Allegro Uplands, Anne Gilchrist has of late attracted public attention as the writer of those recently published letters of hers which express in part the episode of her passionate friendship for Walt Whitman—from the hour when the first notes of the Mystic Trumpeter sounded across the sea to her from the page of Rossetti's edition of his poetry, to the sorrowful day when Whitman wrote to her son:

> I have received your letter. Nothing now remains but a sweet and rich memory—none more beautiful all time, all life, all the earth—I cannot write anything of a letter to-day. I must sit alone and think.

One says that these letters express this episode in part; for although they blaze the trail for a long distance, they lead the reader finally into the trackless forest of conjecture.

Anne Gilchrist had the gift of a genius of character such as harmonized outward circumstance: so that to walk over the bright and cloud-dappled country of her earthly journey, to read the pages that tell us of her existence, in her son's Life of his mother, in her sincere and charming contributions to English criticism and biography, in her letters to Whitman and his to her, and in her American sketches, is like reading an original musical composition, but a composition which is incomplete, and does not contain the notation of all the movements the creator had in his soul.

From Anne Gilchrist's early years one may observe certain likenesses between her spiritual outlook and Whitman's.

A child of the English gentry, the daughter of a London physician, she belonged from the beginning in the ranks of the lovers of "sober-suited freedom." Her idea of religious conduct was, as she says, that of leading "a brave and loving life." At eighteen, in her thoughtful girlhood on her mother's small estate in the Priory at Colne, she writes serenely to her friend, Julia Newton, who is troubled with questions of sectarian faith:

> I cannot help thinking you attach too much importance to creeds and doctrines. They are mere definitions after all: and definitions are better calculated to circumscribe truth, and bring it down to the narrow level of our half-awakened understandings, than to raise our minds to deep, devoted, life-giving comprehension of it.

Here indeed is a mental kinship with the poet then unknown to her who mentions it as a merit that he has "argued not concerning God": and tells us that "no array of terms can say how much I am at peace about God."

Anne Gilchrist is like Whitman, too, in her capacity for varied happiness. Married at twenty-three to Alexander Gilchrist, she writes to her confidante, Julia:

> Your friend is very happy, for she loves and is beloved by one who can fulfill her aspirations, realize her ideal of a true marriage, one who is her friend and helper, as well as her lover—I know not how to describe him to you, dear Julia, except by telling you that he is altogether, both in intellect and heart, great, noble and beautiful.

She enjoys trying to teach Jeannie Welsh Carlyle how to knead bread; she enjoys rambling through England helping to collect material for her husband's Life of Etty; she enjoys the Rossettis; she enjoys Samuel Palmer, the inimitable friend of Blake; she enjoys Blake's illustrations of the Book of Job; and writing an article on "Whales and Whalemen" for *Chambers' Magazine;* and taking care of her husband and children.

Widowed at thirty-three, with two little sons and two little daughters to care for on a tiny income, Anne Gilchrist looked back on ten years of hard work, of small means, a decade of married life rich in friendships, in happy memories, in a wonderful stimulation of her powers of appreciation.

Mrs. Gilchrist lived in the house she had taken at

Brookbank on Palmer's L'Allegro Upland. The fragrance of honey-suckle blew about it. It was covered with white clematis, and filled with the lovely carved furniture collected by her taste and her husband's, in spite of their small means. A Joshua Reynolds, that George Eliot said she wanted to steal, hung over her fireplace. She possessed Blake's magnificent "Elijah in the Fiery Chariot." Connoisseurs speak of her "enriched walls." The cottage was on the Portsmouth Road, "upon a wide and spacious tract of downs, with every variety of little hill and plain to change their verdant surface."

Here Mrs. Gilchrist walked with Tennyson (she was a capital walker, making nothing of sixteen miles a day) and chose a house for him, and entertained Christina Rossetti and read Jean Ingelow and Fredericka Bremer, and brought up her children.

It was here at Brookbank, with its lovely interior in this place of sweeping downs and long walks and Tennysonian comment, that she read Rossetti's edition of Whitman's poems, presented to her by Madox-Brown. She says that since she has had the book she can read no other; that it holds her entirely spellbound, and that she goes through it again and again with deepening wonder.

It is not surprising that William Rossetti and Anne Gilchrist, who had known so deeply the intense democratic mysticism of the genius of Blake, should have responded fully to the greatest singer of the faith of democracy.

Mrs. Gilchrist's kindred view of formal creeds, her kindred love and intent of happiness, rendered her peculiarly susceptible to Whitman's poetry. She wrote to William Rossetti a letter of appreciation and admiration of the American poet, which Rossetti sent to Whitman, and afterwards with her consent published in the *Radical* as "An Englishwoman's Estimate of Walt Whitman."

Whitman replied to Rossetti that he was deeply touched by the sympathies and convictions of Mrs. Gilchrist, "coming from a woman and England," and that he had hitherto received no praise so magnificent as "this smiling *well-done* from the heart and conscience of a true wife and mother."

Whitman was about fifty at this time, a clerk in the Attorney-General's office in Washington; but older in many ways than his annual age would indicate, his health being

broken by his war-time vigils. Already he was " the Good, Gray poet."

When Mrs. Gilchrist first read his poetry I believe she regarded him mainly as a great prophet. Prophet and poet were almost interchangeable terms to the student of Blake. Like the Scotch women who surrounded John Knox, she may have gradually mingled the worship of the prophet's religion with a rising devotion to the prophet as a human being, in her appreciation of Whitman's poetry. Some confusion of feeling a little like this seems to have happened to Mrs. Gilchrist in the next two years, when she suddenly wrote to the inspired author of *Democratic Vistas* (to me, at least, it appears sudden, and one can believe it must have appeared so to Whitman) of her passion for him as a man. Yet it is not quite like the feeling of those other Scotch prophet-lovers, for she had never been in his living presence. The remarkable feature of her letter is that all its emotion is poured forth with the utmost generosity, dignity, and nobility at the feet of her idea of Whitman, of an image purely air-drawn and of the mind. It is like a midsummer madness, or an autumnal madness, if you will.

Its divine mania descending upon her has none the less completely overcome her with its anguish. But:

> Out of its great anguish my love has risen stronger, more triumphant than ever; it cannot doubt, cannot fear, is strong, divine, immortal—This time last year when I seemed dying, I could have no secrets between me and my dear children. I told them of my love: told them all they could rightly understand.

As you read on, in spite of the beauty of her feeling, you cannot help believing her to be the victim of a species of self-hypnotization. She begins by telling Whitman the story of her marriage, to which she was persuaded, she says, by Gilchrist's devotion, and into which she entered without any " faintest gleam of true, tender, wifely love." Though they had a happy and a good life for ten short years, yet " to the last my soul dwelt apart and unmated."

The reader is bewildered. Of course if, as a thoughtful and conscientious girl, she unwisely decided to marry with a soul dwelling apart, she might better have dissembled to the world concerning the nature of her feeling for her husband. But why need she write to Julia Newton that she " loved and was beloved by one who could fulfil her aspirations, and realize her ideal of a true marriage, one who was

altogether, both in intellect and heart, great, noble and beautiful"? Why did she unnecessarily write in her husband's memoir that he had a "heart that gave and took the utmost of happiness in domestic life," and tell her sister-in-law that she longed to be in the Surrey Hills because there her husband's spirit "speaks to me in every sweet scene; broods over the peaceful valleys, haunts the grand, wild, hill-tops, shines forth gloriously in setting sun and moon and stars"? Why did she liken her loss of him to Dante Gabriel Rossetti's loss of his intensely beloved wife of the Sonnets?

It may be suggested that all this was possibly because half-way dissemblings are difficult: and she could dissemble only with wild excellence. But none of her readers will be able to believe that she was ever a dissembler. She was at all times a woman of undoubted sincerity. It seems more probable that she was deeply in love with her husband both before and after her marriage, that she devoted herself to him, and could learn and possess some of his mental qualities afterwards for that very reason. But looking back at her emotion for him, through the mist of this overwhelming later infatuation, she saw it not as it really was, or as it seemed to herself even in his life-time, but as it seemed seen through the veil of her new devotion, which confused her vision not only of the present reality, but of the reality of the past—a passion in which she was no better off than Lysander in his oblivion of ever having loved Hermia.

Whitman seems to realize that her feeling has arisen out of her knowledge not of him, but of his poetry; and in his reply to her, "The Answerer" appears in an excellent light: one of his most attractive aspects as a man of modesty, largeness and good sense. Certainly a "man of the world" could not have improved on the dignity and penetration of his reply; and he shows himself fully worthy of the confidence in which she had written to him: "I know that a woman may without hurt to her pride—without stain or blame—tell her love to thee. I feel for a certainty that she may."

He assures her of his "unmitigated trust and affection"; and that he fully and clearly understands her letter. He writes briefly, because he is sending her his new book of poems. "My book is my best letter, my response, my truest explanation of all. In it I have put my body and spirit."

Perhaps Whitman's obsession concerning his works helped him here in wisdom as a man. By this time, indeed, he was hardly a man at all. He was *Leaves of Grass*. To him all thoughts, all passions, all delights, whatever stirs this mortal frame, were ministers of *Leaves of Grass* and fed its sacred flame. It could cause him little surprise, probably, to learn that anyone had been overcome by devotion to his faith.

But it certainly could and did give him pause to learn that a noble English gentlewoman desired to unite her fortune and that of her four children with his daily destiny as "a simple, separate person" in the Attorney-General's office. He is grateful, but dazed; and has all along the sound knowledge that this purpose is simply a wild error and unfounded on reality.

In the passage of the seven years after Mrs. Gilchrist first reads Whitman's poetry, her eldest son is launched on his professional career and on a happy betrothal. Her younger children's education and futures are planned. Whitman is stricken with paralysis. He goes to Camden to end his helpless years. In his misfortune, the beautiful and generous love of his passionate friend desires the more to console him with her presence. Before, he had at times thought he might visit England, when he was convinced all would be clarified between them. But this was now impossible.

At last, in the Autumn of 1876, Mrs. Gilchrist sets sail with her three younger children for Philadelphia. The reader is overwhelmed. Surely here is one of the most remarkable chapters human history holds in the tale of "All for Love, and the World Well Lost." To set out with three children on a journey half around the globe to a broken, impoverished, aging poet she had never seen; to depart from a clematis-veiled cottage and the green ways and life-long friendships of England; to take rare Prints, and beautiful, carved furniture, and Blake's "Elijah in the Fiery Chariot," and transplant them all in a strange continent: this, certainly, is a generous, humble, and uncommon international adventure that is creditable somehow to the human heart, if not to the understanding. One can not help loving Mrs. Gilchrist for her Will to Believe, her nobility, her power of spontaneous action, even though one knows that she is moving on a path of error, of a mistake not

about the greatness of Whitman's nature, but about the possible harmonies of existence. One watches her with the utmost anxiety to know what will happen to her.

What *did happen?*

Here one wanders in the pathless forest of conjecture. The passionate friends, being together, write no letters to each other; and when these begin again, they are indeed devoted and delightful, without other revelation and with no suggestion of passion. In outer circumstance, what occurred was that they met in Philadelphia; and Anne Gilchrist writes to William Rossetti:

> Our greatest pleasure is the society of Mr. Whitman, who fully realizes the ideal I had formed from his poems, and brings such an atmosphere of cordiality and geniality with him as is indescribable.

Mrs. Gilchrist remained in America for three years. She took a house on Twenty-second Street, in Philadelphia, where Whitman was constantly with her and her family, coming to tea with them on every evening but Sunday.

Whitman was nearly sixty at this time. We have many a traditional and written account of his majestic appearance, with his silvered hair, his deep, flexible voice, the large dark-blue cape he wore. Of Mrs. Gilchrist's presence he has told us:

> Oh! She was strangely different from the average; entirely herself; as simple as nature; true, honest; beautiful as a tree is tall, leafy, rich, full, free—*is* a tree.

From her son, and from various records of her friends, we learn that she was brown-haired and hazel-eyed, with a "bright and penetrating gaze," and the light, even step of a tireless walker. Mrs. Gilchrist had "an animated manner"; she "charmed persons ordinarily silent to talk in his or her best humour." "Whilst conversing," her son says, "her face became radiant as with an experience of golden years." And Whitman said of her: "The voice indicates the soul. Hers, with its varied modulations and blended tones, was the tenderest, most musical voice ever to bless our ears."

Whitman conducts the family to the theater to see a play of Joaquin Miller's. They all talk and walk in the country around Philadelphia, cross the ferry, and visit their enchanting friend in Camden. The children love him; are indeed "crazy" about him. "Dear, darling Walt," young "Herby" Gilchrist calls him. Beatrice, who enters on a

nurse's training in Massachusetts, writes confiding her struggles and difficulties to him.

Under the blue sky, Whitman used to quote freely, in a full, sweet baritone:

> Well, honor is the subject of my story—

and we learn of one especially delightful day near a perfumed clover-field when the air was delicately vibrant with the "low and sulky murmur of the bee," and the Great Companion gossiped about Plutarch and *As You Like It,* and the charm of his hours with American soldiers.

Whitman enjoyed the prints: liked Reynolds' "broad, careless shadows," and read aloud to the family from Tennyson's *Ulysses,* and talked in his characteristic, pleasurable way about all manner of things—"mock radicalism" and Thoreau and George Sand. If any very young persons were present, Whitman always was scrupulous as to their inclusion in the conversation, and always consulted their individual opinions of the subject under discussion. Someone asked him if Bulwer's attitudinizing heroes didn't irritate him. "No. It is part of the fun," he answered.

"Yes," someone will say, "they had a highly attractive, peerless time no doubt. But what about passionate friendships?" That is it. You cannot tell, I think, exactly what happened. But you can guess. My guess is that exactly what Whitman supposed would happen, when Mrs. Gilchrist left the air-drawn path on which her imaginary passion had walked, and entered on the streets of Philadelphia and Camden, did happen. Without being "disappointed" in the poet, she knew at once that such a union as she had been dreaming was unthinkable. Neither, I believe, was it his age that changed the color of her emotion. More probably it was as though she had been envisioning the presence of Jove, and had found the object of her devotion an immortal creature, indeed, but more like Santa Claus. Jupiter and Santa Claus might each be from fifty to sixty years of age, perhaps, in the world's fancy; and letters are filled with allusion to Jove's adventures as a lover; but who will conceive of the delightful patron of Rich Givers in a rôle so out of his part?

There is something in the complete, hardy delight of Whitman's devoted friends in him, something individual and indomitable in a hundred things he said and did, that

leads one to conceive of him—indeed, has obviously led the hearts of many to rise and revel in him—as the species of resistless character known as "a great old boy." And that, however superb and thoroughly satisfactory a quality, is not of the kind to inspire passionate yearning certainly.

It is impossible indeed to think of Whitman as one much in need of passionate yearning. What he needed was a human element stronger and far rarer—an element which Creation miraculously supplied for him in the personality of Mr. Horace Traubel. He needed someone who could bear in quietude to hear him talk endlessly about alterations in his proof. His nature did not require a cordial, enriched, domestic interior in the companionship of a beautiful and noble-hearted woman among choice engravings and furniture in good taste. It required a scrappy, disordered domestic interior in a dingy frame-house near a switch-track amid the noise of engine-bells and the smoke of factories, and in an atmosphere of war-memories and constant reference to *Leaves of Grass*. Clearly, our greatest poet required the peculiar refreshment to be derived from a habitat *not* in good taste. The social and physical cosmos supplied such a habitat for Whitman; and if he had attempted to live continuously out of it, he would probably have died. But he could not know that he needed, nor could he plan this habitat, any more than a star-fish plans to live on the side of a rock in the sea.

Neither could any English gentlewoman, or, rather, anyone unacquainted with American manhood, be expected to know a thing of this kind about an immortal poet. Whitman had really no means of communicating an essential consideration of this sort; though he makes a sincere attempt in a diffuse, masculine manner, in writing, before Mrs. Gilchrist's departure for the United States:

> My dearest friend, I do not approve your American trans-settlement. I see so many things here you have no idea of—the social and almost every other kind of crudeness, meagreness, here (at least in appearance). Don't do anything towards it nor resolve on it, nor make any move at all in it without further advice from me.

Mrs. Gilchrist had a wonderful power of varied enjoyment: after all, she was, before anything else, a dweller on L'Allegro Uplands; and it may be surmised with some reasonableness that when reality transformed her impassioned vision into a totally different episode from that of her pre-

conception, she could say " Good-Bye My Fancy," as wisely and as flexibly as Whitman might himself. Very likely she perceived at once what she might have guessed all along: that people can decide to make a journey or to accomplish almost any other material achievement, and depend to some extent on their own will and energy for the outcome; but that they cannot depend in the least upon their own will and energy as a means of leading them to fall in love. Especially, they cannot choose some unseen figure of genius on another continent to fall in love with, and then absolutely depend upon themselves to do it. This was a unique, heroic plan in the grand style, but founded, one must believe, on an essential misconception.

It seems, however, that unless Mrs. Gilchrist had disregarded Whitman's attempt at indicating something of the kind, unless she had come to America, she never would have been delivered from the spell of her passion. Feeding on itself in England, glutting its sorrow on the morning rose and on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave, it might have lasted indefinitely. As it was, it achieved a thoroughly remarkable and apparently satisfactory metamorphosis. She enjoyed her stay deeply: and her friends told her when she returned to England that she looked ten years younger than before her American sojourn.

Her eldest son, whom she left in England, had married happily. During her American absence his son was born.

Finally, after lingering a while in New York, she cannot resist going back to England to see the baby.

Though she writes him from England that she wishes they were all back on Twenty-second Street in Philadelphia, to welcome him home from his trip to Canada, and talk it all over at tea, it is evident that the baby fills her horizon—her " dear little grandson," her " engaging little toddler." She is enthusiastic, too, about verdant England again, and Durham Cathedral. Whitman replies with affectionate hilarity: " How I should indeed like to see that *Cathedral.* I don't know which I should go for first, the Cathedral or *that Baby.*"

She is very much occupied, as always, with all her children; and engages now on her *Life of Mary Lamb.* She writes to him rather less often, though she tells him he is in her thoughts as constantly as ever, in spite of the fact that she has been so silent. Wherever they go, the family

think of their beloved friend and imagine him with them. "Won't Walt like sitting in that sunny window?" or "by that cheery, open fire"—or "sauntering on the heath"?

Five years after she sailed from New York, she writes:

> I turn many wistful thoughts towards America, and were not I and mine bound here by unseverable ties, did we not seem to grow and belong here by a kind of natural destiny that has to be fulfilled, very cheerfully could I make America my home for the sake of being near you in body as I am in heart and soul—but time has good things in store for us sooner or later, I doubt not.

In the months before Anne Gilchrist's early death, which came unexpectedly in her fifty-eighth year, she had written him again—affectionate letters, fearing for his fortune and comfort, recalling their American days together, their mirth over someone's "dramatic presentation of a negro prayer-meeting," letters looking forward to reading his lovely "after-songs," and telling him of the aspect of the glorious England around her:

> What a burst of beauty we have had during the last ten days! We look out just now on a sea of apple and pear blossoms, from the deepest pink to dazzling white, and the tenderest green intermingled with all.

The changing tones of her profound human attachment all sound from L'Allegro Uplands: and, I think, so do those we hear from the Mystic Trumpeter, in the course of this tale of their ways upon earth, whether near each other or far apart.

It is the unjust custom of nearly all idealizers, when they come face to face with an individual reality different from their fancied image, to blame not their own misconception, but the unfortunate subject of their error. But here was a woman who was true enough to truth itself to bear no such unfair grudges; strong-hearted enough to love the individual reality as deeply in an altered fashion, more in the way of a mother perhaps, as she had loved her fancied idol of another kind of devotion.

It is the unjust custom of the idealized, too, when subjected to an altered opinion in a mistaken worshipper, to feel the natural resentment of unreasoning vanity. But Whitman, it appears, was also true enough to truth itself, large enough, genuine enough, not to care about proving an unsuitable idol of romance.

Among the passionate episodes of letters, this seems to

stand out with the effect of an absolute, novel superiority. It has no mean airs of conquest, no biting prides of sex, no injurious humiliations. Compared with it, the performances of "Elle et Lui," of Byron's affairs, and the despite visited by the poet of "A Wasted Vigil" on the inferior nature who could not watch with him, appear as the shrill recriminations, the poor complacencies and rancorous fault-findings, of mere juvenile vanity.

But here, clearly, was a mistake about a passionate friendship in which, however, all came off with a species of magic success—its modulations and its dissonances are delicately harmonized like those of a superb and golden comedy. Everything is full-grown and serene and responsible, and seems creditable on both sides.

Whitman's friends continuously admire and enjoy Mrs. Gilchrist. Mrs. Gilchrist's friends continuously admire and enjoy Whitman. Her son desired to publish her letters to Whitman in his biography of his worshipped mother. But Whitman would not permit this. "Why didn't he destroy them, then?" someone may ask. Who can tell? They had never been an exclusive confidence to him, as her sons knew of them from the beginning. He could have had little impression of them as an exclusive confidence. I believe he failed to destroy them because he seems to have been incapable of destroying any handwriting; and for the same reason for which he kept copies of his own anonymous laudatory comment on his public appearances, and his own anonymous favorable press reviews of his own works.

All one can say about the inconsistent facts of his failure to destroy the letters, and his refusal to permit their publication—a refusal apparently inspired by an impulse of protection towards their writer—is that here, too, the symphony is unfinished. But the reader of his words about Anne Gilchrist will, I am sure, acquit Whitman of any treachery of feeling towards her.

Indeed, it is one of the most interesting qualities of the story that Whitman's delicacy of understanding and conduct characterize it all, and leave one with an odd impression that perhaps a habitat not in good taste offers for the development of staunchness and gentleness in human relations, conditions more favorable than those surrounding Lord Byron or Alfred de Musset.

There is a passage in Mr. Horace Traubel's *Whitman,*

from which it appears that whatever the poet thought of Mrs. Gilchrist's wisdom when it had been untempered by observation and before he had been with her, in the course of their companionship he learned to confide in it completely. He is speaking to Mr. Traubel of his delight in her conversation:

> Writing was not the best of her. The best of her was her talk—to hear her perfectly say these things which she has only imperfectly written. I shall never forget—never forget: she is over there now, where you are—eyeing me, overflowing with utterance. She was marvellous above other women in traits in which women are marvellous as a rule—immediate perception, emotion, deep inevitable insight. She had superb judgment—it welled up and out and I only sat off and wondered: welled up from a reservoir of riches, spontaneously, unpremeditatedly. Women are ahead of us in that anyhow—way ahead of us. . . . She was not a blind dreamer—a chaser of fancies: she was concrete—spiritually concrete, I might say: not in the sordid sense of it, but the big, the high.

The readers of the lives of distinguished persons often have cause to repeat Tennyson's complaint of Landseer and to regret that biographical delineation so frequently makes the mistake of having only *one* lion and repeating him in different positions. Each of the lions ought to have a distinct individuality. That happens, fortunately, to be the case with the figures of Whitman and of Anne Gilchrist, as literary history has shown them to us.

The whole composition of their attachment, as their admirers have narrated it to us, shines in light, brilliant yet soft, the autumn tints just beginning to appear,—the air crisp and bracing, yet genial. The uncompleted music of the tale of their ways apart and together seems to tell us, in its gesture and intervals, a fresh story of beauty in human existence.

EDITH WYATT.

THE POETRY OF CHARLES WILLIAMS

BY THEODORE MAYNARD

AMONG the convenient tags in vogue among jaded reviewers of books, none is more commonly used, or abused, than the comparing of a new writer to some other writer with a more securely established reputation. When the label has been fixed, criticism considers itself satisfied, and the critic puts away his poet on the shelf reserved for Swinburne, or his essayist in the cupboard kept for Lamb, feeling that his work is done. But is it not a vice to treat literature as a housewife treats her bottles of jams and preserves? The difficult and delicate business of criticism cannot be accomplished by such means. Yet every young writer has to suffer from this treatment—to see himself labelled as a second Rossetti by one reviewer, and as a second Blake by another. At first he is likely to be irritated by inept comparisons. Later, if he has humor, he will come to be amused by learning that his poetry is suggestive of such varying strains as the verse of Chaucer, Shelley, and Walt Whitman! He will come to collect the names of poets whom he is said to resemble as a man may collect stamps or old china, and will await eagerly the time when Rabindranath Tagore, Wordsworth and Ezra Pound shall complete his collection!

That every poet derives something from his predecessors is certain, but his value is to be determined by his ability to put his borrowed gold to the divine money changers and receive it back again with increase and transmutation. Mr. Charles Williams, one of the newer and, I venture to think, one of the greatest of contemporary English poets, has of necessity derived something from the metaphysical poets of the nineteenth century, as there are also in his work occasional touches of Milton, of Herrick, and even of G. K. Chesterton; but Donne, to whom he is most

constantly likened, he has read almost as little as he has read Crashaw, Vaughan, or Herbert. The similarities, slight and usually superficial, are due not to conscious or even unconscious imitation, but to the fact that his mental makeup is curiously compounded of the same ingredients which went to the making of Donne and Crashaw. He has their combination of *naïveté* and sophistication; their intellectual passion and subtlety, and also, at times, their triviality and their liability to step into pathos. And yet, after admitting that Mr. Williams has defects,—many of the tiresome tricks of virtuosity and much of the turgidity of the metaphysician,—his poetry has a greatness to which few of the moderns have attained, and promises a greatness which none of the moderns can hope to surpass.

It is remarkable how much very fine poetry has been written during the last ten years, and how little of the work of even the most accomplished among modern poets powerfully affects the reader. The reason of this is, probably, that much of their merit is technical; they waste their energies in seeking for a fresher mode of expression. Their rhythms often delight the ear, but their imaginations rarely compel the heart. One reads them, vaguely aware of beauty; but one forgets their verses. Now the major poets have this about them: that one can dig forever in their work as in an inexhaustible mine. The spade may bring out earth more often than diamonds, but the diamonds, which are the object of the search, are plentiful. Minor poets offer less labor to the digger, less earth and less reward. They give fewer bushels of dirt, but fewer diamonds.

In reading a major poet, one remembers lines whose meaning becomes clear only by degrees. One carries his phrases in the mind long before they are understood. His difficult things are not easily forgotten; just as the facile things of minor poets are not easily remembered. This test of memorability is, upon the whole, the best measure of poetic value, and by this test Mr. Charles Williams is unquestionably a major poet. He can be read again and again, and at every reading fresh beauties will be discovered. He will not be easily understood, and his readers must gird their mental loins for strenuous effort. When he has confessed that he does not fully understand all of his own poetry, but that the meaning of this line or that

has been discovered by its author himself only by flashes of illumination, others can hardly expect to gain his meaning with casual ease. The whole definition of inspiration is that the inspired man, be he prophet or poet, is possessed by an influence, whose instrument he is, whose will he performs, but whose purpose is not always known to him.

As we shall see later, Charles Williams' most characteristic poetry is written about the mysticism of love, in which he follows the philosophy of Patmore, though with a power that yields more comprehensive results than the author of *The Unknown Eros* had at his command. Before we come to a consideration of this part of his work, however, it is as well to note that a large number of his poems are unconcerned with religion. They range from the lyric *Proserpina,* and the admirable sonnets on classical subjects with which his last book opens, through ballades whose whimsicality does not quite conceal their gravity, through poems of general interest, to the ecstatic republicanism of *The Wars,* in which the poet sees the Deity, one, indivisible, and free, and "The heavens themselves republican":

> The Crescent falls! the field is won,
> The days of tyranny are done,
> His last escaping files give place;
> Trumpets, ho, trumpets! face to face
> With foreheads scarred and bloody feet
> The Church and the Republic meet.

Of the details of the poet's uneventful life all that it is necessary to record here is that Charles Williams is in his thirty-third year; that he went up by winning a scholarship from his school in St. Albans to University College, London; that he is now connected with the editorial department of the Oxford University Press; that he wrote his sonnet sequence, *The Silver Stair,* between his twenty-first and twenty-third years; that his *Poems of Conformity* cover a period of ten years; and that he is an Anglo-Catholic, or, in other words, that he accepts the conclusions of the Roman Catholic Church without the basis of Roman Catholic authority. Such a biographical summary seems uninteresting: most literary men do little except write. It so happens, however, that Mr. Williams came into my own life like a thunderbolt, and I, at least, could never write of him, or analyze his work, as I propose doing, without

some account of the furious quarrel that made us friends.

The Silver Stair, Mr. Williams' first book, was published ten years ago, and very few people read it or heard of its author. Had I been one of the few, I would have understood better the philosophy of *Poems of Conformity,* which came to me to be reviewed just after its publication. Such press criticisms as I had seen inclined me in the book's favor, and I began to read the poems with a very amiable spirit. It did not take me long to discover that Mr. Williams was a writer of first-class ability, and that his artistic and intellectual powers were unusual. I thought, however, that I had discovered a far more interesting thing—which was, that Mr. Williams was a Satanist. Now I never imagined that he said a black mass, that he wore horns and a chasuble decorated with lewd devices, or that the cross was tattooed upon his heels so as to be perpetually trodden underfoot. But it did seem that he was a phallic worshipper in a Christian dress. I sincerely believed that his subtle mind was working out a deliberate attack upon the Christian faith and morality, which was all the more dangerous because the attacker struck so cunningly. He had the early fathers, the councils of the Church, and the scriptures at his fingers' end. But where he publicly praised the Queen of Heaven, Mary, his private devotion was given to the Queen of Heaven, Astarte. When he spoke of the Mother of God and her Son, he really meant Venus and her son. The scholastic method was his, and the Satanist purpose. Here was a complete system of inverted mysticism that opposed the Christian tradition which sees in marriage a symbol of divine love; it saw in Christian dogma and ritual only symbols of animal lust. That the poems had so high a literary value, or that they were written with delicacy and restraint, merely proved the diabolical irony of the most-to-be feared of all infidels.

It may seem that such a suspicion was obviously preposterous. I followed up the clues with care; yet the theory was coherent. I felt that the criminal could be convicted upon the evidence, and I succeeded in convincing nearly all those to whom I expounded my case. Three of these were Catholic priests, expert theologians of the study-house of a learned religious order; one was a Baptist, two were avowed agnostics. Then I launched my public attack upon *Poems of Conformity.*

In making that attack, however, it was impossible to present my case fully in the columns of a newspaper, partly because a closely reasoned analysis would have taken up too much space, partly because there were some matters too evil for publication, partly (and it is under this disability that I suffer now) that to form any opinion it was necessary to survey carefully *Poems of Conformity* as a whole. To give one example is futile. The point was that the successive poems formed a complete system and dovetailed neatly into one another. Separately they seemed innocuous: cumulatively their effect was deadly. But I shall quote one of these poems, which is, the reader must remember, given as a commentary upon the words in St. John's gospel, " Sir, we would see Jesus ":

> We would see Love! Sweet, have we not desired,
> Sought, hungered, thirsted, agonized, aspired,
> Met, clasped, refused? and ever more required
> This answer at the end? We would see Love!
>
> We would see Love! Must his companions be
> The chiefest sharers of felicity?
> Some follower hold our life in custody,
> Some appetite or law? We would see Love!
>
> We would see Love! Touch and the things of sense,
> Our spirits' pupilage, our minds' suspense
> Of expectation,—what conjures him thence
> Who is so far within? We would see Love!
>
> We would see Love! His face if none draw nigh
> Except their whole lives shatter up thereby,
> Agree, sweet! Let us look on God and die,
> Feel him, one shock, and end! We would see Love!

My challenge, of course, provoked a vehement protest from Mr. Williams, but one which, as he himself would be the first to admit, might be just the kind of protest a real Satanist would be likely to make. The controversy so begun could end only in one of two ways—murder or reconciliation. Mr. Williams arranged through a third person for a meeting. I found him a man who looked less than twenty-five years old, trembling with nervousness and most embarrassingly deferential. He talked with staccato eagerness as we were left alone in a room in a newspaper office. A week later I lunched with him and walked across

Regents Park to his home, while he expounded the real meaning of his system to me. He acknowledged then that the poems could be interpreted as Satanism; he has since humorously confessed that a recent reading of them almost convinced him, despite himself, that they were Satanism. For my part, however, I am now sure that they are not. I had made a fool of myself to make a friend; my loud challenge had brought out, not a foe, but a companion in arms.

It is fitting that the man who attacked Mr. Williams should now explain him. I shall therefore disregard many valuable things—the scorn he shows for ease, his poetic passion, his delicate irony—to speak of his philosophy; for whether as a Saint or a Satanist, his philosophy is deep and broad.

To understand Mr. Williams, it is necessary to begin with his early sonnet-sequence, *The Silver Stair*. These sonnets are not only excellent as such; not merely do they rise, as sonnets should, each to crescendo and a climax, but they achieve success as a sequence. They follow on, not as beads upon a string, but as the steps of a ladder.

Omitting, then, much that is splendid and much that is beautiful—all the intimacies, all that Mr. Williams has of the Cross of Christ in his love, all the "sorrow that fronts the doorway of his house"—I shall quote here two sonnets, Numbers xvii and lvi, without further comment, before passing on to discuss the poetry which he has developed in the later book:

No. XVII

Night fell when toward this gated world I came,
  Nor there found peace—but light of shaken swords
  In battle of the crowd against their lords
And old men weeping for their homes aflame.
No general thought I saw nor common aim
  Until there passed, amid the shouting hordes,
  With banners and the Provosts of the wards,
A crowned queen. But I knew not of her name.

Then to my servants, my wise dreams, I cried:
  "Who is this Princess? who this guard mail-shod?"
  And they: "Sir, these are captains of the world,
  Honour, Obedience, Thought; their flags unfurled
Proclaimed their mistress round them as they ride,
  Regent from the immovable throne of God."

No. LVI

Look up, the heavens grow ardent to our gaze;
  Look down, the hells are rampant at our feet.
  And think ye here where such dominions meet,
The fires of your night bivouac can blaze?
The shouting squadrons by a thousand ways
  Rend your pavilioned camp: their charges beat
  Your piled arms underfoot, or in retreat
Trample the tents that with much toil ye raise.

If I might gird her for the strife, set on
  —I, even a man, to this thing sanctified—
  Her helmet, and God's anger not be moved!
  O my beloved, if in armour proved
We twain might follow where Immanuel shone,
Triumphant and to triumph, side by side!

Charles Williams is equally a philosopher and a mystic. An historic antagonism between the thinker and the knower, between the rationalist and the romantic, comes to agreement in his work. The speculations of that school of modern thought of whom Sir J. G. Fraser is the chief have profoundly influenced him. Now these speculations, though always interesting, are often, I think, fanciful. The connections they seek to establish between Christianity and the older " mystery " religions are at best a matter of ingenious conjecture. However much may be granted as to the possibility of magical myth and ceremonial having foreshadowed the substance of Christian dogma and ritual, nothing very certain can be known on the subject. That there is a grave danger to faith in such a study should be obvious. There are people of whom Pan has been the schoolmaster to bring them to Pananglicanism. There are others, more numerous, in whom *The Golden Bough* has developed a bottomless, if kindly, scepticism. Why it should be so I do not know; that it is so, is certain. When a man discovers that a legend of the Flood has existed in many ancient scriptures he is (somewhat rashly) inclined to jump to the conclusion that there was no Flood. The more universal the testimony to the fact, the more the fact is doubted: the stronger the evidence, the weaker the case. Mr. Williams, however, has too clear and cautious a mind to fall into such an illogical error. That Paganism was in many respects like Catholicism, inclines him to believe in Catholicism. A myth demonstrates a mystery. He has been so much occupied in discovering the extent, correlations, and surprises of Christianity (I am quoting his own

words) that he never had time to stop and enquire whether Christianity was true. His life has been one long, exciting game of intellectual hide-and-seek. His intricate and adventurous mind has never allowed itself to be content with easy things. Greatly daring, he has pushed all his conclusions to their ultimate extremity. Doubt to such a man is a sort of spiritual luxury, a breathing space in the breathless riot of belief; and in one of those intervals of agnostic rest he wrote his fine though hitherto unpublished *Office Hymn for the Feast of St. Thomas Didymus, Apostle and Sceptic.*

Having established for himself a philosophical point of contact between Paganism and the Christian Faith, having harmonised the idea of Adonis with the theology of St. Thomas Aquinas, Mr. Williams began the more dangerous task of interpreting marriage by the Catholic creed. To do this—or rather to attempt it, for I cannot find that he has kept quite free from serious heresy—he has been forced to elaborate a transcendental mysticism, which, if not new in its main lines, has never been used so comprehensively before. His fault is merely one of exaggerated emphasis, for the Christian tradition which made marriage a sacrament has always taught that the union between a man and a woman is symbolical of the union between God and the soul. But heresy is never anything else but an exaggerated emphasis upon one truth to the neglect or denial of another, while the pitfalls of the practice of mysticism are insisted upon by every devotional writer of the Middle Ages. From St. Bernard to St. Teresa, from St. Ignatius to St. Francis de Sales, there is a continual warning to those seeking to become "adepts."

When Charles Williams wrote his poem, *Orthodoxy,* which begins:

> Now to thy heart thy hand hath caught
> The fingers of mine own,
> Thy body's secret doctrines now
> Are felt and proved and known:
> More wisdom on thy breast I learn
> Than else upon my knees:
> O hark, thine honor! orthodox,
> Destroyer of heresies!

he laid himself open to be misunderstood. But he did not mean that a physical passion was a more certain good than

prayer, but only that there are many roads to faith, and that the road of human love has been the one followed by him. He was "startled to find it" (the poet is quoted once more) "an exact correlation and parallel of Christianity."

In many of the sonnets of *The Silver Stair* this discovery, only half-conscious as yet, was hinted at; in poem after poem of the later book the idea was worked out and shown under a hundred different aspects. The one poem, however, which sums up and unites the Pagan-Christian theory and the Christian-Sexual theory is Mr. Williams' *Ode for Easter Morning*. It is impossible to quote it in full, because of its length; but I cannot give less than six of its twelve stanzas, which form one of the most splendid passages in modern English verse:

Wake, wake, my Thought! the year's delight is born;
  Hark, the young loves within the valley sing!
Long since thy peers, the Church, the Earth, this morn
  Were out to hail a gladness named of Spring.
Who shall be earliest there? O happy race,
  Begun in winter of a three-days' gloom
To end beside what doubly-hallowed place
  Of the full garner and the open tomb!
    Up, dear sluggard! blessing trine,
    Religion's and the Earth's and thine,
    Sang my spirit out to play;
    Up, my sweet, keep holiday!

* * *

Ere the Mass grew, how many a shepherd priest,
  Singing his ritual o'er a pile of sods,
Led forth his migrant people on such feast
  In sacrifices to forgotten gods:
His people, lost long ere thy slumber broke
  To a like knowledge of immortal needs;
Enough if thou with thy great Sister woke,
  That youngest, truest, gladdest of the creeds!
    Up, the Church long since is out,
    And her quick feet go about
    To the tomb! no more delay,
    Up, my sweet, keep holiday!

Thou didst not hear the lions of Cybele
  Roaring their salutation to her Love,
Nor feel the high trees shaking over thee
  When he from death ascended; she above
Bowed down, his Mother and his Paramour,
  Unto that resurrection, while her train
Of Syrian pontiffs sang their tale that hour:

"Hail Attis born! hail, Attis born again!"
Hear thou only from thy lord
The new tale of an Adored
Seen of us in happy play;
Up, my sweet, keep holiday!

Thou didst not hear waking Adonis' name
Shrieked from a whirl of timbrelled ecstasy
As to him his diviner leman came,
Descending with her wanton company;
Nor any voice call: "Now hath Isis found
Her dead lord's limbs the new rice-stalks among;
Now great Osiris wakens from his swound!"
The gods are born again; the gods are young!
Thou wert sleeping while they passed;
Now thy time is come at last.
Christendom is out to play,
Up, my sweet, keep holiday!

Is it a diverse deity they praise?
Or with translation diverse to each tongue
Hail they one god of rice and corn and maize,
Convents and kisses? Hark, another song
Now with those past processions doth accord;
Those resurrections Easter doth renew!
Who is that God, that lover, that dead lord?
Who is that mother? that beloved, who?
Still must thou thyself bedeck,
Silver chain about thy neck,
Brooch and clasps? No more delay,
Up, my sweet, keep holiday!

Love has risen: his Mother greets her Son;
Spring knows itself to be but only He!
The glad Church does with the good tidings run—
O let me find my upper room in thee,
Thou everlasting Easter! what a stone
Of bare negation hast thou rolled away!
Now breaks the Dawn whose twilight thou hast shown!
True is thy possibility of Day!
Till thy mouth and hands be kissed,
Lent within me doth resist
Songs of Easter! come away,
Up, my sweet, keep holiday!

Such defects as are contained in this really great poet have sprung, I suspect, from the fact that, despite his interest in Catholicism, he is a member of a provincial church cut off from the unity of Christendom. By becoming a complete instead of a partial Catholic, Mr. Williams would lose nothing: on the contrary, he would gain a spirit

of repose which is at present denied him. He has now to be continually on the alert with his strong and subtle intellect stretched to the breaking point. He has humor, but it is rarely given free play; he has a capacity for lyrical beauty, but he despises the gift, and is more than a little inclined to disparage any joy that does not come of intolerably fierce intellectual struggle. Half of his being is mortified by an ungracious asceticism. He tends to become more complex instead of more single, madder but less merry.

During the last five years there has been an increased interest in poetry. People have been buying and reading verse-books, but though many inferior poets have sold because of war-enthusiasm, Charles Williams has not sold. Fifty copies of *The Silver Stair* and a hundred and fifty of *Poems of Conformity* do not speak well for the boasted poetic " revival." But if Charles Williams has been read by few, the few include some of the principal critics of the day. From Mrs. Meynell, G. K. Chesterton, the Poet Laureate, Lascelles Abercrombie, Professor J. S. Phillimore, and Sir Walter Raleigh among others, Mr. Williams has received generous public and private praise. If I may lay a small wreath beside their greater offerings I shall say that, though the difficult poetry of Charles Williams can never be popular, his name will always be kept alive by those who honor the majesty of song.

THEODORE MAYNARD.

TWO POEMS

BY WINIFRED WELLES

I.

SETTING FOR A FAIRY TALE

This is a lonesome place—
The water is as quiet as a face
That peace has smoothed and dreams made exquisite.
Like silk on silk your paddle rustles it,
And where the ripple gleams and slips,
It seems as if one sighed and closed his lips;
And softly and as sly
As ghostly cats, the long white mists prowl by.
Oh I can tell
We are not wanted here! There is some spell
Those dwarfs of trees, who squat around the lake,
Are peering through the dusk to see us break.
So desolate a place . . . so full of wonder . . .
Now near and far, and over us and under,
A million million frogs entreat.
Their thin, entangled threads of voices meet
And mingle with the tree-toads', jarring sweet
And whirring strong, as tiny motors might.
And leader of them all, far down the night,
One huge, wet-bellied, moss-mouthed crier
Twangs like a taut, bronze wire.
The ways grow narrower, the voices less.
Only the water-lilies in distress
Hold up their horrified, white hands and cling
Close to each other shuddering.
And I am troubled by their breath,
That smells of mystery or sleep or death.
And was it death or sleep or mystery,
That slew the knighthood in so brave a tree,
Leaving him torn to bowels, stripped to bone,
Abject and mutilated and alone?
His body, broken but still marvellous,
Darkens and bars the ways for us.
And so we leave our boat and move
Timidly through a fearsome grove,
Where witches' shadows huddle as we go.

It ends—as sudden as a blow,
And here are blessed, blue-lit spaces!
The fireflies everywhere
Like tips of wands are waving in the air,
And we can see our faces
Dimly, like faces in a well;
So quieted beneath that star
We have forgotten that there was a spell,
And kiss, and laugh to find how real we are!
And then, as if she heard our laughter,
And longed to tiptoe after,
Amazingly alone and still,
Queenlike upon the hill,
The moon uprises, darling as of old.
So we go home, resplendent in her gold,
Safe in her glory,
And happy as the ending of a story.

II.

GESTURE

My arms were always quiet,
  Close and never freed,
I was furled like a banner,
  Enfolded like a seed.

I thought, when Love shall strike me,
  Each arm will start and spring,
Unloosen like a petal
  And open like a wing.

Oh Love—my arms are lifted,
  But not to sway and toss,
They strain out wide and wounded
  Like arms upon a cross.

WINIFRED WELLES.

ROOSEVELT AND VENEZUELA

BY HERBERT W. BOWEN
EX-UNITED STATES MINISTER TO VENEZUELA

In the July number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW Mr. William Roscoe Thayer states, in his article about President Roosevelt, that "Mr. Roosevelt allowed Mr. Herbert W. Bowen, the American Minister to Venezuela, to serve as Special Commissioner for Venezuela in conducting her negotiations with Germany"; but that "he himself took the matter into his own hands at Washington," and that "having sounded England and Italy," and learning "that they were willing to arbitrate," he directed "his diplomatic attack straight at the Kaiser."

As a matter of fact, I was never a Special Commissioner, nor was my work for Venezuela ever limited to dealing with Germany exclusively.

President Castro, on December 9, 1902, when Great Britain and Germany seized his warships and began the blockade of his ports, requested me to represent Venezuela, and I cabled[1] that same day to Mr. Hay, stating that Venezuela would like to have her differences with Great Britain and Germany settled by arbitration. On December 11, I cabled again to Mr. Hay, asking him whether he would forward the suggestion regarding arbitration to Great Britain and Germany. On the following day Mr. Hay cabled to me that he had forwarded the suggestion "without comment." Receiving no reply from Great Britain and Germany, I cabled to Mr. Hay again on December 15, expressing impatience. The next day Mr. Hay wired me that he had "repeated proposition to arbitrate, with strong recommendation." On December 17 Italy joined the Anglo-German alliance, and the entire naval force of the three allied Powers now consisted of three small German cruisers, two small British cruisers, and two small Italian cruisers, which were divided into three fleets—one at or near Maracaibo, another at Puerto Cabello, and the third at La Guaira, which is the port of Caracas. The forts at Maracaibo were able to protect that port; so I advised President Castro to divide his forces, which consisted of 14,000 trained soldiers, between Puerto Cabello and La Guaira, and to hold them well back from the water front so as to avoid incidents that might bring on actual warfare, but to make instant use

[1] See official documents in our Red Book, called *Foreign Relations*, and Blue Book, called *Venezuelan Protocols*, for all cablegrams mentioned in this article, except Mr. White's, which was private.

of them all in case an attempt was made by the allies to land and seize his territory. He agreed to comply with my request.

On December 27, Mr. Hay's "strong recommendation" had produced the desired effect, and both Great Britain and Germany agreed to arbitrate. Great Britain's answer began with these words: "His Majesty's Government have, in consultation with the German Government, taken into careful consideration the proposal communicated by the United States Government *at the instance of that of Venezuela.*"[1]

The italicized clause proves conclusively that both Great Britain and Germany understood that the proposal to arbitrate was not President Roosevelt's nor Mr. Hay's, but Venezuela's. Mr. Thayer in his article does not mention that clause, nor does he refer to any of the cablegrams that passed between Mr. Hay and me. He simply dates the beginning of the arbitration plan at the time when Italy joined the alliance, and that was, as I have stated, December 17. The position held by the United States Government from the moment Mr. Hay made his "strong recommendation" until the agreement to arbitrate was effected, was that of mediator, while mine was that of representative of Venezuela, with full powers. As it was decided that I should go to Washington, the full powers which I had been exercising since the blockade began, at the request of President Castro, were formally conferred on me on January 7, 1903, and they were worded thus:

"The Venezuelan Government grants full powers to Mr. Herbert W. Bowen to effect at Washington, with the diplomatic representatives of the nations that have claims against Venezuela, the immediate settlement of them or the preliminaries for the submission to arbitration of such of them as cannot be settled immediately." These nations included Great Britain, Germany, Italy, France, Belgium, Spain, The Netherlands, Norway and Sweden, Mexico and the United States.

I arrived in Washington January 20, 1903, just ten days after Ambassador Holleben sailed for Germany, and I proceeded forthwith to settle all of Venezuela's difficulties with the ten nations just mentioned, except one matter which I might easily have settled also, but which for good and sufficient reasons I preferred to take to The Hague, and that was the question of "preferential treatment," or the question as to whether or not Great Britain, Germany and Italy should be paid by Venezuela before she paid her other seven creditors. I saw Mr. Hay frequently, and twice I talked the situation over at some length with President Roosevelt, and I had every reason to believe that I had the full confidence of both of them, and that they had communicated to me all the information in their possession regarding their work as mediators. Neither of them even suggested to me that Mr. Roosevelt had threatened the Kaiser; on the contrary, they both expressed considerable apprehension as to what the Kaiser might do to involve the United States in serious trouble. On one occasion, about two weeks after Ambassador Holleben's recall, I remember distinctly being sent for in haste by Mr. Hay and being told that a private cablegram had just arrived from Mr. Henry White, Chargé of the American Embassy in London, stating that Germany had made a very war-

[1] The italics are mine.

like proposal to Great Britain. Mr. Hay was decidedly alarmed, and he said that President Roosevelt and he both thought that I ought to modify my terms at once. I expressed the belief that Great Britain would remain loyal to her agreement to arbitrate, unless, of course, President Castro disregarded his promise to me not to commit any aggressive act against the blockading Powers, and I stated that I felt sure that he would not fail me. I therefore declined to make any change in my terms. The following day a reassuring cablegram arrived from London, and a feeling of intense relief was thereupon evinced at both the White House and the Department of State.

In view of the foregoing facts, it is difficult to understand how Mr. Roosevelt, some fifteen years after the Venezuelan incident was closed, could convince himself that he had frightened the Kaiser, or how Mr. Thayer could believe the story and deftly embellish it with such comments as he made about "poor, servile, old bureaucratic Holleben!" and about Dewey's fleet being able to "blow all the German Navy out of the water in half an hour." Dewey certainly understood just how strong the alliance was that blockaded the Venezuelan coasts, for he told me himself just after I had signed the protocols that if he had been ordered to make an attack he would have had his ships sink all the British, German and Italian ships in sight, and then seek safety in our own harbors.

Mr. Roosevelt was evidently aware that the weak point in his story was the great strength of the Anglo-German-Italian alliance, for he explained that before trying to scare the Kaiser he sounded England and Italy, and induced them to stand aside temporarily, in case he got into trouble with Germany, until he had chastised her; but, as I wrote to the *New York Times*[1] immediately after Mr. Roosevelt first told the story in public, *Off-and-on alliances, while you wait, are unknown to diplomacy.*

Had Great Britain made any such agreement as that, she would have been guilty of treachery to her German ally; and if Italy, who at the time was a permanent ally of Germany's, had consented to the scheme, she would have run the risk of receiving severe chastisement for her perfidy. It is very difficult for a fair-minded man to associate treachery with Great Britain, or perfidy with Italy, and probably no fair-minded man will.

Of course it is not only possible, but probable, that Mr. Roosevelt did make some perfectly legitimate and polite effort to sustain Mr. Hay's "strong recommendation" to Great Britain and Germany to accept Venezuela's offer to arbitrate, and that he had a quarrel with Ambassador Holleben because that astute gentleman had induced him to prepare the way for the blockade by defining the Monroe Doctrine in his message to Congress as "not intended to guarantee any state against punishment if it misconducts itself, provided that punishment does not take the form of acquisition of territory by any non-American Power;" but these matters were not referred to either by Mr. Roosevelt or Mr. Thayer, both of whom confined themselves to asserting that the Kaiser had been frightened into arbitration by threats.

Of course a credulous public may be induced by eminent men

[1] See my letter in that newspaper dated March 23, 1917.

to believe almost any kind of story, especially in war times, provided it does not carry its own refutation with it. In this case the story is bristling with refutations, not the least of which is Mr. Thayer's declaration that after Mr. Roosevelt had actually frightened the Kaiser into arbitration, he announced to the public that the Kaiser was "a good friend and practiser of arbitration."

The natural deduction to draw from that declaration is that President Roosevelt made a fool of the public to please the Kaiser, and then made a fool of the Kaiser to please the public.

But however imaginative the whole story is, it will doubtless be remembered always as one of Mr. Roosevelt's most popular campaign stories, and as one of Mr. Thayer's masterpieces of transcription.

HERBERT W. BOWEN.

BOWEN vs. ROOSEVELT

A REJOINDER

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

I do not reply to critics who find fault with the opinions I express in my historical writings. Every critic has a right to hold whatever opinion he chooses. But when my veracity, competence and character as a historian are impugned I feel in duty bound to take notice; and therefore I make this statement in rejoinder to Mr. Bowen's attack.

I regret to be personal, but since the personal equation is the chief element in this discusion, I can not avoid it. Twenty years ago Mr. Herbert W. Bowen was Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to Venezuela. I give his title in full because he is a stickler in such matters, and reproves me for not listing the names of all the countries with which as Commissioner he had dealings. It happened that during his term of service Germany, wishing to see whether our Government would really back up the Monroe Doctrine, persuaded England and Italy to join her in sending warships to Venezuelan waters, to collect from Venezuela debts long overdue. Theodore Roosevelt was then President of the United States, and John Hay was Secretary of State. These European Powers kept up, for a while, what they called a "pacific blockade," but when Mr. Hay pointed out to them that there could be no such thing as a pacific blockade, they declared a state of belligerency. The German Kaiser's motive was to land German troops at one of the ports and occupy it. Once there, he knew that it would be difficult to dislodge him. The Venezuelan Government meanwhile, much perturbed, requested Mr. Bowen to act as their diplomatic agent, and to mediate between them and Germany. President Roosevelt consented to his doing this. Mr. Bowen objects to my mentioning Mr. Roosevelt's consent at all, and seems to imply that he (Bowen) acted on his own motion. It is safe to say, however, that if the President and Secretary of State had not approved any Minister's act, that Minister's resignation would have been demanded.

Mr. Bowen seems to have acted with industry in negotiating for the Venezuelans with the hostile Powers; but he admits, in the foregoing communication, that he was forced to appeal to Mr. Hay to back up the request of Mr. Mediator Bowen, and in order to be near the great diplomatic engine of the American State Department, he went to Washington himself. England and Italy, who had not the Kaiser's reptilian motive for pressing the Venezuelans, agreed to

arbitration, and presently the Kaiser also announced his willingness to arbitrate. Mr. Bowen naturally supposed that the achievement was his, and he has taken great pride ever since in that supposition. Indeed, he has been over-sensitive at the way in which the neglectful world has failed to do him justice. The affair was duly recorded, with Mr. Hay's telegrams and others, in the Red Book of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee.

When I was preparing my *Life of John Hay*, five years ago, I consulted those of Mr. Hay's former colleagues and friends who seemed likely to be best informed as to his public career. Among others I saw President Roosevelt, and he told me the true story of thwarting the German Kaiser in Venezuela. I urged him to let me print it in the *Life of Hay*. He demurred for several weeks, but finally consented when I assured him that any such evidence of German duplicity and evil plotting against the United States could not fail to help the American patriotic cause at that time—1915. Finally he sent me the account which I printed in my book. In substance it states that President Roosevelt, tiring of the fruitless diplomatic shilly-shallying of the Germans, told Holleben, the German Ambassador, to cable to the Kaiser that unless the Kaiser arbitrated, he would order Admiral Dewey, with a fleet of forty-five ships, to the coast of Venezuela, to put his ships between the German ships and the Venezuelan ports, which they threatened to bombard. When Holleben returned to the White House a week later, and reported that Berlin had sent no reply, Roosevelt told him that he would order Admiral Dewey to Venezuela sooner than he had first planned, but that if the Kaiser consented to arbitrate, Roosevelt would not let it be known, at that time, that he had forced the Kaiser to take this step, but that he would publicly praise the Kaiser as a friend of arbitration. Only Roosevelt and Holleben knew of this affair, so that it might be kept secret. Within thirty-six hours Holleben hurried back to the White House to assure Roosevelt that the Kaiser would arbitrate.

From this it appears that President Roosevelt, and not Mr. Bowen, brought the Kaiser to terms over the Venezuelan dispute in 1902-03. To have had his chief cause for fame snatched away from him thus ruthlessly, was naturally very bitter to Mr. Bowen. I knew nothing about his feelings when I published Hay's Life, but it is perfectly plain now why he has incessantly abused me by private letters and through the press ever since. I have learned that he had other grievances against President Roosevelt, but these would not account for his attitude towards me.

Now, the impartial reader may say: "Very good, but what if Roosevelt made up the whole story?" Fortunately, to allay such a doubt, various pieces of circumstantial evidence are at hand to confirm the truth of Roosevelt's statements. A German of whom Holleben sought advice after he had just heard Roosevelt's second warning, told this to a thoroughly upright American. Admiral Dewey, shortly before his death, said, in a public letter, that he held his fleet at its rendezvous in the Caribbean ready to steam at a moment's order to the Venezuelan ports. A very distinguished American diplomat, with whom I talked the matter over, said: "That explains it! I was always puzzled to know why Roosevelt praised the Kaiser as a lover

of arbitration." If we examine more minutely, we should find that the dates correspond with Roosevelt's statements.

Why did he not inform Secretary Hay or Mr. Bowen? Because he had promised the Kaiser, through Holleben, that the matter should be secret. Finally, this method of cutting a diplomatic knot was peculiarly Rooseveltian. He practised it in the case of Alaska; in the case of Colombia, and in others. It was his own personal representation to the Czar of Russia and the Emperor of Japan that caused the armistice which put an end to the Russo-Japanese War. And I could cite other cases in which Roosevelt did not whisper to Secretary Hay what he was doing..

So I feel that, as a historian who wishes to tell the truth, I am fully warranted in accepting President Roosevelt's statement. I regret that the statement robs Mr. Bowen of a just claim to the glory which was so dear to him. I regret also that he holds so mean an opinion of me and my works, but the truth must prevail.

President Roosevelt wrote, over his own signature, a complete account of the episode, which appeared in 1916 in the sixteenth and later impressions of my *Life of John Hay*. It is noteworthy that if the statement was not true, Bernstorff and the Germans, who at that time did their will in this country, made no denial.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

ROUSSEAU AND ROMANTICISM. By Irving Babbitt. New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Professor Babbitt's new book, mainly about Rousseau, is essentially an acute diagnosis of romanticism,—an examination of its underlying ideas and motives and of their results. The book belongs to that part of philosophy which is normally included in literature and in literary criticism, and which does not necessarily involve metaphysics. This is well. Literary criticism must be a criticism of ideas, and as such should go beyond the limits of mere "appreciation;" yet it is most useful when it stops short of the profound and abstract speculations of the professional philosophers.

The author begins by distinguishing between the two laws, as indicated by Emerson—the human law and "the law of thing." To the latter belongs science—and also romanticism. Romanticism is, therefore, so far as it is a philosophy, an attempt to extend the "law of thing"—or more accurately the law of the flux, with which science properly deals, into a province in which it has no efficacy. In order to escape from the romantic error, we must, thinks Professor Babbitt, be not less "modern," but more so. We must be more modern than the romanticists and the scientific philosophers by becoming more critical; in other words, we must recognize the human law, as well as the natural law, as a part of experience. The author would have us avoid the mistake of those modern thinkers who "are seeking to build up their own intoxication with the element of change into a complete view of life, and so are turning their backs upon one whole side of experience." Appealing to experience, he asks what are the results of "Rousseauistic living." "The supreme maxim of the ethical positivist, he declares, is: By their fruits ye shall know them"—a point of view which, carried into criticism, produces conclusions that are sane and illuminating.

A critical method, however, though it may be fundamentally experimental, really requires some sort of philosophic basis—some doctrine in regard to our knowledge of the nature of things; and this Professor Babbitt, in his positivistic way, supplies. The doctrine of "the two infinites"—the infinite of desire and the infinite of measure and restraint—is of the utmost significance, and the author scores admirably when he declares that this doctrine is "not abstract and metaphysical [both words, by the way, should be in quotation marks, since there is no ground for assuming that what is "abstract" and "meta-

physical" is *not* experiential], but bears on what is most immediate in experience." Further than this, Professor Babbitt, taking up the problem of knowledge from the positivist standpoint, shows that any knowledge we may have of what is abiding is so mingled with illusion that it is only through the "right use" of illusion that we may grasp it at all.

Just at this point, it may be proper to say, the author's line of thought becomes a trifle confusing. The *imagination* seems so obviously the faculty by which illusion is produced, that in what Professor Babbitt says of this faculty it would seem as though he meant that it is by the imagination, solely or especially, that we may through illusion get at the true infinite—at the perception of what is abiding. If one attempts any precise definition of the imagination, or of the part it plays in thinking, this point of view becomes a bit difficult to follow. It is true that the author insists that imagination must be guided and guarded by sound analysis, by an able Socratic dialectic—and that his whole treatise is testimony to the value of this humanistic logic. But the query arises, whether the clear-cut distinction that he is able to make between the "Rousseauistic imagination" and the "ethical imagination" is worth the psychological confusion which the employment of the word "imagination" in a rather doubtful sense involves. The imagination surely is not the special organ of intuition. Would it not be simpler and better, one asks—despite the considerable part that imagination plays in all thinking, and the excessive part that it plays in Rousseauistic thinking,—to say simply that we get at our sense of the true infinite through the whole mind, informed by moral intuition: "Thinking is a matter of the whole man."

However this may be, Professor Babbitt's premises are sufficiently simple and sufficiently sound. In applying them to Rousseau and the romantic movement, he is not simply slaying the slain. So multifarious is the romantic error, so persistent is it in all its various forms that every new analysis of it has independent value and fresh interest. The warfare against romanticism can no more cease than can the clerical warfare upon sin. Acute, right-minded persons have always some new thing that is worth saying to say about both.

In logical analysis and in appreciation of human motives Professor Babbitt excels most critics who have dealt with this subject. Logically his disquisition upon the word "romantic" is admirable. His humanistic standpoint, his broadly critical view, gives him an advantage over most in dealing with the romantic imagination, with romantic morality, with romantic love, with romantic melancholy and romantic irony. Very acute, for example, is the author's development of the connection between emotional misanthropy and the worship of wild nature, very practical as well as profound his explanation of the relation between the unethical and a-centric imagination and the romantic sense of solitude and nostalgia. Professor Babbitt has somewhat less of a certain theological attitude than has, for one, Paul Elmer More, among Dualists; his dualism scarcely calls for the epithet "savage." In his treatise the commonly experienced and valued quality of "decorum" is as much insisted upon as the somewhat fearfully abstract "inner check." It is to the whole of human wisdom and experience that Professor Babbitt refers for confirmation rather than to

an implacable and inexplicable force within us. To say the least, his stopping somewhat short of religion or of rigid moral dogma makes Professor Babbitt's treatise persuasive and humanly serviceable.

So sound as far as it goes, so wholesome and practicable, so necessary in the present period, is the dualistic point of view, especially in its humanistic development as the wisdom of inner experience illustrated in action, that it is only with the greatest hesitation that one may venture to suggest certain doubts as to its complete sufficiency. In a tentative way, however, these doubts may perhaps be briefly outlined.

"All children, nearly all women, and the vast majority of men," says Professor Babbitt, with an irony that matches the romantic irony, "are, and probably always will be, romantic." If Romanticism is really so bad a thing as it is represented to be, is not this pronouncement dogmatically pessimistic? So clear-headed a dualist as Paul Elmer More has declared, indeed, that in regard to the question why the "Inner Check" sometimes acts and sometimes fails to act, we are hopelessly in the dark, and must always remain so. Whence this evil tendency in mankind? It is unexplained, and hence seems incurable, except by intervention of Divine Grace or of the equally arbitrary "Inner Check."

It is doubtful that men can remain permanently satisfied with such a view—a view against which, as well as against the narrowness of pseudo-classicism, Rousseauism seems to have been a protest. "The majority of men are worthless," said some old Greek politician, disillusioned with democracy. But modern democracy rests upon the belief that the majority of men are fundamentally good. If to be romantic is to be unspiritual, and if the majority of men are hopelessly romantic, we seem to be not far from Oliver Cromwell's ideal of government by the "Godly Party": the rule of the Barebones Parliament could not be ultimately worse than the rule of a romantic mob.

Turning from this larger aspect of the question to the narrower field of literary criticism, one cannot help suspecting that the terms "classic" and "romantic," useful as they are in making broad distinctions, are not final. In actual literature the classic and the romantic elements interpenetrate in a way that makes it scarcely useful to attempt to disentangle them. Moreover there is an ethical type of "romance," though there is perhaps no ethical type of "Romanticism." Running through Professor Babbitt's discourse is the assumption that romance generally (so far as it is harmless) and the romantic element in ethical works of the imagination belong solely to "the recreative side of life." Does experience really confirm this assumption? On the contrary does it not appear that the romantic element strongly tends to be taken seriously, and that if it be not taken seriously it becomes deadly dull? Is there not a certain absurdity, even a hint of critical obtuseness, in the suggestion that Victor Hugo should be taken purely on the recreative side of life? If Wordsworth were thought of as pertaining to "a week-end view of life" could anyone endure to read him at all?

An acceptance of the dualistic standpoint would seem therefore to narrow our appreciation of literature by divesting much that is beautiful of that seriousness which is avowedly the very soul of its beauty. Keats as a week-end diversion is intolerable!

There are other considerations. What about the Don Quixotes of this world and the explorers who felt the lure of the unknown? What about the real geniuses who were not ethical but who paralleled upon a higher plane the achievements of instinct upon a lower plane? What about the magic of painting, as it appears in unclassic art, and the glamour of music? No one, it is probable, has ever been able to take these things in a purely recreative way. If glamour, if the mystery of light and color, are mere ornaments, they are nothing, and a society ought to be formed to prevent artists from pouring out their souls in a shameful expense of spirit; for without an expense of spirit these things will hardly be produced. Consider also the effect upon the mind of certain scenes in nature and of certain descriptions of nature. Coleridge's lines—

> "We were the first
> That ever burst
> Into that silent sea"—

are purely romantic; they are instinct with the feeling of boundlessness and its appeal to the human spirit. Whatever else these lines are, they have nothing to do with a week-end view of life. Really to love such lines as these is perhaps dangerous, but to regard them as merely pretty or entertaining would be silly.

In short: is not the "eternal urge," as well as the "Inner Check" a "spiritual" phenomenon—a question ambiguous, no doubt, and difficult to answer, but real. Useful as the distinction between man's "two natures" may be in guiding and judging men's characters, is it after all final? Is there not some way, one asks, without sacrificing that moral intuition which seems to have made its appearance at the same time with the human mind, or that hard-won humanism embodied in classic literature, without giving up the urbanity of Horace, the *severitas* of Caesar, or the self-denying love enjoined by the Founder of Christianity; is there not some way of believing with Rousseau that the majority of men are naturally good, and of retaining as part of their goodness that restless, questing spirit to which romance appeals?

AUTHORITY IN THE MODERN STATE. By Harold J. Laski, New Haven: Yale University Press.

Mr. Laski's analysis of authority in the modern state is pragmatic; it aims to avoid complications with theories which in attempting to determine the derivation of state authority, or to describe what it ought to be, produce conclusions inconsistent with the truth regarding the actual working of authority in the state and with its actual growth. This analysis leads, as pragmatic analyses generally do lead, to a pluralistic view.

To be sure there remains in Mr. Laski's theory a residuum of those truths which we have come to look upon as essential. Conscience remains: "The only permanent safeguard of democratic government is that the unchanging and ultimate sanction of intellectual decision should be the conscience." And in this connection Mr. Laski points out very convincingly, and in words expressing, indeed, un-

usual insight, the vital truth in the opinion of Socrates that virtue is knowledge. "The conscience is not a thing which reacts instinctively to any set of circumstances. It needs instruction. It has to be trained into the fine perception of the complex issues by which it will be confronted. The mind with which it interacts needs nourishment to be energetic." Conscience, then, and enlightenment—these remain. But almost everything else in the political problem is variable.

Is there in practice, one sometimes wonders as one reads Mr. Laski's book, much distinction between "conscience" and simple freedom of thought—between what *is* right and the power of deciding for oneself what is right? Morality is based upon the fact that in certain essential matters of conduct men think alike. What the state has to look out for, however, is that in certain matters of political conduct they are likely to think very differently. It is not easy to see how a theory of government could be based, consistently with Mr. Laski's view, upon the thesis that conscience is supreme. Conscience is a force that must be reckoned with; it may make itself supreme if it can; but practically it is on all fours with assertions of individual or class interests, often chiefly selfish.

Thus, assuming that the aim of the state is simply the attainment of a somewhat vaguely conceived and somewhat variously conceived "good life," one may state the problem of society as simply how men may most harmoniously coöperate in the attempt to reach this goal, and the problem of authority in the state will be merely a part of this larger problem. Obedience to state authority, when it is not the obedience of slavery, is merely a form of coöperation toward the end presumably desired by all. The question in regard to authority is, then, according to this view, no longer on what it is based, or whence it is derived, but how it actually works. Conscience is merely a factor in determining the form of coöperation. Enlightened selfishness works in the same way.

And so there is nothing left that is merely theoretic; there is no possibility of rearing a sound system of government on *a priori* grounds. One is thrown back upon analysis of the facts.

What Mr. Laski's analysis appears to disclose is, first, that "the sovereignty of the state will mean in the long run the sovereignty of the rulers who govern it;" and secondly, that "the state is only one among many forms of human association. In the first place the devices of representative government—including our own system of checks and balances and of geographical federalism—do not insure that the people rule: they are ruled, with certain limitations, and the sovereignty of the people would appear to be in this light largely a fiction, the practical fact being that the people have a right to protest, to change rulers, and in extreme cases to revolt." In the second place, "We have been so concerned, particularly as lawyers, in demonstrating the paramountcy of the state, that we have taken too little regard of the life lived outside its categories." What seems to be indicated for the future is a society in which authority is "not hierarchical but coördinate." Indeed, such coördinate authority in some sort already exists. It is obvious that there are many interests which the state cannot serve. Religious authority, for example, is turned over to the

churches. "A society like the Presbyterian church, which recognizes only the headship of Christ, will resist to the uttermost any external attempt at the definition of its life; and experience seems to suggest that the state will lose far more than it can gain by the effort." In the economic sphere, the final outcome may be much the same; for "we are beginning to see that authority should go where it can be most wisely exercised for social purposes." Authority would go then presumably to groups representing the interests of producers—authority, that is, sufficient for the purpose of controlling conditions in the particular industry. The state would then so far as economic matters were concerned represent only the consumer. This view, Mr. Laski explains, is not equivalent to anarchy, which denies the need for authority at all, nor is it the same as syndicalism, in so much as syndicalism takes account chiefly of the interests of the producer. What the system would turn out to be would be a new form of federalism, based upon a truer analysis of society than that upon which our present form of government is founded.

Mr. Laski's critical accounts of the views of Bonald, Bourget, Brunetiére, Lamennais, and Royer-Collard, really throw light upon his general propositions, and prove the consistency and worth of these by their actual employment in the testing of other doctrines. The author encounters no serious obstacles in using his analysis as a critical instrument. It is a little unfortunate, however, that he has written in terms so very abstract of a subject which, more than some others, and particularly when treated in an unorthodox way, requires concrete illustrations of meanings. The demand upon the reader's attention is considerable, and when full attention is given it may appear that Mr. Laski more often than is necessary repeats essentially the same thought in only a slightly different form.

The test of conclusions arrived at through empirical analysis is not the usefulness of these ideas in criticism alone but their working in practice—or some forecast of their working in practice. An actual program is what is most needed to enable one to judge of the ultimate correctness of Mr. Laski's ideas. How would industrial democracy, as forecast by the author, work, or would it work at all? Under such a form of government how would our loyalties be distributed? What would become of patriotism? If we grant that the doctrine, *Vox populi, vox dei,* must go the way of the divine right of Kings, can we trust that the new federalism will be anything more than an infinite confusion of interests? Somehow, the distinction between the system described by Mr. Laski and that of the syndicalists seems disquietingly small. Faith in the power of the state as a coördinate power representing the consumer, is hard to grasp. Perhaps one has vaguely in mind powers—empires and the like—in the past, which represented large interests but which did not remain supreme or even coördinate. The suggestion may be false; but the need of a definite plan is felt.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

QUOTATIONS ON PEACE

SIR,—In my youth they used as an argument against profane swearing this story: "The profane man is like unto the stupidest of fish, the gudgeon, which will bite at and be caught by a bare hook." Has any one yet shown the American people the slightest sign of bait on that of the League of Nations?

Forty years ago I heard of John Randolph of Roanoke, that in discussing some treaty or other he had said, "It shines and it stinks, and it stinks and it shines, like a dead mackerel lying in the moonlight."

I have gone through "Peace" in several books of quotations with the result appended. None seem nearly as applicable as John Randolph's.

Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace,
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not;
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be *thy country's,*
Thy God's and truth's.
—Wolsey in Henry VIII., act III., scene 2.

My soul, there is a countrie
Afar beyond the stars,
Where stands a sentrie
All skillful in the wars.
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And one born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
—Henry Vaughan, "Peace."

Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remains."
—Dr. Johnson, Vanity of Human Wishes, Line 201.
Said of Charles XII of Sweden, in an Imitation of Juvenal's 10th Satire

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Mark! Where his carnage and his conquests cease!
He made a platitude and calls it—peace.
—Byron, Bride of Abydos, C. II., St. 20.
(Slightly amended.)

(I don't know just when Pope wrote the following)

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes.

(He was born in 1688, died 1744. There were some wars in those years and not a few since.)

Encyclopaedia Britannica, 11th edition, article on "Peace," is worth reading as showing aspirations for a world-wide one. Volume 21, page 6, gives, in a footnote, a long list of W. W.'s predecessors, referring to their fruitless failures as schemes of thinkers.

STUYVESANT FISH.

Glenclyffe, N. Y.

LETHAL FERMENTATIONS

SIR,—There is something very wrong with America. I can feel this plainly, although I am not in touch with the city life of the people where fermentations of dissatisfaction break out first, nor do I know the Government save by the newsprints. But amid all this bleat of Democracy I understand intuitively that there is a very great measure of factitiousness in our shallow complacency of contentment.

If we have a Democracy it is certainly not firmly based, and it must be its clothes, its shell out of which the heart has been eaten and a timocracy pushed into its place, filling out the shirt of independence with the flatulent breast of wealth, and stretching up from the neck the serpent head of avarice where the broad brow of truth had been.

I go out among the people, and see a crude appearing man edging through the crowd. He pauses to address a friend. "Whar you goin' now, Sammie?" Intellectually those around him shrug their cultured shoulders. But someone says: "He's a millionaire, man!" And the crowd opens, someone addresses him with a hearty invitation to lunch, which he accepts with embarrassment and with uncouth speech.

So it runs. Culture descends to wealth, grovels beneath its purchasing power, and destroys the little value it might have abstractly had by showing itself a worthless snob, a windy declaimer out of a stomach of gas and a head of wind. And illiteracy sees itself worshipped and forgets the wholesome truth it had possessed, that money was not all, and that it was gravely deficient until it had made itself more than its wealth, until it had made itself capable of really using its wealth.

Our literature is no exception to this general rule. It increases the great crowd of money-reverent, and writes meekly and sweetly for the sugar tongue of ease, afraid to speak aloud of Life, but disguising it under a coating of lies until it is simply a little bump in the cushion of indolence. The men and women who lead farcical lives in the pages of our books teach us to be good. They tell us how remunerative it is to be honest, they give us a little morals sweetened to taste, and they teach us to cover up the horns of the bull rather than struggle with him naked-handed.

But, from an artistic aspect at least, Literature is taking lessons. In the grasp of the new psychology which tries to pierce the mystery

of man's Unconscious, it is finding it necessary to cast aside many sentimentalisms and delusions and face life openly. A truer literature will spring from this enlarged self-consciousness, and in as great a measure will it be deeper, more worthy, and the eyes of the world will be given something to see beside a floating rag of conventionality, frayed by every wind that has blown from vacancy since time was. And it will begin to teach its readers to turn over their thoughts and view the evil things scurrying there in the darkness.

For we *are* leading a life of delusion. Evil brews lethal fermentations in us, while we take our eyes off reality and go into ecstasy over the distant stars.

With cleared eyes we must brave the tempests of the future, or else we will be taken up like chaff and carried to perversities we cannot imagine, Bolshevism and worse things of American breed.

WILLIAM GAMALIEL SHEPARD.

Guinea Mills, Virginia.

"IT SHALL NOT PASS!"

SIR,—I wish to add my full endorsement of your exposition of the League of Nations opposition as contained in your July issue. The Republican Party saved the Constitution of the United States in the sixties; it is fervently to be hoped that they will again save it in 1919, against such autocratic assaults as were launched against it before.

Every "old line Southern Democrat" is an autocrat. Slavery was an autocratic institution, and the autocracy implanted in the marrow of the old-line Democrat of the South in slavery time is still there, only manifesting itself in new form.

There is one phase of the League of Nations question that has hardly had sufficient publicity, and that is its ultimate effect upon Industrial America. By the pact of Paris, China has been virtually turned over to the Japanese. There can be little doubt that Japan will now dominate China commercially and industrially. China represents about 25 per cent of the population of the earth, and Japan has practically pre-empted the trade of these people. We can do but little business in China until we overcome the Japanese handicap. Thus a nation of some 53 million people dominate the trade relations of an alien people numbering 400 million, to the detriment of the rest of the trading nations of the world, as well as to the grave injustice of the people dominated.

Now take the case of Great Britain. The British Empire embraced 12,600,000 square miles of territory before the war, and it is greater now. The British Isles represent about 188,000 square miles of territory. There are some 44 million Britishers in the British Isles, but there are 400,000,000 alien subjects of Great Britain in the 12,400,000 square miles of territory *outside* of the British Isles. In all of this vast territory, and over all of these alien people, there is a preferential tariff in Great Britain's favor. Here, then, is another 25 per cent of the human race, alien to the holding nation, with whom we cannot trade until we overcome the handicap imposed by the holding nation.

Then take the case of France. France, outside of French territory in Europe, holds some 3,000,000 square miles of territory, with a probable alien population of 100,000,000 alien subjects in whose territory and among whose people preferential trade relations obtain against other nations than the French, and where, again, this handicap must be overcome by other trading nations before business can be carried on among these vast populations. Is the United States Senate going to ratify a treaty which virtually shuts us out from trading with hundreds of millions of people?

Keep up the good fight! To paraphrase the immortal French phrase, let the slogan be:

"It shall not pass!"

A. BABENDREER.

Biloxi, Miss.

GIVE A THOUGHT TO THE ENGINEER

SIR,—It was with great interest and pleasure that I read the forceful article in your magazine entitled "The Intermediate Millions," by Charles Henry Meltzer. Being one of the many that constitute the huge army of the "Intermediate Millions" I feel that I am in a position very keenly to appreciate the author's analysis of the status of the middle-class. Unfortunately, the brain-workers remonstrate more than they act; expecting, it would seem, that some unforeseen agency will come to their rescue.

Professional Engineers, I believe, may be classed among those whose plight is little realized by the public in general; in fact, it would appear that only a very small part of the people is aware that there *is* a difference between the Professional Engineer and the engineman who runs a locomotive or a hoisting engine and who is commonly known to the majority as an "engineer."

Mr. Meltzer's article is a powerful contribution pointing in the right direction, and it seems to me that many of its splendid ideas could be elaborated upon, at least so far as the Professional Engineer of today is concerned. Among Engineers, much is being said regarding the uplifting of the profession; but greatly to the stagnation of conditions, these discussions are taking place only in the various technical journals; little, if at all, in magazines of a more general character such as THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Permit me to quote from a letter written by Mr. Chas. W. Barber and published in *Engineering News-Record* of May 8th, 1919:

"Respecting the status of the profession and Engineering education: The April number of *Harper's Magazine* contains an article entitled, 'The Chemists of the Future,' similar to one I have long hoped some able Engineer would write for publication in a popular magazine. If the status of the profession is to be raised, why discuss it only in Engineering periodicals? * * * Here is a 9-page article in a publication suitable for telling the intelligent public the generalities of the profession's work. Cannot a competent engineer follow this worthy example? Cannot the purpose of raising the status of the engineer be gained more efficiently and to a wider extent by articles

in the current magazines rather than in engineering periodicals? It should be remembered that as a class those who employ engineers do not read our literature." FERNANDO C. PIODA.

Victoria, B. C.

GUARANTEEING THE BRITISH EMPIRE

SIR,—By the 10th Article of the League of Nations, the United States of America would be pledged to "preserve as against external aggression the territorial integrity and existing political independence of all members of the League." By this article, America would be compelled to guarantee, with her fleets and armies, for an indeterminate period, the "territorial integrity" of the British Empire.

America would incur many other obligations under Article X, such as guaranteeing Corea and the Shantung Peninsula to Japan; but the obligation to "preserve" the British Empire would be the most Herculean of them all.

Before the war, the British held, by force of arms, about one-fourth of the habitable area of the world, and governed almost exactly one-fourth of the world's population. As the spoils of war, the British Empire has just acquired from Germany about one million square miles of new colonies, which England will govern under a "mandatory," described by a writer in the *Fortnightly Review*, as a "diplomatic fiction."

Besides these actual accessions of territory, England will acquire very extended and valuable spheres of influence, notably in Mesopotamia. I have seen it stated that, taken altogether, England will now control, by her fortifications, naval stations, fleets and armies, one-third of the entire world, with its inhabitants. No such empire has ever been known in history. Babylon and Rome fade into insignificance.

And our country, the United States of America, is to guarantee, possibly forever, the existence of this overgrown and widely scattered empire. I ask any American, " is this the way to ' make the world safe for democracy ' ? " VERITAS.

New Haven, Conn.

A RETURNED SOLDIER ON THE LEAGUE

SIR,—I have just now finished the June issue of the THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, and allow me to say "Thank God." The whole of the United States has not been hypnotized by the misstatement of facts as it emanated from the council of three in Paris.

I might add that this afternoon I came in on the Rock Island train from Topeka, Kans., and at random inquired among a few of the passengers as to their standing on the League of Nations. Two of them were noncommital; one was against it; but all assumed an attitude of apathy, caused, as far as I could judge, by the delay and the clouding of the issues involved.

I think that after the League was first laid before public opinion the idea met with favor, but after more mature consideration, the

obligations assumed by the United States were seen to be too great; slowly but surely the people are coming to the realization that again they have been almost to Utopia, but that this is a matter-of-fact world, where responsibility always carries with it obligation. They are beginning to think that their faith has been sadly misplaced in Mr. Wilson.

I also spent one year in France, and I am sure I speak for a good many of the returned soldiers in saying that "charity begins at home."

R. G. HINE.

Kansas City, Mo.

THE "REVIEW" IN BRAZIL

SIR,—Will you allow an American, who has always openly and freely expressed his mind, to give you a word of appreciation for your excellent article, "The Independence of America," and for David Jayne Hill's superb "The Obstruction of Peace," in your April issue?

In a foreign land, it often becomes necessary to acquiesce when one feels that a negative would and should be the answer for the conduct of the homeland. It is, therefore, refreshing, to say the least, to find such a clear and broadminded article as your magazine contains "allowed" to come to a foreign land for our neighbors to read, so that they may learn the true state of affairs.

THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW is always hard to procure here, and each boat must be watched. "There is a reason."

GEO. P. LINBERG.

Rio de Janiero, Brazil.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW
OCTOBER, 1919

THE PRESIDENT AT HIS WORST

It has been a patriotic pleasure, more than once or twice, in these pages to call attention to the President at his best. He has at times seemed so prescient in his statesmanship, so eloquent in his expression, and so sympathetic in his contact with and accurate in his interpretation of the mind and heart of the American people as to make commendation superfluous and exhortations of public support for his policies works of supererogation. The gratifying memory of such occasions makes it all the more unpleasant, yet none the less a duty, to regard him in his present extraordinary adventure, in mid-progress as these words are written, as being altogether at his worst.

We may pass by—though indeed it is the supreme consideration—the fact that he is at his worst in advocating a policy which is tantamount to betrayal of the independence and integrity of the United States and quite incompatible with those principles of nationality upon which this Republic was founded and upon which it has been developed to its present majestic proportions and beneficent might. That error is the greatest that any President of the United States has ever committed, or is likely ever to commit. But it was committed some time ago and is not peculiar to the current circumstances to which we have made reference.

In his performance of "swinging round the circle," then, the President is at his worst in the very conception and purport of his tour. It was no light evil to renew his gross

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neglect of official duty. He had already absented himself from his constitutional place of service for a number of months, during which time he had ignored some of the most pressing demands of national administration and had inflicted by default incalculable embarrassments and losses upon the country, beside incurring most ominous menaces—as he now himself confesses—for the future. Instead, however, of striving to atone at least in part for such disastrous nonfeasance, he sought the earliest possible pretext for resuming it, and at a time when every moment was big with crying needs of close attention to duty at the seat of government, he again for a period of weeks deserted his post.

Worse still, at a time when every patriotic motive and consideration demanded harmony, confidence and cooperation among all branches and members of the government and between them and the people, he deliberately set forth upon a mission of dissension, intent upon arousing class antagonisms and party animosities and upon undermining the nation's confidence in its own chosen lawmakers, and hoping to foment popular passions for the coercion of a coordinate branch of the government and for subversion of some of the most essential principles of the Constitution. Never before was so shameless and so mischievous an errand undertaken by a President of the United States.

There was, it is true, little cause for surprise. Months before the President had conducted in Europe a campaign of appeal to the people of those countries against their own governments. The astounding tolerance which permitted him to do this thing, which we can explain on only the ground of paralyzing stupefaction, naturally encouraged him to repeat the performance here, where he was at least free from danger of administrative interference. Yet we cannot admit that the successful performance of an evil act with impunity, excuses or palliates its repetition.

Having thus entered upon an indefensible undertaking, the President was and is at his worst in the manner of its execution. History records no other public utterances so unworthy as the diatribes which he has been copiously emitting wherever in his judgment they would do the most harm. They have no title to be considered as the addresses of a scholarly statesman intent upon informing the public upon weighty matters of national moment. They are reduced to the category of the shrill railings of a common

scold, substituting personal vituperation for the arguments which he could not convincingly command. For the President of the United States to go about the country shouting at the majority of the Senate of the United States in effect and in literal phrase, "Put up or shut up, you contemptible quitters, before you are hanged upon a gibbet!" is the most humiliating spectacle our political history records. Not even poor, passionate, uncultured President Johnson in his "swinging round the circle," ever descended to such depths of coarse abuse. We were accustomed to such language from Denis Kearney, in the Sand Lots days. Proceeding from a President of the United States distinguished for academic scholarship and urbane culture, it is astounding and revolting.

The President is at his worst, too, in the delusive vagueness and evasions of his utterances when he does assume to address himself to the great issues which are engaging the thought of the nation. For months the general principles had been discussed to repletion. There was nothing new to say about them. There was indeed no controversy concerning them; or if there was difference of opinion it was by common consent regarded as irremediable. But certain very specific, concrete questions had arisen, on which the people were not satisfied, and on which they earnestly desired precise information as to the President's meaning and as to his reasons for adopting the course he did. Such information would have been so welcome and so valuable that the giving of it would almost have excused the President for the needless manner in which he elected to give it. But he did not give it. He deliberately and with his unsurpassed dexterity evaded giving it. From all such matters he distracted attention by bringing forward all sorts of irrelevant and undisputed topics. Thus, to cite a single example, he sought to dispose of all the well-founded objections to our undertaking to protect all nations against external aggression, by dwelling elaborately and unctuously upon the impropriety and impossibility of our guaranteeing them against domestic revolution! Reduced to its ultimate elements, his argument amounted to this: That we must meddle in some way with the affairs of all nations, and since we cannot meddle in their domestic affairs we must do so with their external relations. Asked to explain something which needed explanation, he entered instead into elaborate and verbose ex-

planation of something which needed none. Complaining that in Washington the Senate involved the subject in mist, he proceeded himself to immerse it in a veritable London fog.

We all know his theory of Presidential functions, which he has not only publicly expressed but also diligently and pertinaciously endeavored to exemplify in his own administration of the office; and which is at direct variance with that of the Constitution and with the best practice of his predecessors. He has told us that the President is the sole official representative of the whole nation, and that he is required to make report to nobody but the nation at large; that he is not to be the mere Chief Executive, but is to be the general initiator and director of policies of government, so that instead of his executing the laws which Congress enacts, Congress will enact the laws which he prescribes. We cannot agree with that theory, and we are confident that the American nation does not. But even if it were the correct theory, and if such was the proper place of the President in our governmental system, we should doubt if it were possible for anyone to show himself more thoroughly unsuited to fill such a place than President Wilson has done and is doing in this amazing exhibition of himself at his worst.

OUR OWN RACE WAR

A MORDANT reflection upon the zeal of some Americans to implicate this country in all the racial and other conflicts which may arise in Europe appears in the circumstance of record that at the very time when they were seeking that end the United States was itself suffering a race war of its own, of most exacerbated character and ominous proportions. If the disturbances, riots and loss of life, often under the most atrocious circumstances, which have recently occurred at Chicago, Washington, Knoxville, St. Louis, Memphis, Birmingham and elsewhere, had occurred in some minor European country, and had involved some minority racial or religious element, there would have been in this country vociferous and impassioned protests, demands for intervention, denunciations of the country in question as incapable of decent government, and solemn preachments upon the necessity of our tying ourselves hand and foot in a League of Nations in order to put a stop to

such doings. It might be well for such altruistic propagandists to consider the ancient adjuration, Physician, heal thyself.

For it is manifest that the troubles here have all the essential characteristics of a race war, of nation-wide extent. We used to hear of and censoriously to deplore persecutions and lynchings in the South. These did occur, and still occur. But for years past the most extensive and most bitter conflicts between the white and black races have occurred in the North, and it is there that such racial antagonism is to-day by far most ominous. For it is there that it most arises from deep-seated, general causes. It is true that all or nearly all of these savage outbreaks, like the lynchings in the South, are attributed to some local and temporary causes. Probably such incidents do serve as pretexts. But it would be a fatal mistake to suppose that such were the sole or chief causes of the troubles. The real cause, which makes the danger that local and temporary incidents will thus be used as pretexts for widespread conflicts, lies much deeper and further back, in a general and permanent state of mind.

A century and a third ago the evil was unerringly forecast. At that time the State of New York sought to get rid of human slavery and the Legislature adopted a bill for its gradual abolition. But the bill was vetoed for the reason that while it emancipated negroes it also disfranchised them. The Council of Revision in vetoing the bill, which otherwise it would have been eager to approve, dwelt strongly upon the actual and potential evil of thus creating a class of citizens suffering from invidious discrimination, charged with the same duties, responsibilities and accountability to the law that their neighbors were, but enjoying less rights and privileges. Such a system would not merely establish an aristocracy instead of a democracy, but would create a dissatisfied and discontented class, which some time might be a menace to the State.

That was quite true then, and it is equally true and applicable to-day, in a wider and deeper sense. In the Southern States the negroes are emancipated but practically disfranchised. In the North they are both emancipated and enfranchised, but they suffer severe adverse discrimination on social and economic grounds which is in some respects

more offensive to them and more mischievous in its results than exclusion from the ballot.

Now the result of this is just what the New York Council of Revision foresaw in 1785, only it is still more extensive. It is both objective and subjective. It causes the negroes to feel themselves the object of adverse discrimination, and thus makes them dissatisfied and discontented. Being human, some of them become resentful. Such influences working on the baser minds among them incite to crime, while they cause even the better minds to sympathize with those who thus violently and unlawfully protest, and to resist the just punishment of the criminals. Thus a certain solidarity of the race is produced, causing what would otherwise be an insignificant incident often to be exploited into widespread disorder.

Even more serious is the subjective influence of this state of affairs upon the white race. It is not to be doubted that because of their discrimination against them, white men generally have a less favorable regard for negroes than they otherwise would, and are thus inclined to take more severe measures against them for any lapses by individuals. An outrage or two, even of the most offensive kind, committed by a member of any other race, would not inspire any general movement against that race as a whole, as such occurrences too often do when the guilty persons are negroes.

Both races are, in brief, suffering from the logical and, it is to be feared, inevitable effects of the discrimination of the one against the other, and of the division of the citizenry of the country into two classes, with either actually or practically different rights and privileges. This diagnosis of the case does not, of course, convey a prescription for its immediate cure. But a frank recognition of the cause of the trouble should at least tend towards its ultimate amelioration. What is quite certain is that it should act as a restraint upon our too frequent censoriousness of other nations, and a prudent deterrent upon those who would make us a party to or a guardian against similar troubles in other lands. We should certainly—even, we imagine, the President would—object to having European nations intervene in our domestic race war, or to our being required to give guarantees to, let us say, Poland and Czecho-Slovakia, that we would not permit pogroms against the negroes.

THE NATIONS AND THE LAW[1]

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

THERE exists at this time, more than at any other since the revolutionary movements of the eighteenth century, a widespread upheaval of the established order, accompanied by very radical demands for social change. Unlike that earlier revolutionary movement, which was actuated by a general desire to substitute the rule of law for a régime of arbitrary power, the present movement tends to ignore, and even to challenge, a system of social order based on the fundamental principles of justice, of which the members of the Bar and of the Bench are even more than others the entrusted guardians.

The conclusion of the Great War, in which our country was unexpectedly called to participate for the defense of the rights of our fellow-citizens and the dignity of law itself, and in which it has borne such an effective part, has left the world in a condition of impoverishment, unrest, and uncertainty that creates a state of deep anxiety in every thoughtful mind.

We are confronted with a World-Community which at present possesses no generally accepted and enforceable World-Law. I speak of a "World-Community," because the achievements of inventive genius in establishing human control over the forces of nature have so nearly annihilated space and so accelerated the possibilities of time, that the old isolation is no longer possible. There is no mountain so high, no ocean so wide, as to furnish an impassable barrier between nations. The day of fortified frontiers has passed away forever. The air has become a highway of swift invasion. This change of international relationship has occurred so suddenly that it is difficult to appreciate its significance. Little more than fifty years ago, Bismarck said: "The Orient lies so far away that I do not even read the reports of our ambassador at Constantinople;" but

[1] From an address to the American Bar Association.

to-day, by the air route, the Golden Horn is nearer to Berlin in time than Paris by the through express.

The experience of the war has taught us, that henceforth, no nation can preserve its seclusion and live apart. Actively or passively, its life is affected by the needs, the animosities, and the purposes of other nations. Whatever our theories of national policy may be, we cannot escape some kind of relation with every other nation in the world. Our argosies will be afloat on every sea, and there will be no port that will deny them admission. The important question is, what shall be the basis of those relations? Shall we base them upon a combination of world-wide power, or shall we base them upon the principle of free co-operation under the regulation of accepted law?

When we consider how incalculable the relations of national power have become, how mutable and how ephemeral they have been, with what fatality the weak have always been subjected to the will of the strong, and how imperiously the strong have always ruled the weak, we seem to be compelled to accept the conclusion, that every form of power is a danger and not a safeguard, unless it is both responsible to a legally organized community and under its control. Underlying the whole problem of international intercourse and obligation, therefore, is the question of the stability, the integrity, and the responsibility of the national units which compose the world of States with which we have to deal.

If the World-Community is ever to possess a World-Law, it will depend upon the legal structure and purposes of the States by which that law is to be maintained. We cannot expect international peace or lawful procedure, unless the nations are capable of securing obedience to law within their own jurisdiction, and are so organized and so controlled as to admit and execute their legal obligations to one another. The fundamental issue of world order is not, therefore, the possibility of forming a union of Powers strong enough to impose its will upon other States, which would in effect destroy their responsibility, but the question whether the Powers entering into such a combination are disposed to bind themselves to the acceptance and observance of definite legal principles, irrespective of their commercial interests and military strength. Here is the test by which any such proposal must be judged; for States

based upon the idea of law, existing to enforce the law, and charged with responsibility for the protection of rights under the law, would change their whole aim and character if they participated in any combination of power not itself controlled by law.

We must then, repudiate, as inconsistent with the nature of a truly constitutional State, any form of international association that does not assume as its first postulate the authority of International Law over all nations, regardless of their magnitude, commercial interests, or military efficiency. In this one respect, all sovereign States,—great or small, rich or poor, powerful or weak,—stand upon the same footing, and must be subordinated to a common law. No union of forces aiming at preponderance of power for the purpose of controlling the commerce of the world can meet this test. No mutually defensive alliance of Great Powers designed to establish a permanent control of subject nations can face this conception of law. Here the jurist and the politician must part company. They do not speak the same language, nor think the same thought. The one has in mind the erection of an institution of justice, created by the common consent of nations; the other, the preservation of empire and the exploitation of the defenseless, by collusion with compliant co-partners and the suppression and ultimate extinction of possible rivals.

The attitude towards these antithetical and irreconcilable conceptions of international relationship assumed by different nations will depend upon their idea of the nature of the State as a political institution. If the State is arbitrary power, and its chief end is to extend its jurisdiction and increase its possessions, then the idea of any universal principle of equity limiting its activities and nullifying its aspirations seems hostile to its purpose of existence. In that case, its statesmen will think first of the means of extending power; by war, if the nation be a military one; by supremacy on the sea, the great highway of trade, if the nation possesses maritime interests; by diplomacy, if there are still possibilities of national development through secret bargains and a distribution of "compensations." In an age when the cost and liabilities of war are great, such nations will naturally be deeply interested in peace. They will be eager even to enforce peace; because an enforced peace, under the aegis of predominant power, is the condi-

tion of securing and augmenting the wealth which war, like a pestilence or a cyclone, would ruin or sweep away. But they will hesitate to commit themselves to the observance of any definite law, or the judgment of any judicial tribunal, which is not under their influence; and yet they will be eager, in order to appear fair and honest, to profess their attachment to justice, taking care however to accept no legal obligations which they cannot in some way evade.

In this description of a State whose being and end is power, I am not thinking of Treitschke's famous definition, or of the Prussianized German Empire as the only example of it. It applies to every really imperial Power, whatever its pretensions of democracy may be, which aims at colonial expansion, holds subject peoples under its absolute control, and thwarts their efforts to obtain the privilege of self-government.

I shall not, in this anxious and troubled time, attempt to specify particular governments, much less particular peoples. I do, however, call attention to the fact, that governments change, and that they are always composed of men. No man can with certainty predict what the government of any European State will be ten or even five years from now. It would be an error to suppose that imperialism is essentially dynastic. Its present phase is that of race domination and economic control. Imperialism is not so much a form of government as it is a lust for power. The greatest danger to the peace of the world to-day is the menace of the socialized State; which is based on a crassly materialistic philosophy, and if generally realized would transform whole nations into industrial and commercial corporations claiming absolute sovereign authority, pitted against one another in rivalry to possess the wealth of the world.

I am making these statements with no purpose of disparaging any nation. I am making them because they apply to all nations; whose governments change, and whose unregulated power is subject to the impulses, the passions, the interests, and the ambitions of men. I am making them, because, to my mind, there is incalculable danger to human rights, to liberty, to national independence, and to national honor, in any partnership of power that looks toward mutual advantage over other nations, and is not itself under a rule of law. Democracies that choose power, and not

law, as their governing principle may be as absolute and as arbitrary as any single autocratic ruler, and much more difficult to withstand.

It is the challenge to law, in whatever form it comes, that constitutes the danger. And yet it is challenged. Arbitrary power knows no law. Those who represent such power see in law what it is, their persistent enemy. Such men, statesmen, demagogues and class protagonists,—seek for colleagues and alliances, as the necessary aids to the execution of their private policies. They are anxious to engage in their adventures, and to incriminate by partnership, the innocent, the unsuspecting, and the inexperienced. For this they shelter their designs by professions of virtue, loyalty, and devotion to high ideals. But the test may always be applied, if there is a disposition to apply it. In its international application the formula is: What relics of imperialism are you ready to abandon? Are you ready to accept, without qualification, a body of law based on universally received axioms of equity, axioms which you impose upon your own nationals in all their civil and criminal relations? Are you willing to modify the doctrine that the State is power, by admitting that the State is power wholly subject to fundamental principles of law?

There is a conception of the State radically different from the one I have just described. It was foreshadowed by a philosophy of enlightenment that disclosed the insolence and usurpation of power unregulated by law, and demanded the abolition of it; but its logical conclusions were first embodied in an actual form of government by the American colonies in the last quarter of the eighteenth century.

It should not be overlooked, and yet I have never heard it emphasized, that, in declaring their independence, those colonies uttered a protest, not primarily against the right to tax, nor yet against the withholding of representation in the law-making body, which were secondary, but against the King's refusal to grant the colonies a government based on law. The first charge "submitted to a candid world," to use the language of the Declaration, is: "He has refused his assent to laws of immediate and pressing importance and necessary for the public good." That was the gravamen in that terrible indictment. It runs through all the twelve subsequent accusations of misrule, ascending

through the entire gamut of complaint with increasing intensity, declaring among other things, "He has obstructed the administration of justice, by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers;" and ending with the climax, as if it were the acme of perversity: "He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitution, and unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation." The claim to law, as the most precious possession of citizenship, recurs at intervals throughout the remainder of the indictment. Three times, in the midst of the fourteen additional specifications of usurpation, the writer of the Declaration returns to his demand for unperverted law as the one central purpose of the document.

On its constructive side, the same spirit animates the thought. "All men are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights,"—which implies that the true source of law is in the nature of man, and not in the possession of arbitrary power; and, hence, "to secure these rights, Governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed."

It seems like resorting to commonplace, to repeat these familiar words; and, in fact, it would be, were they not usually recited in a manner so mechanical as to obscure their deep significance. Since these expressions became a part of our breviary of patriotism, our foreign contacts have been numerous and intimate, particularly those of the educated world with the German universities. Through that influence and a dread of provincialism, the precepts of a contradictory philosophy have been introduced into our political thinking. It is the omnipotent State, not the moral attribute of human personality, it is contended, that is the true source of law. Law is, therefore, to be imposed from above, not derived from the nature of that which it is to govern. The State, it is held, is the sole creator of rights. As sole master and proprietor, it not only commands without limit, but may expropriate without consent.

Under the plea of superior national efficiency, these political and economic doctrines now offer, in democratic countries, an easy opportunity for class control. As State supremacy in its socialized form has grown in favor, men have gradually abandoned the venerable doctrine of "Natural Rights,"—which, in substance, is simply the axiom

that there are in human personality inherent claims to just treatment,—an axiom on which, in the end, all jural conceptions rest, and upon which the whole structure of the American system of law and government is founded.

To the practising lawyer this doctrine is naturally of little interest. He wins no cases by it, except perhaps when he appeals to the sentiment of justice, still undefined, but a living fountain of righteousness, in the reason and the conscience of a jury. His interest is in actual statutes, judicial decisions, and the accepted precepts of the Common Law which the great English judges,—the finest ornament of English life and character,—developed through their interpretation of customs by which generations of men had found it possible to live and work together. Small, indeed, would be the retainers that clients would pay for disquisitions on the "Rights of Man"; and yet the doctrine of "Natural Law" will live in the hearts of men as long as human nature endures and can find a voice. To the lawyer it may be nothing, but to the people it is everything.

The honest client comes to his lawyer in the faith that civilization has provided a way to give him justice. His lawyer may know that, through his client's ignorance of what justice really is, or through the law's imperfection, his hope may not be realized. The difference is that the client's idea of right is subjective, the lawyer's knowledge is objective. The distinction between "inherent rights" and "legal rights" is, therefore, evident. Looked at historically, we see that rights have generally been treated as if they were not inherent, but merely the gracious gifts of governments,—concessions of privilege from the throne of power. The founders of the American State revolted against this idea of law. They were anxious about their inherent rights, and meant to make some of them at least legal rights. In England, long before that time, the "Commons" had obtained through their power to control the purse, the privilege of making laws, subject to the approval of the King and the Lords, and this was also the proud heritage of the colonists; but no inherent right of man, as man, had ever anywhere received a formal legal guarantee by any government. Even Magna Charta had not done that; for, under it, nothing was reserved to the individual which the "law of the land" could not take away. But the American Bills of Rights demanded certain spe-

cific guarantees as the condition of their consent to government. Believing these rights to be theirs by virtue of their nature as men, they could not permit government either to withhold or accord them. They, therefore, created a government which was bound, by the charter that gave it being, to respect and protect life, liberty, the enjoyment of property, religious freedom, free speech, and free assembly, when not hostile or treasonable to the government instituted to give them protection.

This was an entirely new conception of governmental authority. It founded the State upon a fundamental law, to which all legislation must conform. It was intended to forbid and prevent government by arbitrary decree. It affirmed that there are "natural rights" which all lawmakers must respect, and which even majorities cannot legally override, unless they have first torn to shreds and utterly destroyed the charters of liberty in our State and Federal Constitutions,—a danger to which our liberties are always exposed.

Whatever may be held regarding the authority of "natural rights," there are certain fundamental human claims to just treatment and to strong protection, so clear, so urgent, and so indisputable in their outcry for recognition and security, that the undertone of their pleading runs through all the free expressions of the human mind since thought began to be recorded. Until they are established, —and they can be established only through the law,—brave men will dare to say, as Theodore Roosevelt said to his law professor: "Professor Dwight, do you tell me that what you have said is the law? Then I stand here to say, that the law is wrong!"

All honor to this passion for justice; but justice in complicated cases can rarely be ascertained by one man, or in one moment. Like truth, it requires long, ardent, and deliberate pursuit. It is not to be determined by the will of the uninstructed. It cannot be arrived at by the response to a pleader appealing to a class possessing an interest in the decision. If the decisions of the Bench are imperfect, the decisions of the street are certain to be more so. Justice must come, if it can be attained at all, from a deliberate survey of conditions that looks through the whole problem and reaches the ultimate principle by which it may be solved.

There was superb wisdom in embodying in the Federal Constitution two provisions which had never before been united in any federal system: (1) the reservation to the people of certain rights which could not be legally taken away by legislative action; and (2) the creation of a judicial tribunal with power to interpret the fundamental law, and thus prevent legislative encroachments upon the inherent rights which it was designed to safeguard against the danger of invasion by any power within the State. For the first time in the history of the world, the humblest citizen was guaranteed protection even against the Government itself.

Founded upon the idea of law, and existing under the protection of law, the United States of America, more perhaps than any other sovereign Power, has aimed to establish its relations with other governments on the basis of law; and has instinctively shrunk from extending them, even when provoked by the turbulence and insolence of comparatively impotent neighbors, on a basis of preponderant power. In all the international councils in which we have as a nation hitherto participated, our Government has endeavored to establish law as a standard for the conduct of sovereign States. Being itself a creation of law, it has appeared natural to base its foreign relations upon it. Very early in our history, International Law was adopted as a part of our legal system. The reasons for it were obvious. It had not only been accepted in the Common Law which we inherited from England, but was expressly recognized and appealed to in our foreign negotiations and in our courts. Not only this, but the principles advocated by the great writers on the Law of Nations were identical with those upon which our conception of the true nature of the State was founded. Grotius, Pufendorf, Burlamaqui, and Vattel, were favorite authors with Adams, Hamilton, Franklin, and other colonial statesmen, before the Declaration of Independence, and were constantly consulted both in the Continental Congress and in the Constitutional Convention of 1787. They, too, believed in, and advocated, "natural rights," and found in them a foundation for a Law of Nations far more extended, and even more authoritative, than the customary usages of the time.

International Law created through the treaty-making power has always seemed to American statesmen the very

perfection of legislation, because it is founded entirely upon free agreement, and not at all upon compulsion; and, besides, under the American Constitution, it is, in its final determination at least, the work of an elected representative law-making body. No method could be devised that would render the law, when thus agreed upon, more completely the expression of the mind and purpose of the peoples in whose behalf it is made. The fact that such law-making treaties are now habitually negotiated in all constitutional States by responsible ministries, themselves members of the legislatures of the countries they represent, adds immensely to the perfection of this method of procedure. Here is a process by which a complete system of World-Law can eventually be created; and it can be accomplished as soon as the Great Powers are prepared to act under a rule of law. In the present international situation, therefore, we turn with more than usual solicitude to inquire what prospect of such an achievement lies before us.

This interest is further accentuated by the fact that the object of our participation in the Great War as a belligerent nation was the preservation of the rights of our fellow-citizens secured to them under International Law. No other official reason for engaging in the war has ever been given. We had, as a Government, remained neutral, even in the presence of ruthless atrocities, until a further effort to preserve neutrality would have been dishonorable, and a shameful neglect of the constitutional duty of "common defense." It had become apparent that, unless we took part in the struggle, there would soon be no rule of law by the consent of the governed anywhere in the world.

It is nowhere disputed, that we entered into the war for the preservation of international rights which the Law of Nations accorded us, which had been brutally violated, and were placed in perpetual jeopardy. Other objects, not contemplated in the declaration of war, have been permitted to obscure the real reason for our engaging in it, and have entirely subordinated that reason in the settlements of peace. With these objects I do not here propose to deal; but it is of importance to note, that, in advising the Congress on April 2, 1917, that Germany's course be declared to be one of war against the United States, the reason for accepting the challenge was stated by the President in the following words: "International Law had its origin in the attempt to

set up some law which would be respected and observed upon the seas, where no nation had right of dominion and where lay the free highways of the world. By painful stage after stage has that law been built up, with meagre enough results, indeed, after all was accomplished that could be accomplished, but always with a clear view, at least, of what the heart and conscience of mankind demanded. This minimum of right the German Government has swept aside under the plea of retaliation and necessity." In a later passage of his message, the President further specified the reason for the entrance of the United States into the war, by saying: "The German Government denies the right of neutrals to use arms at all within the areas of the sea which it has proscribed, even in the defense of those rights which no modern publicist has ever before questioned their right to defend."

Here is the reason, the only officially stated reason, why the United States became a belligerent in the Great War.

We turn then with more than historical interest to inquire what have been the fortunes of International Law in the settlements of peace.

An examination of the fourteen conditions of peace proposed by the President on January 8, 1918, eight months after the declaration of war, discloses the fact, that there is in these rubrics no reference to International Law as having been violated, or as something to be vindicated and reestablished. In fact, it is not there stated that the United States ever had any reason for entering the war, unless that may be implied in the second rubric, which demands "absolute freedom of navigation upon the seas, outside territorial waters, alike in peace and in war"; a principle for which our enemy professed to be contending.

In the proposal of a League of Nations, made on September 27, 1918, the restoration of the Law of Nations was not included among the five objects to be obtained in the peace. In the correspondence with the Imperial German Government regarding terms of peace, which led up to the acceptance of the armistice, and in the armistice itself, International Law was not made a subject of discussion.

That the vindication of violated law required not only a peace of victory, but a peace distinctly punitive of such violations, is clearly evident. Was it not for that crime that Germany was to be punished?

In some vague sense, I suppose, there is a general impression among the people in Germany that the rest of the world has united in condemning the conduct of the Imperial Government, and that the terms of peace imposed upon them are an attempt to punish its offenses; but there are reasons for thinking that the prevailing sentiment among them is simply one of regret that, with all their boasted strength, they were too feeble to win the war, coupled with resentment that they were denied the compromise peace which they expected. In brief, the national mind has not been lifted out of the conviction that the problem of national existence is purely and solely a problem of power.

It would have been an impressive demonstration of the justice of the punishment inflicted upon the German nation and its allies, if, at the time of the virtual surrender under the terms of the armistice, there had been publicly read at Berlin, from the balcony of the Palace where William the Second falsely proclaimed a war to preserve Germany from invasion,—which many Germans still believe was a justified defense,—the speech of Chancellor Bethmann Hollweg, in which he confessed that the invasion of Belgium was a violation of International Law, with a proclamation that it was for this, the illegal use of the submarine, and other ruthless violations of solemnly accepted law, that the terms of the Peace of Versailles were, in the name of the law, to be visited upon the nation that had supported these atrocities.

Taking into account the circumstances in which the war was begun by Germany, and the purposes of the Central Governments and their allies, severe penalties based on the principle of reparation alone were plainly merited. But there is a higher point of view than this. It is not merely that the Belgians, the French, and others were irreparably wronged and injured. Beyond and above this, an offense was committed against what is most sacred in human civilization, namely, the authority of accepted law and the solemn pledge to observe it. It is upon this ground, and upon this ground only, that the German people, who before the penalties are fully inflicted will have produced an entirely new generation, and will number a hundred millions of deeply resentful recalcitrants, could be made to understand that their punishment involves not merely material damages, as in a civil matter, but a crime against the dignity

and sanctity of law itself. If it were understood and believed in Germany that the United States, and perhaps other powers signatory of the Peace, had taken up arms, not for gain, not because they were rivals, not for any advantage over the German people, but solely to vindicate the law,—which was their law as well as ours,—it could have no other effect than to strengthen whatever law-abiding spirit may exist in the noblest minds, and to set them irrevocably against the military autocracy that induced them by false pretenses to perpetrate this national crime.

I would not be understood as stressing what may seem to many a merely technical point. What I wish to accentuate is, that a punitive peace is an impossible peace, in the present state of the world, unless it is also, in some sense, a constructive peace. You cannot expect that eighty million people, composing a great and capable industrial nation, hedged in by States less potent in numbers and not more capable in military efficiency, will be content to go on, for more than a whole generation, paying heavy indemnities, excluded from every prospect of colonial possessions,—especially a warlike people that lately entertained a dream of world-dominion,—unless they are permanently either held down by a superior military force, or see in their compliance with the penalty the operation of some system of justice, offering to them an open path of honorable and equal opportunity of life.

It is no part of my present purpose to discuss this problem of power, further than to say, that a punitive peace can be made really effective only upon condition that it inaugurates a new era of justice, as well as of peace, in which the vanquished equally with the victors will be the beneficiaries when the penalty is paid.

We turn then to the Treaty of Versailles, to inquire to what extent this condition is fulfilled; and discover, to our disappointment, that the Covenant of the League of Nations, which we are told is to be the instrument for the maintenance of peace, contains no declaration that sovereign States as such, possess any rights whatever. We find in it no provision of law by which their conduct toward one another may be judged; no promise of a court before which their wrongs may be brought and their legal rights judicially determined; no method by which a weak State may legally enforce its right against a Great Power, if that Power is

indisposed to recognize its claim; no reference to that "rapidly increasing Statute Book of the Law of Nations," as the *corpus juris* solemnly established in the Hague Conventions has been called, and no reference to the violations of it during the war.

I am trying to make these statements with absolute precision, because it is popularly believed that this Covenant was designed to do all that it has failed to do. It is true that there is, in the Preamble, a reference to "understandings of International Law," but it contains no pledge to observe the law, or to adopt it as a judicial rule, or to accept it otherwise than as a subject of separate "understandings." It is, indeed, provided, in Article XIV, that "the Council shall formulate and submit to the members of the League for adoption plans for the establishment of a permanent court of international justice"; but there is no promise to constitute it or to accept its decisions, and it will be competent to hear only such disputes "of an international character which the parties thereto shall submit to it."

On the other hand, matters of vital national consequence are to be entrusted to the purely diplomatic decisions of the Council or the Assembly, such as the important question whether an issue is, or is not, one of International Law; and, under Article XV, these bodies, unregulated by any law or form of procedure, are charged with judicial functions, possessing power to make an award which bars one disputant from further asserting or defending his right if the other accepts the decision.

I shall not here undertake to discuss the powers possessed by this League, regarding which there are wide differences of opinion. It is, however, of vital importance to recognize the indisputable fact, that this Covenant not only makes no advance in the development of International Law, but wholly overlooks the status attained by it, through the work of the great international congresses since the Congress of Vienna in 1815. As an eminent authority has said, "For almost a century the Society of Nations had been working its way toward an international legislature, and had almost reached its goal. It began by the recognition of express consent as a source of the laws which regulate the intercourse of States, side by side with the tacit consent embodied in binding customs. Then an organ was slowly evolved for the formal annunciation and registration of that

express consent. This organ was a periodical assemblage of representatives of the governments of all civilized States. In 1907 its membership was almost complete. Then came the day when the firm foundations of the earth rocked beneath our feet, and the light of the sun of progress was quenched in the red mist of war."

We had believed, until the cataclysm came, that a Society of Nations really existed, with the possibility of a legislature based on free consent, a growing system of law, and a rudimentary judiciary. Since 1914, there has been only retrogression and no sign of future progress. A Great Power, leading others in its train, bade defiance to this whole system. Unfortunately, the nations had not realized that they had a common interest in maintaining it; until, one by one, they were drawn into the vortex of violence that was destroying it. A terrible experience has taught the world, that, unless this highest and most endangered community of interest among nations can be reestablished and supported by organized defense, we shall again, in some form, be subjected to the insolence and havoc of arbitrary power.

There is then a vital necessity for the continued union and consultation of the Powers which have been the victors in the Great War; but it is equally essential that their aim should be the rehabilitation and enforcement of law, rather than a combination of legally unregulated forces.

The Supreme Council of the Conference at Paris has, apparently, not been deeply impressed with this necessity. Allowance must, perhaps, be made for the fact that it is a political not a judicial body. It has not regarded its decisions as subject to any rule of law. It has set no limits to its jurisdiction, and has not been solicitous regarding the source of its authority. It has considered itself empowered, as representing the victors, not only to make terms for the vanquished, which was its prerogative, but to coerce independent sovereign States, fix their boundaries, and determine their destinies.

In view of the fact that it was the violations of International Law that brought the United States into the war, the slight consideration given to it in the Covenant of the League of Nations has created astonishment in the minds of American jurists. Noting that no provision was made for it in the future, in March, 1919, during the period when

the Covenant was undergoing revision, one of the most distinguished members of this Association proposed, among other suggestions, an amendment to the Covenant, reading:

"The Executive Council shall call a general conference of the Powers to meet not less than two years or more than five years after the signing of this Convention for the purpose of reviewing the condition of International Law, and agreeing upon and stating in authoritative form the principles and rules thereof.

"Thereafter regular conferences for that purpose shall be called and held at stated times."

That recommendation, having been approved by a Committee composed of some of the most eminent members of the American Bar, and by the Executive Council of the American Society of International Law, upon request of the Department of State, was forwarded to Paris.

From the fact that this proposal led to no action, I shall not draw the inference that it received no attention. The source from which it came could hardly permit of its being treated in that manner. I am, therefore, compelled to believe, until further enlightened, that it was considered inexpedient for the Conference to recognize any international law-making authority outside the limits of the League itself. If this be true, it is a reversal of the whole theory of legislation by consent. Either, in the purpose of the Conference, there is to be no review and revision of International Law, or such revision is to be exclusively the work of the League, a minority body in the Society of Nations; and, therefore, incapable of making law for that society without its consent.

It is a part of the theory of this League, that, henceforth, there are to be no neutral nations, and hence no neutral rights;—rights of which the President said, in his appeal for a declaration of war, that no modern publicist had ever before questioned them, or the right to defend them, rights for the defense of which this country has more than once engaged in war.

Until it is assured of the legal protection of all its rights, no free nation, great or small, can wisely surrender either its right of self-defense or its right to remain neutral in the quarrels of others. No combination of Great Powers itself unregulated by fixed principles of law can give this assurance.

I offer no criticism upon an effort to preserve the peace of the world by the consultation and cooperation of the Great Powers, or to an organized agreement on their part to pursue, condemn, and punish an outlaw, even though the culprit may claim the prerogatives of a sovereign State. Such an agreement is imperatively demanded; but it should be dedicated without equivocation or reserve to the service of the law, which it should aim to reestablish, to render more perfect, and to enforce whenever it is threatened with violation.

The whole world cries out for peace, for order, for the protection and the reinvigoration of honest industry. We have been told that America is to save the world and rescue civilization from dissolution. I believe that, while there are limits to national responsibility, our country has a great part to play in this sublime achievement, but we must do it in our way; in the way that has made us, in a little more than a century, the most unified, the most virile, and the most potent single Power in the world. And when we ask ourselves what it is that has given us this unity, this virility, and this potency, the answer is, that we have founded this nation upon principles of law, and upon the guarantees of individual rights under the law. That is our great contribution to civilization; and if we are to be of use to other nations, old or new, our first thought must be to remain our own masters, to preserve our independence, to control our own forces as a nation by our own laws, and to protect from any form of detraction or perversion that heritage of organized liberty which has given us peace at home and prestige abroad.

DAVID JAYNE HILL

JAPAN'S USE OF HER HEGEMONY

BY JOHN C. FERGUSON

IN the November, 1914, issue of this REVIEW appeared an article in which it was declared that the hegemony of Asia had passed from British into Japanese hands. This view has not been seriously disputed. It is important to enquire what use has been made by Japan of her newly-acquired hegemony. The first official statement in the matter was made by the Tokyo Foreign Office, after the publication of the Lansing-Ishii Agreement, that "Japan's position vis-a-vis China has been considerably enhanced since the outbreak of hostilities in Europe."

That Japan has not confined her activities during the period of the war solely to strengthening her position in China is clearly shown by an announcement of the Ministry of the Navy as to Japan's naval assistance to the Allied Cause. In addition to ships in the Mediterranean and in the Suez Canal, Japan's activities were as follows:

Indian Ocean, China waters, and about Singapore: Armoured cruiser *Iwate* (with Vice-Adm. Chisaka in command of the First Special Duty Squadron), two cruisers, and four torpedo-destroyers.

Penang: One gunboat.

Pacific Ocean and about San Francisco: One cruiser.

The Hawaiis: One armoured cruiser.

The South Sea Islands: One gunboat.

Vladivostok: Battleship *Mikasa* (with Rear-Adm. Kawabara in command of the Fifth Battle Squadron). In addition, a marine corps is temporarily kept at Habarovsk to have custody of the captured warships.

Yangtsekiang: Cruiser *Suma* (with Rear-Adm. Yamaoka in command of the China Squadron) and five gunboats.

The patrol of the Pacific Ocean, of the Indian Ocean, of the waters of Malyasia and Polynesia was assigned to

Japan exclusively after the early part of 1915. Her will was law from Aden at the southern entrance of the Red Sea to San Francisco and upon her was the responsibility for the maintenance of order and the repression of German influence. She rendered prompt assistance to Great Britain in the suppression of the mutiny at Singapore and her well-known determination to support her Ally had also controlling influence in checking any possible outburst of disorder in India. In all her dealings with her war-associates having Asiatic relations, Japan has been scrupulously careful to fulfil every obligation which her position involved and to refrain from taking any advantage of the adverse circumstances of the war to further her own special interests. Her hegemony, while indisputable, was directed to the furtherance of the general cause and to the defeat of the Central Powers. The European Allies owe a profound debt of gratitude to Japan for her share in the war.

But what of her dealings with her Asiatic partner, China? Has Japan been as careful in her relations with China as with her European Allies? Has she observed the same caution against using her power for the furtherance of her own "special interests" and has her "territorial propinquity" to China made her sensitive to the aspirations and hopes of the new Republic which threw off the shackles of absolutism in 1911? Japan and China are one in literature, in religion, and in racial development—t'ung wên, t'ung chiao, t'ung tsung, as is claimed by the ardent East Asiatic Society, Tung Ah Huei. Has this intimacy of relationship made Japan keenly sensitive of the responsibility of her military strength and has she refrained from coercive measures designed to further her own "special interests?" Has she cultivated a better understanding with China and has she used her power to restrain disorder and heal breaches? Judgment in the matter is left to the reader. I confine myself to a statement of what has happened since 1914.

On August 23, 1914, Japan declared war upon Germany, Germany having sent no reply to the Ultimatum of Japan. After Japan's declaration of war upon Germany, China fixed thirty miles of fighting area around Kiaochow as the limit within which Japanese forces should confine themselves in their operations against German defences.

Much correspondence between the Chinese and Japanese Governments ensued, but up to the present, this has not been published. It was mainly concerned with the landing of Japanese troops at Lungkow, their marching across neutral territory to Kiaochow and the forcible purchases of food and supplies from Chinese farmers en route. There was a strong protest by the Chinese Government against the actions taken by the Japanese forces, but finally, under pressure, China withdrew these objections. Lungkow is approximately 200 miles from Tsingtao, the port of Kiaochow. The Japanese troops which disembarked here marched across country to Weihsien which is about midway on the railroad leading from Tsingtao to Tsinan, the capital of the province. From this central place, troops were sent westward along the whole line of the railway and a considerable force was stationed at Tsinan. Eastward, the troops were moved for military operations against the German fortifications. By selecting Lungkow as the port of debarkation for her troops, Japan chose a method of exhibiting her troops to as many people as possible in the province of Shantung. It was not a military necessity which led her to choose this port, but rather the desire to spread her influence over the whole Shantung peninsula.

The German garrison of Kiaochow was obliged to capitulate and was carried off to Japan as prisoners of war. The small British contingent which had been cooperating with the Japanese in the attack was withdrawn and the entire control of Germany's former interests passed into Japanese hands. Everything great and small, definite and undefined, passed from Germany to Japan. Negotiations were continuous for several months between China and Japan on the general questions involved in the transfer, but were abruptly ended by the sudden and unexpected presentation of the Twenty-One Demands.

These Twenty-One Demands were handed to President Yuan by Mr. Hioki, the Japanese Minister, on January 18, 1915, and mark an epoch in the relation of the two countries. It was intended by Japan that these Demands and the conversation with Yuan should be kept secret until China had given her reply to them, but early in February the full text of the Demands became known to British and American newspaper correspondents in Peking. It should be noted that these Demands were submitted while the

Japanese troops, sent to capture Tsingtao, still remained on Chinese soil. During the period of negotiations, troops, sent from Japan to relieve Japanese garrisons in China, arrived while the troops which they were intended to relieve still remained. It is probable that those troops were held in readiness to enforce compliance with the Demands, if found necessary.

After much parleying and many denials of the report that Demands had been presented, the truth was finally acknowledged and a Memorandum concerning them was handed to the Legations of Great Britain, France, Russia, and the United States in Peking. This Memorandum contained only eleven demands and these were given publicity by the Associated Press in a despatch from Peking, dated February 17, 1915. Previous to the publication of the Eleven Demands, the text of the entire Twenty-One Demands had been obtained, and it is understood that both texts were presented to the Cabinet at Washington in its meeting of February 19th, 1915. About the middle of March the United States Government addressed a note to Japan, independent of Great Britain, France and Russia, inquiring from the Japanese Government the reason for the discrepancy in the text as communicated to the Legations and that furnished to the State Department by the Chinese Minister in Washington. This inquiry was replied to on March 22nd by Baron Kato, Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs.

The purport of this note and the reply has never been made public but it may be readily conjectured by referring to an interview between Baron Kato, Japanese Minister of Foreign Affairs, and a correspondent of the Associated Press, February 28, 1915. In referring to Japan's policy in China, Baron Kato said that Japan had no idea of attempting any wanton encroachment upon the integrity of China or any other nation. Japan had ambitions which were altogether laudable, but he most emphatically declared that those ambitions did not include any desire to monopolize interests in China or in the Pacific. Her aspiration was to get that share of those interests to which she was rightfully entitled, without interfering with the interests of other nations.

These Twenty-One Demands were divided into five Groups. Group I referred to Japanese interests in Shan-

tung province which had been acquired by conquest of Germany. Group II had reference to Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia; Group III to the Hanyehping Iron and Steel Company; Group IV to the non-alienation of the coast of China. Group V was so remarkable that three of its provisions are quoted in full:

> Article 1. The Chinese Central Government shall employ influential Japanese advisers in political, financial and military affairs.
>
> Article 3. Inasmuch as the Japanese Government and the Chinese Government have had many cases of dispute between Japanese and Chinese police to settle cases which caused no little misunderstanding, it is for this reason necessary that the police departments of important places (in China) shall be jointly administered by Japanese and Chinese or that the police departments of these places shall employ numerous Japanese, so that they may at the same time help to plan for the improvement of the Chinese Police Service.
>
> Article 4. China shall purchase from Japan a fixed amount of munitions of war (say 50 per cent or more) of what is needed by the Chinese Government or that there shall be established in China a Sino-Japanese jointly worked arsenal. Japanese technical experts are to be employed and Japanese material to be purchased.

So outrageous were the demands in Group V deemed that China refused even to discuss its contents. It was felt by the Chinese that the demands of this group bore a direct resemblance to the measures taken by the Japanese Government previous to the annexation of Korea. When the contents of this group were discussed by various governments with Japanese representatives abroad, the representatives explained that the Japanese Government had only presented them as desiderata and that they should be separated from the eleven demands which were duly communicated to the Powers. The most specious justification was made by Baron Kato in the Japanese Diet, May 22, 1915, when he said, "We had to see what China would say about this Fifth Group and there was, therefore, no necessity of communicating it. Later on account of the appearance of erroneous accounts of this group, Japan decided to

make the matter public." So strong was the opposition to Group V and also to Group III, which referred to the Hanyehping concessions, that Mr. Hioki clearly foresaw that it would be impossible to force the Chinese Government to consent to them. For this reason he presented a list of revised demands on April 26, 1915. In reply to these revised demands, a conference was held at the Board of Foreign Affairs, Peking, May 1st, when Minister Lu read to Mr. Hioki a memorandum and presented to him China's reply. This reply was most conciliatory in tone and substance. It agreed to almost all of the demands in the first four Groups with slight amendments in some cases, but in regard to Group V it stated that they all infringe China's sovereignty, the treaty rights of other Powers or the principle of equal opportunity.

Shortly after China's reply had been handed to the Japanese Minister it became known that Japan intended to present an Ultimatum to China and to back up this Ultimatum by a show of military and naval strength. Before this project was finally decided upon by the Japanese Government, it was submitted by Premier Okuma and Minister Kato to the Elder Statesmen, who fully approved of it. On May 7th it was duly presented to China. It was a lengthy defense of what had been done by Japan in the discussion of the Demands and concluded with the following:

> Therefore the Chinese Government should appreciate the friendly feelings of the Imperial Government by immediately accepting without any alteration all the articles of Group I, II, III, and IV and the exchange of notes in connection with Fukien province in Group V as contained in the revised proposals presented on the 26th of April.
>
> The Imperial Government hereby again offer their advice and hope that the Chinese Government, upon this advice, will give a satisfactory reply by 6 o'clock P. M. on the 9th day of May. It is hereby declared that if no satisfactory reply is received before or at the specified time, the Imperial Government will take steps they may deem necessary.

The filing of this Ultimatum caused consternation in Peking which was to all intents and purposes isolated by the European war from other friends. On the following day, May 8th, China gave her consent to Japan's final demand stating in her Note that this action was taken by her "with a view to preserving the peace of the Far East" or in other and plainer words, she acknowledged that she bowed before *force majeure*. As a result of the accept-

ance by China of the conditions of the Ultimatum, the Japanese Government officially announced on May 9th that the naval and military movement in connection with the Chinese situation had been cancelled. The details were hastily arranged and the final treaties and notes signed on May 25th. These Demands emerged as a direct result of the increased political strength of the military party on account of the defeat of Germany at Kiaochow and the participation of Japan in the protection of the interests of Western nations in Asia and on the Pacific Ocean. The gains of Japan may be considered under the four geographical groups into which the Demands were divided.

SHANTUNG

As to the leased territory of Kiaochow, it may be remembered that in the Ultimatum which Japan delivered on August 15, 1914, the second clause asked that Germany should "deliver on a date not later than September 15th to the Imperial Japanese authorities without condition or compensation the entire leased territory of Kiaochow with a view to the eventual restoration of the same to China." This promise was materially changed by the Note of May 25 which was as follows: "When after the termination of the present war, the leased territory of Kiaochow Bay is completely left to the free disposal of Japan, the Japanese Government will restore the leased territory to China under the following conditions:

1. The whole of Kiaochow Bay to be opened as a commercial port.
2. A concession under the exclusive jurisdiction of Japan to be established at a place designated by the Japanese Government.
3. If the Foreign Powers desire it, an international concession may be established.
4. As regards the disposal to be made of the buildings and property of Germany and the conditions and procedures relating thereto, the Japanese Government and the Chinese Government shall arrange the matter by mutual agreement before the restoration.

It will be noticed that by this Note, Japan reserves for her own exclusive jurisdiction a "concession." Every indication points to Tsingtao as the "concession" which it is

intended to retain. Tsingtao is the part of Kiaochow which the Germans developed into a city with good roads and many fine residences. Here is the terminus of the railway; here are the docks, government offices, and fortifications. It is the most valuable part of "the entire leased territory of Kiaochow."

In addition to Kiaochow, Japan acquired Germany's other rights in Shantung. These included the Tsingtao-Tsinan railway, 256 miles in length. This was completed in 1904 and connects the port of Tsingtao with the capital of Shantung province, Tsinan. This railway has two short branches of 28 and 26 miles respectively leading to mining properties. Along this railway a body of Chinese railway guards had been maintained, but this was disbanded and Japanese troops were substituted for them. At all important stations, Japanese post offices were established. The collieries of the Shantung Bergbau Gesellschaft at Fangtse in Weihsien district, 102 miles from Tsingtao, at Hungshan in Poshan district, 168 miles from Tsingtao and Kinlinghsien with an annual output of nearly a million tons of coal were the property of the Railway and were acquired by Japan. At Tsinanfu, the capital, German interests were centered in one district and this was occupied by Japanese troops.

Two other important railway projects were acquired, one of approximately 200 miles to connect the Tsingtao railway with the Tientsin-Pukow railway at Yihsien, and the other of 230 miles length to connect Tsinan with some point on the Peking-Hankow railway, presumably at Kaifeng. These had been granted in 1908 to a German company. Besides these two lines, there is also the line northward from Weihsien to Lungkow or Chefoo of more than 100 miles.

An important step of Japan in Shantung was taken by changing the military administration to a civil one. This took place October 1st, 1917, and on that date the Tsingtao Civil Administration Act was published in the "Official Gazette" at Tokyo. The new Act created a Department of Civil Administration in the Tsingtao Garrison Staff Office whose business it is to look after all executive and judicial affairs excepting the Military Administration of the occupied territory in Shantung province. For this purpose, a Civil Administration Office was established,

and divided into two Bureaus: the Bureau of Railways and the Bureau of Communications. The system of Civil Administration thus established included altogether about 600 officials.

Simultaneously with the promulgation of this Act, the Government issued the following statement, setting forth the reasons for it:

> After the Empire had occupied Germany's Eastern Asiatic military base in and around Tsingtao, the Commander of the Tsingtao Garrison was appointed to administer all affairs, both military and civil. As to the welfare of the people, the Military Administration Office was established to look after that, and as to the railways and mines, the Shantung Railway Administration Office looked after them. Since then, three years have elapsed; order now has been fairly well stabilized, and the people are enjoying a peaceful life. It was decided, therefore, to supersede the Military Administration by a Civil, in order to better the government, and to protect the industry of the people, of the occupied territory.

The important changes brought about by the new act were: (1) the establishment at a number of places outside of Tsingtao of Civil Administration Offices "in order to contribute to the welfare of the people;" (2) The substitution of gendarmes for the police that were formerly stationed along the Shantung Railway between Tsingtao and Tsinan; (3) The appointment of the Japanese Consul at Tsinan to the additional office of Civil Administrator, "so as to smooth the relationship between the Civil Administrative and Consular affairs." The final part of the statement issued by the Government is to the effect that: "The object sought in the Civil Administration in Tsingtao is to give assurance of security to the people, so that they can industriously pursue their daily toil, thus to put the cordial relationship between Japan and China into a firmer position. There is no intention in the least to alter the property or status quo of the occupied territory."

In the latter part of 1918, negotiations were carried on between the Terauchi Administration and the Tuan Chi-jui Cabinet for two new railway concessions. As a quid pro quo, China was promised the withdrawal of civil offices from Tsinan, Choutsun, and Fangtze, along the existing railway line from Kiaochow to Tsinan. However, on account of the unexpected termination of the European war, the Japanese Government was reluctant to fulfil its part of the contract as to these rail-

way concessions, and for this reason it was announced that the actual abolition of the Japanese civil offices in Shantung province would not be carried out. The Administration of Japan along the railway line and in all the chief centers between Kiaochow and Tsinan is similar in many respects to that exercised by Germany during its occupation of Belgium.

MANCHURIA AND MONGOLIA

As a result of the treaties of May 25, 1915, the "enhancement of Japan's interests" in Manchuria is even more noticeable than that in Shantung province to which reference has been made. Apart from the agreement as to the leasing of "land necessary for erecting suitable buildings for trade and manufacture or for prosecuting agricultural enterprises," and as to Japanese subjects being "free to reside and travel in South Manchuria and to engage in business and manufacture of any kind whatsoever," and as to the opening of "certain suitable places in Eastern Inner Mongolia as commercial ports," the most notable "enhancements" were the extension of the lease of Port Arthur to 1997, the postponement of the date for restoring the South Manchurian Railway to 2002, and the fixing of the date of the expiration of the Antung-Mukden Railway contract as 2007. By this treaty Japan out-russianized Russia in her grip upon Manchuria. In addition to extension of railway interests, Japan acquired permission to select, prospect, and work coal and iron mines in six districts of Manchuria and three of Kirin.

As if these were not sufficient for her subjects, it was further agreed that "if foreign capital is required for building necessary railways in Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia, China may negotiate for a loan with Japanese capitalists first" and that "hereafter, if foreign advisers, instructors on political, financial, military, or police matters are to be employed in South Manchuria, Japanese may be employed first." The "necessary railways in Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia" above referred to are the following five lines: (1) Changchun to Chaoyang; (2) Chaoyang to Jehol; (3) Kaiyuan to Hailung; (4) Ssupinkai to Chaoyang; and (5) Kirin to Hailung. A loan agreement for the construction of a section of the first of these five lines, viz., that between Ssupinkai and Chao-

yang, has already been signed with the Yokohama Specie Bank for $3,400,000. The section is between Ssupinkai and Chengchiatun, a distance of about 52 miles.

THE YANGTSE VALLEY

Japan's influence in the Yangtse Valley has been extended but not to the extent desired and planned for. The central point of interest was the Hanyehping Iron and Steel Company, the control of which was the object of Group III in the Twenty-One Demands. This Hanyehping Company consists of three enterprises: (a) the Hanyang Iron and Steel Works, located outside of the city of Hanyang at the junction of the Yangtse and Han Rivers; (b) the Ping-hsiang mines, located in the western border of the province of Kiangsi, and connected by water route and railway with the Siang River in Hunan province; and (c) the Tayeh Iron Mines, located about 70 miles east of Hankow in the province of Hupeh. These three properties were originally under the control of Sheng Hsüan-huai, at one time head of the China Merchants Steam Navigation Co. and of the Chinese Telegraph Co., Director-General of Railways, and later Minister of the Board of Communication.

Previous to the incorporation of the Hanyehping Company Sheng Hsüan-huai had found it necessary to enlarge and develop the Hanyang Iron and Steel Works, and in order to accomplish this result he borrowed additional German capital on the security of the Ping-hsiang Mines. These loans were intended for the erection of new blast-furnaces, but in the process of construction these loans were found to be inadequate and from time to time additional loans were secured from Japanese banks. Application was made to British, American, and French bankers for loans to complete the re-organization of the Hanyang plant, but in every instance the bankers of these countries insisted upon the control of the Works during the tenure of the loan. It was impossible for Sheng Hsüan-huai to agree to any foreign control, as the Works were considered to be a semi-official undertaking. Hence it was necessary for Sheng to devise a scheme by which he could secure the capital necessary for the enlargement of the Works while at the same time he retained undivided control.

This was accomplished by a development of the principle laid down in the first Japanese loan, viz.: that of forward sales. Sheng agreed that he would furnish, for a term of twenty to thirty years, an annual supply of iron ore on an amortization plan which provided for the repayment of principal and interest. As the needs of the Works increased Sheng made further loans from the Japanese, on the same principle of forward sales. The amount of iron ore thus pledged to Japan annually amounts to about 300,000 tons, and there is a provision by which a certain amount of pig-iron may be substituted for iron ore.

This arrangement with the Japanese was purely a financial one and did not cripple or embarrass the Tayeh Mines, which were able to continue the supply of all the iron ore needed by the Hanyang Works in addition to supplying the amount specified in the contracts with the Japanese.

No change occurred in the status of this Company until Group III was presented which demanded that "the Hanyehping Company shall be made a joint concern of the two nations and that without the previous consent of Japan, China shall not by her own act dispose of the rights and property of the Company nor cause the Company to dispose freely of the same." This demand was refused and in its place there was an exchange of Notes in which it was agreed that "if in future the Hanyehping Company and the Japanese capitalists agree upon cooperation, the Chinese Government, in view of the intimate relations subsisting between the Japanese capitalists and the said Company, will forthwith give its permission. The Chinese Government further agrees not to confiscate the said Company, nor, without the consent of the Japanese capitalists to convert it into a state enterprise, nor cause it to borrow and use foreign capital other than Japanese."

In addition to Japan's concessions for the building and operation of the Kiukiang-Nanchang Railway of 87 miles, and for the operation of the Tungkuanshan Mines, near Tatung, in Anhui province, both of which were obtained before the outbreak of the European war, Japanese capitalists have secured since that time the right to operate the valuable iron and coal mines of Fanchang and Taochung, near Wuhu, and of the Fenghuangshan Iron Mine, near Nanking.

FUKIEN PROVINCE

In one aspect of the Twenty-One Demands affecting the province of Fukien, the United States was interested, as it is a comment upon an arrangement which had already been cancelled. After the visit of the American Fleet to Amoy, in its cruise around the world, negotiations were begun between the Bethlehem Steel Works and the Chinese Government for the purpose of loaning to China $20,000,000 which would be used for the building of docks and a naval base at some suitable location on the China coast. After careful surveys had been made by Chinese naval officers it was decided that the best site would be at San Tuao, on the Fukien Coast. A contract for this purpose was duly signed. In the autumn of 1911 an American visited Peking and completed the negotiations for the loan to the Chinese Government for the building of its naval base and dockyards. Before work could be commenced the Revolution of 1911 broke out, followed by an increase in Japanese influence to such an extent that the Chinese Government felt obliged to decide not to proceed with its scheme of establishing a naval base. This decision automatically put an end to the American loan.

There was already no occasion for Japan's insistence upon assurances from the Chinese Government, but nevertheless these were sought eagerly, and in addition the straw man "of permitting foreign nations to establish on the coast of Fukien province, dockyards, coaling stations for military use, naval bases or other military establishments" was set up only to be ceremoniously knocked off its pedestal. The additional assurance was obtained that China has "no intention of borrowing foreign capital for the purpose of setting up the afore-mentioned establishments." This was a blow aimed at America, although America's place in the scene was already vacant.

. . . . . .

The year 1916 was one of backing and filling as far as the active pushing of Japanese interests was concerned, but after the signing of that strange document, the Lansing-Ishii Agreement, Japan began to take advantage of her "special interests due to territorial propinquity." China was sorely in need of money and ready to bargain away her birth-rights for a mess of pottage to satisfy her immediate craving. Whereupon a series of loans succeeded and the

funds obtained thereby were largely squandered in fatuous military expeditions sent by the Peking Government against southern provinces whose grievances should have been adjusted and not spurned. Since the establishment of the present Hara Ministry in Japan, it has been announced as a policy that the Japanese Government will "withhold such financial assistance to China as is likely in their opinion to add to the complications of her internal situation." It stated also that "loans supplied to China under the existing conditions of domestic strife in that country are liable to interfere with the re-establishment of peace and unity in China so essential to her own interests as well as to the interests of foreign Powers." This is a complete reversal and disavowment of the policy of the Terauchi Cabinet, and it is a just description of these troublesome small loans of 1917 to say that they added to "the complications of China's internal situation." Some of these loans will be merged eventually into the Four Power Reorganization Loan and others can be combined or refloated with new and more suitable security but for the moment they are sources of unprofitable irritation.

The above is a rapid and incomplete survey of Japan's use of her hegemony so far as China is concerned. In Manchuria and Eastern Inner Mongolia, in Shantung province, in the Yangtse Valley and in Fukien province, "Japan's position in China has been considerably enhanced." The reader may judge for himself whether or not this enhancement has been obtained by predatory methods. That it has been obtained at the cost of the goodwill of China cannot be doubted.

JOHN C. FERGUSON.

WHAT IS AN ANARCHIST?

BY GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER

SOMEBODY called Henry Ford an anarchist. This, he said, was untrue. He declared that he had been damaged to the tune of a million dollars, and he brought suit to recover that sum.

The jury, being possessed of a sense of humor, estimated his damage at six cents.

Nobody cares much whether Ford is an anarchist or merely what his testimony shows him to be. But his libel suit has brought the subject of anarchy into the foreground of our thinking and we find ourselves asking whether this heresy can properly be imputed to the man who is at the moment the most conspicuous person in the world.

What *is* an anarchist, anyway?

Ford says an anarchist is a man who is against the Government and throws bombs.

That is a pretty good definition. Dress is up a bit by cutting out the bombs and it would sound quite well—thus:

"An anarchist is one who seeks to overthrow the existing Government and to establish nothing in its place."

Tested by this definition, is Woodrow Wilson an anarchist? That is a startling question, but it is asked in all seriousness, and it deserves careful consideration. Before answering it, here are some points to consider:

Against the conclusion that Mr. Wilson is an anarchist, are most of his public utterances. He has written books and made speeches in which he treats with great respect government in general and this government in particular. If there is anything to be said on the other side, it is not on account of his preaching, but because of his practice.

Is it possible that, while preaching government, he is promoting anarchy?

In favor of this view, it might be said that he exerted every ounce of pressure he could command to upset the

government established by the strong hand of President Huerta in Mexico, and, as the only substitute, seriously proposed Villa, the incarnation of anarchy and lawlessness.

This action, however, was not due to a desire to overturn government as such, but merely to Mr. Wilson's belief that President Huerta was a bad man and that it would be better for Mexico and the world to have Villa in his place. While, therefore, there is no doubt that what Mr. Wilson did promoted anarchy and caused bloodshed and enormous pecuniary loss, it cannot fairly be said that he intended the natural consequences of his act. It was merely a monumental blunder.

The recent impotent attempt to go bandit-hunting within the preserves of an independent state shows how little he understands the elements of international law.

Again, it might be urged that he had the intentions of an anarchist when he consistently sought to separate the German people from their government, apparently heedless of the frightful danger which ensued—that when victory had crowned our sacrifices, there would be no stable or responsible government with which to make peace.

But this was not the pursuit of anarchy for anarchy's sake. It was merely a thing done under the fixed delusion that the heart of the German people was not in the war, and that if only enough talk were addressed to them they would throw down their arms. Indeed, it is quite possible that to this day Mr. Wilson believes it was his letters and speeches which produced the collapse of German militarism rather than the intense pressure organized and exerted by Marshal Foch.

Mr. Wilson's action in the Italian situation comes much nearer to the move of an anarchist. At a time when it was of the utmost importance to preserve in Europe something like respect for constituted authority and organized government, he deliberately undertook to array the Italian people against their own Government—not as a desperate measure resorted to against an enemy in war-time, but as a legitimate step in the intercourse between friendly nations.

There are rumors also that during the Peace Conference Mr. Wilson again and again forced the hand of Lloyd George and Clemenceau by veiled threats of an appeal to laboring men in England and France to join him in coercing their respective governments.

This way of doing things helps to bring the idea of government into disrepute. It promotes anarchy and arouses class feeling. The man who resorts to it is worse than a demagogue. A demagogue, by appealing to the passion or prejudice of the moment, attempts to rally masses of his fellow citizens to his support in order that he may become a powerful factor in his own country. What Mr. Wilson appears to have done is to stir up, or threaten to stir up, the masses of the people in friendly countries against their own governments in order to compel their representatives to accept his solution of international problems. Such a procedure promotes anarchy. Is the promoter of anarchy an anarchist?

The answer depends upon a single point—whether a man is an anarchist merely because he makes wreckage of government, or whether it is necessary that he have the *intention* of a wrecker. That Mr. Wilson has done far more than any man in this generation to undermine our American Constitutitonal system may be held as a permissible individual opinion. That he has meant to undermine it or that he has had an intent hostile to government, is not for a moment to be believed. The fact seems to be that Mr. Wilson is by temperament and habit of thought entirely unfitted to hold the office of Chief Magistrate in any state in which the legislature and the judiciary are intended to share with the executive the responsibilities of government.

To be a worthy President under a constitutional system like ours, a man must not merely play the part of a public servant, but must also recognize that certain other people are likewise public servants, and that the theory of our government is that all should work together as a team.

Mr. Wilson's decision to go to Paris as our Peace Commissioner was entirely consistent with a conception of government in which all functions can best be discharged by a single governmental officer. Our system contemplates the calm and unprejudiced review, first by the President and then by the Senate, of the work accomplished in conference by our commissioners. The fact that if he acted as commissioner and dominated his associates there would be nobody but the Senate to review his work, not only seemed to Mr. Wilson no reason for remaining at his desk, but suggested to him the possibility of so dealing with the Senators as to make their revision purely formal.

Mr. Wilson has wonderful powers, but they are those which fit a man for solitary rule. He doubtless conceives of himself as the agent of the people. But the fact is that while he has a genius for principalship, he has no capacity for agency. He talks much of the mandate of the people; but seemingly his working test of what the people want is to inquire what it is that he himself has determined to do. A man of Mr. Wilson's type cannot be a servant, and therefore cannot be a public servant.

As for team work, he apparently has no conception of its meaning. In the present governmental crisis, it probably never occurs to him that the Constitution of the United States is the standing expression of the will of the people, and that under it the Senate is charged with the duty of exercising a free judgment upon the Covenant and the Treaty. No doubt he is entirely honest in his belief that the determination of the Senate to make the treaty safe by amendment is due either to provincial narrowness or pure perversity. That the people want action taken according to a collective judgment and not according to a solitary obsession, is a truth for which there is no room in his capacious head.

When this article appears in print Mr. Wilson may be "swinging around the circle." Doubtless he will do this with a sincere belief that in true democratic fashion he is reporting to his masters, the people, and that he is seeking their mandate for execution when he returns to Washington. In point of fact, his journey will be merely a sustained effort to secure backing in his struggle to run the Government alone. It will be a desperate attempt to persuade the American people that they will be safer and happier if they trust their President rather than their Constitution.

Mr. Wilson has a large personal following, but he has to a great extent dissolved the Democratic Party. There are plenty of public assurances of loyalty to him from party leaders and workers, but the real state of mind of these men is an open secret. He can command much individual support for his League and Treaty programme by the very process of appealing to the people against their Senate. But this involves the sacrifice of a governmental system to his own conception of how a particular issue ought to be

decided. Such a procedure is essentially destructive. It is not revolutionary in the best sense, because there is no proposal to substitute anything for our Constitution except the will of one man. The Executive who permits himself to make such an appeal may not recognize himself as an enemy of all government, but he is certainly the enemy of our American governmental system, and, if allowed a free hand, would undoubtedly bring about its disintegration.

It is aside from the purpose of this article to comment upon the painful revelation of Mr. Wilson's political morality recently afforded by the White House conference. Suffice it to observe that the seeds of death are lurking in his attempt to get the Allies to adopt the League by representing that its covenants mean what they say and in his desperate efforts to secure ratification here by giving assurances that the covenants can be made to mean whatever we choose to read into them. It is characteristic of such a mind to be more absorbed by chaotic international conditions than by the more normal though sufficiently exacting problems which are the incidents of an orderly and established national government. Mr. Wilson is an internationalist not because he is disloyal to the United States, but because he thinks he can directly influence all nations for good instead of serving the world best by serving America. He is not consciously opposed to all government as such. He is, therefore, not an anarchist in the proper sense of that term. But he has a temperament and habit of mind distinctly hostile to a form of government such as ours. He would make an ideal president for the League of Nations, both because he would have no national prejudices to overcome, and because the Covenant of the League of Nations is essentially un-American in that it exalts the executive department of government at the expense of both the legislative and judicial. The interests of the League would be entirely safe in his hands because there would be no larger entity into which he could resolve it—at least, not unless and until effective communication can be established with the people of Mars. And if we cannot have an American as the League's first President, our second choice ought certainly to be a man from America.

GEORGE WHARTON PEPPER.

OSA, THE MARTYRED CITY

BY RILEY ALLEN

[*Major Allen, an American journalist, became Acting Secretary of the Red Cross Commission to Siberia toward the end of 1918. The American Red Cross headquarters received word in April of the present year that Major Allen had come down with typhus at Petropavlosk. They have had no further news of him, and assume that he has recovered. The occasion for his writing the following article was a relief survey made by several members of the Commission across Siberia into Eastern Russia. This long journey was undertaken in order to determine conditions and to furnish data for a decision as to the best method of distributing Red Cross supplies. Major Allen reached Osa shortly after the Bolsheviki withdrew, having previously announced that they intended to make Osa an example of Soviet administration. They did.* —EDITOR.]

There are cities and towns in the zone of war henceforth to be known forever by the martyrdom they have suffered—Louvain, Ypres, Lille, Reims, Verdun. German frightfulness has given them immemorial significance. The World has throbbed with their pain, a great tide of sympathy has flown out to them; their recovery from the Huns has been signalized by prayers and pomp and rejoicing.

There are other cities and towns that have suffered martyrdom unknown to the world: little hamlets where the scourge has fallen as heavily as upon burning Louvain or bombarded Reims. Obscure, remote from the center of conflict, the very names are perhaps not on the map; or, if there, hold no meaning to the casual reader. Nor is it only by the Germans that these helpless communities have been put to the fire and sword. The "Red Terror" of Bolshevism has added to German brutality new ingenuities of cruelty. And this is the story of one obscure town that has suffered martyrdom at the hands of the Bolsheviks—the story of Osa.

We reached Osa at the close of a March day—a day of wintry cold, yet already raw with that damp and penetrating chill which gives promise of the spring thaw. We had come by sleigh two days from Kungur, in the province of Perm, leaving the railroad at Kungur and taking two-passenger *sanyi* over the frozen roads out through the pine and fir forests, whose dark green was occasionally lightened with slim white birches springing straight as wands from the untrodden and immaculate snow. Through the somber walls of forest our path led westerly for some seventy miles, with Osa at the end. The narrow *droshky* track ran between high banks of snow, the ruts worn deep and hardened by the passage of many sleighs.

On the second day we came out from the forest to the valley of the Kama river, a wide and beautiful valley, snow-covered now, but in summer rich with grain, feeding thousands of cattle, horses and sheep, supporting a prosperous peasantry.

There were eleven in our party: an American Red Cross Commission of four; two American army officers; a Chicago newspaperman; a Russian colonel from the staff at Kungur; a Russian lieutenant from Omsk, and two orderlies. Our passenger and baggage vehicles made a long, dark line on the great white plain; and from time to time we passed or saw in the distance other dark lines. Sometimes these were peasant sleighs, bound for distant markets or returning; sometimes military "echelons," each sled carrying munitions or guns for the Osa front; sometimes caravans with frozen meat, bread, cheese and butter, destined also for the Russian soldiers. Sometimes the dark lines crept more slowly than at others—these were sleighs with wounded soldiers, sent back to the hospitals at Kungur or Perm. We passed several such; the rude sledges, with a little coarse straw in the bottoms, bumped jerkily over the snow-packed hummocks, each bump wrenching the wounded man sorely; but with that endurance of pain which seems in the Russian to mock torn flesh and quivering nerve, the hurt men never flinched. They looked at us curiously, wearily, raising their heads from beneath the thin blankets or worn overcoats that covered them, nodding with friendliness, and then dropping back again upon their straw.

Other lines appeared from time to time, men marching in straggling groups of twenties and forties back from the

front. As we passed them, we saw at the head and tail of the little processions soldiers in Russian uniform with bayonetted rifles. They were the guards, the processions were of Bolshevik prisoners. In these lines there were men and boys of all ages; occasionally women, infrequently a child with its mother. Lads of sixteen and seventeen walked with grandsires of sixty. Just from the fighting front and from the starving districts behind the Red lines, their clothes and faces told plainly a story of Bolshevik desperation and disorganization. They were often ragged beyond belief, with starveling cheeks, matted hair, and unkempt beards. On their feet they wore *lapti,* more often than boots—the *lapti* is a wickerwork of split birch twigs, shaped roughly to fit the foot and tied with thongs of young birch shoots—and often through the *lapti* could be seen their bare feet purpled by the cold. Some had uniforms, or parts of uniforms—an overcoat here, a blouse there, elsewhere a pair of trousers with a faded stripe down the outside seams. These lines moved as slowly as the wounded men; passed us with scarcely a glance and moved on, a procession of tatterdemalions, a parade of mournful scarecrows.

In the afternoon, as our ponies trotted steadily down the Kama plain, a light snow began to fall, but toward evening the sky cleared. We neared Osa at sunset, and a bright red glow of clouds hung on the western horizon. Against this glow, one lonely landmark stood out starkly—the tall spire of a cathedral in the city we were to visit. Silhouetted against the deepening scarlet, it seemed to rise high above flames, just as it had risen when the Bolsheviks, evacuating the city three weeks before, had applied the torch to finish the work begun with the sword, bayonet and bullet. Long after the noble curve of the Byzantine tower was lost in the dusk, the four-armed cross of the Greek Catholic church stretched stalwartly aloft toward the evening sky.

Until driven out by Admiral Kolchak's soldiers, Osa was in full possession of the Bolsheviks. They had occupied it after the November revolution. For ten months the Bolshevik military and civilian governments had entire control. Here they had set up a staff headquarters, and a "chief commissar" had ruled, with regiments to enforce the commands and decrees of the civil officials under him. Here they had announced, in posted widely proclamations,

that they would demonstrate Bolshevik government, in which every citizen would be a " tovarish," sharing in the plenitude of food, in the distribution of land, in popular education. There would be no more poverty, no more oppression by arrogant officials, no more capitalistic or bureaucratic exploitation of artisan or peasant. The people of Osa and its surrounding country would be masters and mistresses of their own destiny, guided by the enlightened doctrines of Lenine and Trotsky. Each man was to have ample land to till, horses, cows and farm implements, a vote in all affairs. The " communistic era " was come. And for seven months the commissar and his subordinates administered in Osa the high, the low and the middle justice. They had, in this peasant town of eastern Russia, unhampered opportunity to put into practice the principles they preached. The story of Osa is the story of that practice.

We found comfortable accommodations prepared for us in a three-story stone building, the Zemstvo Uprava, once headquarters of the Reds. They had left the marks of their democratic rule upon it in broken balustrades, smashed chandeliers, and soiled walls.

In the evening we dined with the commandant of the Osa troops, Colonel Casagrande, whose spurs were won in the war against the Central Powers and who had been one of the many officers of the Russian Grand Army to refuse any dealings save battle with the Bolsheviks. Italian-born, the colonel was naturalized as a Russian citizen in 1915, and has been in the camp or on the field for five years. It was he and his troops who drove the Reds from Osa and occupied it on March 7, 1919, and it was he who then telegraphed to the headquarters staff of the northern Russian Army, at Ekaterinburg, telling the first authentic details of the Bolshevik rule in this part of Russia.

I had seen a copy of his telegram at Ekaterinburg. He asked that men be sent to Osa to administer the board of aldermen, the public utilities, the post-office, the customs, the telegraph office and other civic and municipal institutions. The Reds had gone, but during their régime they had killed the officials who had formerly held these posts and put Bolshevik favorites in their places. When the Red Army fled, there were no officials left in Osa. Nor were there remaining there other men who could take the posts. The commissar and the soldiers had made sure of that.

After dinner, Colonel Casagrande told us the story. Long Russian cigarettes were lighted. Pale Russian tea in tall glasses, and colorless, fiery vodka were passed around. The commandant brought forth documents and photographs. Bolshevik documents they were, and the photographs (there were hundreds of them) were of Bolshevik leaders—commissars, agitators, spies, officers, provocateurs, organizers. Photographs also of Bolshevik work—slaughtered men and women, lying buried as they fell; hastily dug trenches half-filled with slain, "close-ups" showing unmistakable evidences of savage and fiendish cruelty in the killing.

This grisly gallery of pictures is part of the multitudinous evidence which the All-Siberian Government is steadily accumulating. It is part of the mute but unimpeachable testimony which indicates how closely Bolshevik practice approximates Bolshevik preaching. Remember that the ink was scarcely dry on the Red's proclamation of friendship, brotherhood, and justice for all Russians when the indiscriminate killings began.

In the winter of 1917-1918 Osa was a town of 10,000 people. By the early spring of 1919 it was less than 8,000.

"At least 2,000 men and women were killed—slaughtered in cold blood by the Reds," the Colonel told us. "They killed people who would not at once turn over all their property to the so-called communism; they killed people who had given everything. Some were shot after pretense of trial; others without even the pretense. Last August and September, and late in February and early March of this year, were the worst of all. In the late summer there had been an attempt on Lenine's life, and the order—there are documents to prove this—went out to enforce the supreme authority of the 'proletariat government.' Then began the 'Red Terror'—a régime of sheer wholesale murder. It was then that Osa suffered most deeply. And again this spring, when the Reds saw that we would soon force them to evacuate the town, they redoubled their slaughter and looting. Since the 1918 atrocities, as nearly as we can estimate, about 500 have been killed here by order of the Bolshevik officials—the commissar or some subordinate. Often petty officials would order the death of citizens who had displeased them. No order to kill was disobeyed."

Each night in August and September there were raids by the search-parties of Reds on houses in the town, or among the peasant homes in the fields, and numbers of men and women were taken out and summarily shot. The average each night, for a week at a time, is estimated at between 20 and 30, but this is only an approximation. Men would disappear; the frantic wives would seek for them in vain, beg for information of the commissar; and be rudely dismissed, or perhaps taken also, to disappear forever. The Reds surrounded their raids sometimes with secrecy and always with terror. They came to the home of their victim usually between eleven and four at night, often drunk, and invariably with violent bluster, breaking down doors and firing into windows.

"When we occupied Osa," the Colonel went on, "we found that the Reds had prepared orders for their soldiers to kill the entire male population of this district of 16 years or over, but they were driven out before they could put the order in effect."

There were six regiments of Bolshevik soldiers garrisoning the town, each regiment of from 1,500 to 2,000 men. Besides the soldiers told off for the searching-parties and for the "executions" which followed in the early dawn, many volunteer squads roamed the town and country-side, bringing to headquarters men and women whom they branded forthwith as anti-Bolsheviks, as "enemies of the revolution," and who were condemned out of hand. How many inoffensive people were slain without even the preliminary of a march to the Bolshevik commissar, no one can say.

We were examining some of the captured Bolshevik documents when three men came into the dining hall and were greeted with cordial courtesy by our host. One was the mayor of Osa, Skrutkovski; another, the president of the local zemstvo, Volokitin; the third, a priest, Father Speranski. They had been asked to come and meet the Red Cross men and tell us something of their own knowledge of Bolshevik administration.

The priest was a man of great height, straight-backed and lean in his long black robe. His waving brown hair fell to his shoulders. His full brown beard, just shot with gray, his thin face, firm, compressed lips, finely moulded nose, deepset, kindly eyes, and broad, placid forehead gave

him the aspect of some biblical character. We had heard of priests driven from their churches after the fall of the Czar, repudiated as hypocrites by their parishioners because of their ill living; but Father Speranski was obviously not one of these, for he was greeted with instant respect. And we were told later that he had displayed steadfast bravery in his ministrations during the Bolshevik régime.

The mayor's comment on the Bolsheviks was largely concerning their attitude towards education.

"In principle," he said, "the Bolshevik had here what they called 'free labor Schools.' In practice it was a farce—and a tragedy. First there were many school teachers, good ones, killed. Then the Reds installed their own, or the pupils chose them. The Bolsheviks gave to the pupils, even of the grade schools, the right to form students' councils and choose their own teachers. The result was hopeless inefficiency and confusion. The pupils did as they pleased, and if the teacher protested, they dismissed him. They broke up desks and tables, tore down black-boards, and burned schoolbooks in frequent outbursts of hoodlumism, unchecked by the so-called committee of education. Few in any school studied, the rest played. The teacher would either give up in despair and go home in the morning for the rest of the day, or get drunk.

"To illustrate the Bolshevik theory of education: Here is one instance: Their teachers were told to give astronomy lessons from the Socialistic point of view. Every astronomical fact, every comet and constellation, must have a meaning in the progress and ultimate success of Socialism and communism all over the world. And as the heads of educational system here were ignoramuses their instruction was absolutely ridiculous. Many teachers could not write their own names."

We turned to the priest for his comment.

"The Bolsheviks from the beginning," said he, "have been against religion—not only mine, but all religion. At an orphan home here their first act was to shut up the chapel and forbid its use on pain of the usual penalty—death. In the schools they stopped the use of the Scriptures and the display of Scriptural pictures of any sort. They prohibited the dearly-loved sign of the cross. They instructed their teachers to tell the children to say, 'There is

no God.' From one church they took to prison five priests and a number of others. Twenty in all from the Osa churches were taken at this time to court for what the Reds called a 'trial,' accused of being enemies of the communism. They were beaten, some of them mutilated. One night three priests were taken from our church and shot.

"The Reds looted cathedrals, churches, and chapels, and defiled the sacred places. And their reign here was one of constant bloodshed. I myself saw many murders, saw many prisoners taken in the city or country killed with the butt of a rifle or with the bayonet. I saw others kicked to death, and others tortured before their death, and I have also seen men still living thrown alive into trenches and soil shoveled in on them."

The Colonel had been fingering the leaves of the big album. "Here are some of the Reds of particular note," he said. "Here is a boy, Serge Kitaieff, who was, at 13, a spy for the Reds, with a price on his head in Osa; and here is a sailor of the Black Sea Fleet who rose to be a powerful Bolshevik politician. Here"—he turned the pages—"are many women commissars, mostly young women, you will see. And we have found that the women commissars are beyond the men in their cruelty. They are the most bloodthirsty of all. There are women of less than twenty whose administration is more fiendish than you Americans can conceive. In one town about which we have collected information, the commissar is a girl about 16 years old. She ordered 300 people killed in one day."

A considerable number of these Bolsheviks have been captured. Many, facing death, have confessed, and the Russian military intelligence departments have detailed accounts of the Bolshevik plans for further wholesale murders.

"We have more Bolshevik documents than you can possibly examine, but tomorrow, if you wish, you may have evidence of your own eyes and ears; you may hear from the people here what Bolshevism has meant to them," said the Colonel as he bade us good-night.

On the following morning several sleighs awaited us at staff headquarters. We headed for the Kama river, across a level snowfield. Not far from the staff building, the *sanyi* halted and the Colonel pointed out the city theater. "You may be interested in this. There will probably be,

over there, bodies of some of those murdered by the Reds. They bring in bodies here each day," he informed us.

The interior of the theater had been transformed into a great dark room that looked like something between a church and a mausoleum. Indeed, it is used for funeral services, which partake of both.

Fourteen things lay on the wooden floor. I call them "things" because scarcely any vestige of human quality remained in those incredibly withered, distorted forms covered with rotting rags, to which clung clods of brown earth and lumps of snow. And yet beneath those moldy garments were human bodies. They were now little more than mummies, after the months that had passed while they lay under a thin mantle of frozen earth and a thicker mantle of snow. The room stank of them; the things seemed before our eyes to be shriveling and crumbling toward final dissolution. Two or three women stood silently by while the Americans, doffing their fur caps, made closer examination. The women wept a little, hiding their faces.

Most of the bodies were in civilian dress; one or two in Russian uniform. Three of the men had evidently been peasants, and two, judging by their clothes, were priests. The winter had done its work so well that it was almost impossible to tell with certainty the nature of their wounds, but the skulls of two had been battered in. A Russian, who had helped bring the bodies from their burial-place, said that the entire fourteen had come from one trench. They were now awaiting identification by their relatives; and as we stood by, two more women came in quietly, and without a word passed us and began to scrutinize the shriveled things in their disordered, rotting garments. They went from body to body, looking long at the faces, striving to find some familiar lineament. They were unsuccessful in their quest and moved slowly away. Beneath their close-drawn shawls their faces showed a pitiful mingling of hope and fear.

From the theater we went to the place of the dead—the Golgotha of Bolshevik violence. We drove for nearly a mile over the snow-plain, coming then to a spot where newly-dug earth blemished the white fields, and men and women were laboring with wooden spades among the brown hillocks already cast up. The earthen heaps extended for perhaps two acres, and on one side of this plot

were long and shallow trenches, freshly freed of soil. These were the trenches dug by the Bolsheviks, or, more often, by the prisoners they were about to kill, and the toiling men and women, finding a trench, had only to spade out the snow and dirt along its length to uncover bodies by the twos and threes and tens. There were also single graves, and there were roughly circular holes in the ground where many bodies had lain, one on the other as they had fallen dying of bullet or rifle-butt.

Two soldiers were on guard. The Bolshevik lines were not far to the westward, and there was no security that some sniper might not creep within gunshot, under shelter of the pine thickets, and fire upon those who searched and dug amid the bleak hummocks.

As we arrived they were placing the body of a man in a rude coffin of wood. It had been identified by the widow and daughter as that of Andre Michaelovitch Pryagin. The crime of Andre Michaelovitch Pryagin was that he lived in a brick house. To this the Bolshevik objected. He was, they said, one of the capitalist class which for centuries had exploited the proletariat. So one night they took him from his home and he was heard of no more, until the widow and daughter, laboring and searching in the place of the dead, found the body in a small trench.

I saw the brick house afterward. It was not a large house—just such a modest home as a man of small means in America might build at the end of years of hard work and sacrifice. But the ownership of it was Pryagin's crime.

His body was placed in the coffin and made ready for the sledge to transport it to Osa. The widow and daughter gave their shovels to others and waited, beside the pine-box, to walk with the sledge to the town.

There had been three bodies in this grave, one atop the other. Beneath that of Pryagin was the corpse of a woman. They had just found in her clothing some pieces of money and several rings, the latter tied together with a bit of string, as she had hidden it while the Reds battered at her door and demanded the surrender of her husband for action by the commune. She was, Casagrande said, the wife of a Russian general. They had lived in Petrograd, a well-known family. Her offense was that her husband was a general of the old army—the army that fought when the Czar was in power.

Other bodies were being slowly disinterred. As at the theater, so here, there were women with close-shawled heads, looking among the things that came from the trenches and holes. One, a frail little peasant woman with an edge of white hair showing at her forehead, had just found her son. He had been missing since August. She helped to lift the twisted bundle of rags from the hole into which it had been tossed, and with infinite tenderness tried to smooth from the battered forehead the matted locks of hair. No coffin was in readiness at the moment, and after covering his face and helping to lay the body decently behind a little mound, she took her shovel and aided another peasant woman digging along a trench. The tears ran slowly down her cheeks, and she had often to stop and wipe them away with a cheap cotton-print handkerchief, but I did not hear her sob until the coffin came and two men placed therein the body of her son.

As we drove back to the town, Colonel Casagrande said: "The finding of the bodies progresses slowly now. Sometimes they are discovered a considerable distance from the main trenches. When the snow goes off, it will be easier—the crows will point the way. It is certain also that many—how many one cannot tell—will be found in the fields through all this district. The Reds raided the country, and often their victims were not brought to the town at all—were shot down as they were driven across the fields or along the roads. They lie now under the snow. Sometimes we find them by watching the dogs who hunt and dig in the fields."

On the following morning we visited military hospitals. The Bolsheviks had "administered" these also. They had killed, driven away, or forced into their service almost every doctor in the town. Four out of five of the surgeons, Osa people told us, had been pressed into the service of the Reds under threat of death. This is by no means unusual. One frequently finds in Siberia or Eastern Russia doctors who escaped from the hospitals of the Bolsheviks, just as convicts, desperate under their restraint or persecution, escape from jails.

In the afternoon we heard the stories of women whose husbands, brothers, or sons had been killed by the Bolsheviks. One of the Russian staff had sent out word that the Americans wished to get first-hand and detailed informa-

tion of Red activities. More than fifty women appeared in the course of an hour, and we could have seen and talked to at least a hundred more had there been time or necessity. "They will come as quickly as we can get word to them, but you will find ample confirmation of Bolshevik excesses from these already here," the staff officer predicted.

There were in that group of shabby and white-faced women those who had occupied high station. There were those who had never known anything but toil and struggle to hold their bit of land and feed the multiplying children. There were women from the larger Russian cities—Petrograd, Moscow, Kazan, Kiev; women who had been well-to-do; women from peasant homes; women of the little official circle of Osa. They told their stories with notable straightforwardness, often answering questions slowly to be certain of accuracy. Very seldom that afternoon did I see tears or hear sobs. They had by now borne their grief so long that the tears had all been shed.

From the mass of evidence given us, I shall tell here but a few of the stories, condensing those to the main facts:

Maria Ilynishna Kamaneva: Her husband, a blacksmith, had a little shop of his own. The Bolsheviks demanded of him 5000 roubles. He had no such sum. He was arrested and held prisoner for several days. His wife, imploring the Bolshevik officials for information, was refused any news whatever. A neighbor told her he was taken away and shot about August 25th or 26th. He has never reappeared.

Anastasia Rakutin: On the night of July 28, their home was raided and her husband, a hatter, was taken away by the Bolsheviks. Someone told her that he was shot soon after his arrest, the body thrown across a horse and taken to the Kama river, where it was tossed into the water. A week later the body was found in the river and her friends helped her bury it secretly in the cemetery. Previously the Reds had taken all their live-stock—they had a small stable—except one cow. The wife is now left with four small children.

Maria Gregorievna Chapiro: Husband and two sons killed by the Reds. Husband a customs officer in the Russian service for 31 years; sons were students. On the night of August 26th or 27th a raiding party shouted to open the doors and immediately broke them in. One of the reeling soldiers asked, "Well, who are we going to shoot?" and the two sons and the father were seized. The sons were taken away that night; the father, for some reason unknown, was allowed to remain. Next day the father went to ask the chief commissar for the lives of the sons. The commissar said that they had been sent to Perm. Then the mother went, and on her knees begged that the boys might be spared. The commissar would not even answer her entreaties. Two nights afterwards the house was again raided and the father taken. The following day the mother again went to the commissar, this time

to implore mercy for three instead of two. The commissar said, as he told the sentry to throw her out, "We're tired of you and your talk. If you come again you'll be shot as those three have been." She has heard no more of the missing men.

Ryisa Vasilievna Kasevitch: Her father, Vasili Kasevitch, was assistant police inspector. He was taken on the night of August 18. The day after, she went to the Bolshevik committee and asked for him. They would not give her information. Following this, her mother went to the committee and was told that Kasevitch had been "sent to Perm." They learned from friends that he had been strangled and his body flung into the communal trenches.

Ekaterina Kirilovna Cherdinsova: Her husband, a bailiff of the court, was arrested on September 18, and a week later taken from prison to Red headquarters. That night he was shot. No trial was given him either at the prison or at headquarters. At the latter place he was merely brought before the committee and ordered executed.

Maria Nasonova Petrovitch: Her husband, an attorney attached to the local courts as counsel for the defense, was shot on September 18. The body was flung into the river, and later found on the bank, nude.

So the long toll ran. We questioned the women particularly as to whether the Bolsheviks, after arresting their husbands or sons, had given the prisoners trial. In not one case had a trial been heard of. In many cases it was known that no such preliminary, travesty though it might be, had been allowed by the Red commissar and committees.

One woman, the wife of the peasant Aksonoff, told of the murder of her husband. He had been taken at night, marched to the snowfield, and ordered to dig his grave. When it was finished, his throat was cut, and before he was dead he was flung into the hole and his head and shoulders covered with dirt.

We were told of the killing of Yakov Butokoff, manager of the Osa bank, a man of forty-eight, highly respected in the little town. He was arrested on the night of September 8. In the morning an emissary of the Reds came to the man's wife and demanded 10,000 roubles as the price of her husband's life. They had no money put by, but by appealing to her neighbors, themselves with the scantiest of hoards, she was able to borrow 5,000. This she took to the Red committee, saying it was all she could give. They promised that her husband would be released. He was shot without trial, friends reported to her, but she could learn nothing definite, and went again to the committee to ask for news. They told her that Butokoff had been "sent

to Perm." By this time Osa knew that such an answer meant that the prisoner had been shot. The body was found in the snowfield trenches on March 14.

It was a well-established habit of the Bolsheviks to demand money for the life of the prisoner, to get the money, and then to kill the prisoner. A Tartar merchant told us of the slaying of his father. They had a little shop, and the Reds demanded and received of them 35,000 roubles—the declared price on immunity. After this they arrested and shot the father, a man of sixty; the son escaped by flight.

We had heard at Ekaterinburg that the Bolsheviks, evacuating Osa, had forced a number of girls to accompany them, the girls being chosen after a medical examination to which all females between fifteen and nineteen years were compelled to submit. At Osa, a mother, Varvara Ivanovna Kandakova, confirmed it. She told us that her daughter, employed as clerk in an Osa office, had been forced to go away with the Reds, and that she had heard definitely of other cases. The mayor of the city, Skrutkowski, declared to us that several hundred girls had been taken from the Osa district.

Similar tales of murder, rapine, and extortion were told us at the villages where we stopped between Osa and Kungur. The stories varied in little but the names of the victims—they were all part of one grim tragedy. Men were taken without provocation, killed sometimes in sight of their families and tortured until they succumbed; or their fate was kept secret, to be all too easily guessed. In one village, Yugoknovsk-Zavod, the Bolshevik committee had meetings to name those who were to be killed. This was no secret and there was no pretense of trial.

This story of Osa deals with Bolshevik violence toward inoffensive men and women, but there should be included also reference to their heralded division of property equally among all the proletariat. In point of fact, there was no such division in any of the districts we visited. In all the country thereabouts—between Osa and Kungur—the Bolsheviks had taken the land, stock, and farm implements from peasants and small owners against whom was no complaint of any sort save their modest prosperity, and given it to the hangers-on of the Red camps, the sycophants of the commissars, the rag-tag of the army. In numerous

cases, peasants had suffered the loss of all their land, without compensation.

At Yugoknovsk-Zavod we had the testimony of Nicholas Pfofonoff and Paul Tchernikoff, plain, simple men of the peasant type. Pfofonoff was chairman, and Tchernikoff, a member of the local committee to investigate Bolshevik excesses. It is perhaps needless to state that his committee was not formed until after the Bolsheviks had been driven out. Pfofonoff had hidden for seven months to escape the Reds. He told us that in his district the Bolsheviks had seized all the property of the peasants, delivering it exclusively into the hands of their own men. There was no division of property save among the Bolsheviks.

In brief, the Bolshevik administration in Perm was a military-politico campaign against property, education, religion; against homes and industry; against decency and thrift. In Yugoknovsk-Zavod there is an aged mother, Marfa Simevona Kurochkina, whose two sons were killed by the Reds. When the youngest was shot, the drunken soldier told off to finish him (he was only wounded at the first attempt) said, as he pulled the trigger a second time, "That's what you get because you're educated!" We talked to that mother. We talked to priests of the killing of thirty monks in a great monastery which sits majestically on a snow-covered mountain, visible afar from the Osa-Kungur road. This is the monastery of Billogorski. It was raided by a considerable armed force; while some of the Reds slew the monks, others looted the chapel and choir of their sacred treasures.

The story of Osa is not that of Osa alone. It is the story of many other towns and villages in eastern Russia, under the "ideal communism" preached in Moscow and Petrograd. The Osa we saw in March, 1919, is the example of Bolshevist practices.

RILEY ALLEN.

"THEM DAMNED FROGS"

BY EX-SERGEANT ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

WHATEVER turn is taken by international politics during the next two years, whatever the official post-bellum relations between Washington and the Government of France, the degree of understanding and the nature of the sentiment existing between our people and the French is going to be of incalculable importance in shaping the twentieth century. It is going to give the true character and the only validity to whatever documents our ministers may from time to time endorse.

That is why it is worth while to look back over the history of the A. E. F., and by so doing, to measure and search for the causes of that mutual rancor which developed between the French people and the American troops—the rancor which broke out here and there in riots (as at Brest); which made the irritated Army of Occupation lean over backwards in its affability toward the Rhinelanders; which moved *Le Rire* to some caustic cartoons at the expense of the A. E. F.; and which poured into our astonished ports a stream of returning doughboys all muttering under their breaths a disparagement of "them damned frogs."

What was the origin of that feeling? What was its extent? How long will it last?

Perhaps it would be well first to consider two rather fixed delusions on the subject. For one thing, stay-at-home Americans have, quite pardonably, come to the easy conclusion that all the rancor could be explained by overcharging. Whenever a homecoming soldier was cross-examined because his emotions toward the French hardly seemed in the familiar and difficult key of Lafayette Day oratory, he was wont to talk vaguely of their profiteering, simply because that was the easiest explanation to give.

The real explanation lay much deeper—in most cases beyond reach not only of his powers of expression, but also of his powers of analysis.

As a matter of fact, the amount of overcharging was very slight—astonishingly slight, when one considers that there were more than two million spendthrift Americans in France, far from home, overpaid, irresponsible, and loose in an impoverished country. It is against the nature of the French peasant or shopkeeper to go in all at once for resourceful profiteering, just as it is against his nature to part lightly with a sou on which he has once laid his thrifty hands. Furthermore, both the French Government and the American Army were vigilant in the matter, so that the doughboy was not despoiled with half the unscrupulousness which would have been practised on him among his own people—certainly no more than is the average lot of the expeditionary soldier anywhere under the sun.

Not one French shopkeeper in twenty seemed to think that, with these carefree Yanks scandalously overpaid and overfed when compared with their less fortunate brothers in *horizon bleu,* he was therefore justified in squaring matters slightly by exploiting them at every opportunity. Yet the rising tide of prices the world over, and the steady dwindling of the franc, affected trade in France enough to lend some color to the rumors of exploitation, and it came to be the fashion to talk about it and magnify it in stray *buvettes* from Verdun to Bordeaux.

It was easy to fall into that fashion. I know I fell into it. I remember when our teeming transport set sail from Marseilles one afternoon in May of this year. It was a wonderful day. The Château-d-If lay in the unruffled bay like a pearl set in a plaque of turquoise. A gorgeous Marseillaise, a very Carmen in appearance, stood on the pier and threw parting oranges to the doughboys on board, threw basketful after basketful, while every eye along the rails watched the lithe turn of her splendid body, followed the brilliance of her kerchief, and reflected the flash of her smile when the M. P.'s, for some reason, tried to stop her. "Who would have thought," I ventured, "that our last sight of France would be of someone giving something away?" It won an easy laugh from the loungers within hearing. Yet surely it came contemptibly from the lips of one who, in twenty-two months of soldiering in many towns

and villages of France, had ever been treated fairly, honestly, and with kindly, simple courtesy. This paragraph is written in expiation.

Then, too, there was the delusion from which the French Government suffered—the notion that the whole source of bad feeling was the friction between the French and American staffs. There was such friction, and, during the first few weeks of the Armistice, the staff officers of the Third Army were on edge with irritation at the neighboring French command. But the emotions of a staff officer were not then and are not now of any great importance, and a tide of feeling that sweeps the ranks cannot be turned back or deflected by the handing out of decorations. It is true that the French intrusion on our area of occupation, the French disposition at least to enter every important town of ours from Luxembourg to Coblenz, and the French manner of swaggering into such a town with all bands playing, when the Americans had thought it better sportsmanship and generally more becoming in a victor not to rub it in—it is true that these things turned every American officers' mess in the Rhineland into a forum for the airing of discontent with the "frogs." The sensitive French liaison officers found how the wind was blowing, and sent in effective protests to André Tardieu and other interested parties at Paris. But the liaison officers knew not what was in the minds of the troops.

For between the troops and the French people there had been brewing for many months a mutual dislike. Does it surprise you that there could not be perfect harmony between a stricken nation and the rescuing army of its strongest Ally? Then let me say, rather, that it is astonishing how little outward friction there really was, how great was the genuine good feeling. Consider that here was a nervous, war-worn, disillusioned people, an essentially stay-at-home people that had never learned or cared to learn how to adapt themselves to the ways of outlanders, now suddenly invaded by a further two million of boisterous foreigners, who spoke a different language and lived on a different scale—a host rich in all the youth and gaiety and energy that France was only too bitterly conscious of having lost.

At best, it is as doubtful an experiment for two peoples to dwell together as it is for two people. It is doubly difficult if one of them is old and shrewd and frugal and

poor and old-fashioned, while the other is young and sentimental and gay and spendthrift and rich and modern.

I think that if the dislike developed on one side before the other, its first appearance can be traced to a certain disdain for the French which the outspoken Americans were only too wont to display. To the resulting friction, a hundred and one things contributed, of which high prices constituted the least—little things like the French truckdriver's enraging habit of driving dreamily in the middle of the road, big things like the French street-walker's unprejudiced habit of accepting a negro's attentions as affably as a white man's. Then think of the source of ill feeling there must have been in the spectacularly successful philandering of the Yankees in the villages depopulated by the call of the natives to the front.

Remember that all French cities were not hospitable. Paris, for instance, was quite disinclined to open its gates to swarms of American soldiers on leave, and they were so opened only after General Pershing's stubborn insistence. Even an American who resented the fabricated "crime waves stories" which were the result, could not help sharing some of the old Parisian's dismay, could not help echoing the prayer in Montaigne's tribute to his beloved city: "God of his mercy free her and chase all our divisions from her!"

Nor are all French cities of the sort to win the wayfarer's regard for that troubled country. Any American who has tarried even a little while in some of its sorrier sections can well understand why not every homegoing doughboy was in any mood to repeat the farewell of an earlier exile: "*Adieu, charmant pays de France!*" Indeed, much of the bewildering variations in the doughboy's report on France and the French can be ascribed to France's own infinite variety. Different parts of France, even different towns in the same part of France, are unlike to a degree without parallel in America, and without explanation to the American mind. You might expect to find differences between Le Havre and Marseilles (though Portland, Maine and Portland, Oregon, are not half so unlike) but why should such close neighbors as Ste. Ménéhould and St. Mihiel vary as night and day? Why should a hike from sour Bar-le-duc to nearby St. Dizier strike the startled wayfarer as a walk from Purgatory to Paradise?

A Frenchman visiting these intriguing *Etats-Unis*

would, if he liked the people of Geneva, N. Y., also find himself at home in Bixby, Arizona, or in Winston-Salem in La Caroline du Nord. But an American who knows only the sweet languor and friendly folk of Avignon does not know how chilling an experience it can be to settle down even for a season in such a sink-hole as Efize-la-bruleé, or to know the French only through the rather forbidding samples who make up the citizenry of Meaux. So an American who was stationed in Coulommiers would come away with fond memories of a cheery, hospitable people he could not possibly have cherished had his service overseas kept him a few kilometers to the East among the drab streets and long faces of La Fère Champenoise.

The reason why French communities have such pronounced personalities and have grown so far apart is, of course, because, for several thousand years, there has been little coming and going from one to the other. Your true Frenchman lives and dies within the village where he was born, and if he ever embarks on such an adventure as a journey to the village over the hill, he considers it well worth talking about over his dominoes for the next thirty years. The good folk who dwell in Hattonchatel (and whose ancestors probably dwelt there before Caesar started the fashion of laying siege to Paris) can see the steep slope of our Montsec from the square beside the monastary in their own hilltop village. But how many have ever made the day's walk to Montsec? Not one in a hundred. Kin of the d'Arc family still live in sheltered, drowsy Domremy. It took the tremendous pressure of an aroused public opinion to force Tartarin out of Tarascon. It is easy to see how the French towns have taken on each its separate character, and how you can no more say, without qualification, "France and the French are lovable," than you can say all men are lovable or all food palatable. Parts of France, many parts, are, I think, more winning than any place under the sun. Other parts are repellent. Had I known St. Nazaire alone and not Soissons, I too, might have cursed the "damned frogs." The tourist who has been to Paris and Avignon, and who has done the château country in a motor-car, doesn't know the France the doughboy knew, doesn't know the France pictured in the letter of a machine-gun captain I want to quote, a letter worth pondering because, within

it, there are the clues to so much of all the friction that developed. The captain wrote :

My battalion was billeted for four months in a small town not far from Dijon. Last November we marched down from the Argonne, a distance of 150 miles. The town has perhaps three hundred people altogether. A tourist might tell you that it was picturesque, but things have a rather different aspect when viewed from the tonneau of a limousine or from the first floor of an old barn, and whatever else it might have been, it certainly was darned uncomfortable. Our battalion, about 1,000 strong, found themselves confronted with roofs that leaked and doors that seeped, with cooties and with mud, with endless inspections and drills, fatigues and marches, with rain for 53 (actual count) consecutive days, to say nothing of a shortage of fuel, a lack of lights and few amusements. I think any fair-minded person would agree that obviously the thing to do was to drown your troubles in *vin blanc*, and although I must say the men behaved remarkably well, still, there was all the drinking that the Army pay allows, and the things incident to it.

We stole honey and rabbits, smashed windows, tore up doors for firewood, shot wild boars with service rifles, with wonderful disregard for the safety of the French civique, and once in a while would start a killing party, which fortunately, never killed anyone, although some poilus told me they thought it safer at the front. Aside from these things, there were the necessary evils incident to occupation—*i. e.*, increased prices, ruined roads, and the general wear and tear.

Yet in spite of all these things, in spite of the fact that we had run over their town roughshod, there was not a woman in the town who did not cry when we marched away. The cynic will say that they were thinking of the 60,000 francs we spent there each month, but I think it was more than that. Big, sunny, exuberant Yanks—as carefree and cheerful as school boys—how could any one, let alone the kindly French people, help liking them? You cannot tell me that the one desire of these peasants of Yonne was to see us go—no, not by a good deal. With all our faults, they loved us still, and with all our talk there are lots of us who have learned to love the French.

Also, of course there was always present as an irritant the abiding difference between the French and the American point of view about the war. It was inevitable that the high-pitched, rose-strewn, arm-in-arm fraternity with which the first American contingent was received in Paris could scarcely have maintained. You might as well expect Caruso always to sing high C, a feat which would prove not only physically impossible to him but extremely monotonous to his audience. Many arriving transports, however, came keyed to expect some such pleasant welcome, and were disconcerted by the routine absence of any demonstration. Then, when a little friction would arise, here or there, perhaps a squabble over the bill for

deux oeufs sur-le-plat or a scrimmage over the last remaining seat in a second-class compartment,—the doughboy would feel, and very likely say, that the frogs were ungrateful.

And the frogs,—who coldly resent being so called, anyway,—saw absolutely no reason why they should be grateful to the Americans. If anything, they considered that the shoe was on the other foot. To the mussy, battered old poilu, sitting in the corner of his smoky, smelly *buvette* and listening to a stalwart young American proclaim that America had won the war and saved the world, there must have risen a vision always of a lost brother, a mutilated *copain,* a million wooden crosses which told him who did most to save the world.

By the time the Armistice was signed, the French had grown weary of being slowly "saved" by England and America—unutterably weary of forever being called the "guardians at the frontier of freedom," and then being left to do all the guarding. As the French never forgave England for taking and holding so little of the line during the first three years of the war, so they never quite forgave America for holding back so long. If, as all Frenchmen believed from the first, and as in time, most Americans came to see, it was as much to America's interest as to France's that the German plan should be checked, then the French could see no reason why the Americans should not have entered the lists from the start. The Frenchman was thankful when America came, keenly appreciative of the quality of American aid when it did come, and thoroughly aware that that aid had turned the scales. But he also knew that the youth of his own country would not all have had to be spent had America come quickly. The American thought of the few magnificent troops that were flung into the breach at Château-Thierry and talked of "saving France." The Frenchman thought of the bitter acres before Verdun, and knew who saved America.

This feeling found no expression in the months of battle. The poilu was too polite and too politic to give it voice. But it is small wonder that it was blurted out occasionally in the trying weeks of negotiation after the peace delegates assembled—as it was, for instance, on a cover of *Le Rire,* where a cartoon showed the poilu on guard at the Rhine, on the other side of which a shadowy but gigantic ogre

crouched ominous. Large, hearty, cheery, a Yank was bidding farewell to the little man in faded *horizon bleu.*

"Good bye, Poilu," the Yank was saying. "And if that fellow comes back across the river, just you send for me and, after waiting for three years, I'll run over and help you."

Which expresses, if not the French national viewpoint, at least the French irritation at the American's bland ignoring of the French side of it. There was provocation enough for such lampoons, Heaven knows. I remember the fatuous colonel commanding the troops returning on one voyage of a commandeered French liner. He was properly indignant at the absolutely inedible meat which the French cooks were dishing out for our boys. He descended majestically into the ship's kitchen and made a ringing speech to those cooks. He asked them with a flourish what they meant by feeding such stuff to the soldiers who had "saved their country for them."

But none of all this—not the exasperations of the French viewpoint on the war, not the chilling reception from this or that French town, not the dismal memory of any particular town, were really in the back of the soldier's mind when he called the French "the damned frogs." The young American dislikes the Frenchman because he is not clean.

In the evil-smelling French villages, with their medieval notions of sanitation, their heaps of long-undisturbed manure, the Yankee felt that he was in a country scarcely worth saving; nor did the months of fog and rain in such ghastly spots as Brest and Blois and St. Aignan reveal France in a more appealing light. Many sympathized with the darkey soldier who swore that all he had seen in France was mud and kilometers.

To some, of course, the very age of the country commended it. To some, the sight of Nantes and Tours and Angers stirred old memories, and there was ever an exultation in the very thought: "I am in France." But not many Americans had an historical sense to bring over with them in their barrack bags. A relish for the quaint is not widespread in a democratic army.

For the most of the A. E. F., there was no softening veil of sentiment drawn across France, and it might as well be said plainly that the average American was scandalized at the personal uncleanliness of the average Frenchman,

appalled at his indifference to the dentist and his unfamiliarity with the tooth-brush. Young America is clean. The difference in this between an American camp and a French camp was startling. The campaign of education in the matter of cleanliness which our public-schools have made in routine fashion these many years has borne fruit in a generation of bathers and toothbrushers such as even Harrow and Eton and Rugby could not outdo.

It was an army made up of youth intolerant in these matters that entered Rhennish Prussia and found it dotted with well-kept, broad-walked, towns, lively with modern and enterprising shopwindows. Above all, they found it clean. Then, on all sides, the doughboys could be heard saying: "These people are more like us. We like them better than we do the French." Whereat the French were hurt, worried, perplexed.

It would, however, be a mistake to think this physical kinship deeper than it was, or not to recognize that the fellowship of the liberty-loving peoples of France and America is a deeper and more permanent thing. The Americans share the same sewage system with the Germans: with the French, they share the same ideals and cast of political thought. The things which made the Germans and the Army of Occupation dwell in harmony were the purely physical things which count most when two people are trying to live together in the same house. The things that bind the French and the Americans are matters of the spirit, and it is these which, I hope and believe, will count as the years pass by.

So I am glad that the legend of French exploitation took possession of the A. E. F. and that the troops were moved to assign all their rancor to it. Because, when they came back to prices far more staggering, it left them a little sheepish, a little remorseful, and opened the door of their hearts for readmission there of such sneaking fondness for the French as they may have had. Most soldiers, at one time or another, swore at the frogs. Many of them already can say with Laertes:

> Yet now, I must confess, that duty done,
> My thoughts and wishes bend again toward France.

ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT.

THE DUTY OF A WAR PENSION

BY MAJOR JOHN L. TODD

(LATELY A MEMBER OF THE BOARD OF PENSION COMMISSIONERS FOR CANADA.)

ALL democratic peoples hold that war is a social risk, When a social unit, a nation, is at war, each of its citizens is equally affected, equally liable for public service. Those who give public service do so not for themselves alone but for the society of which they are a part. Therefore, each citizen should share equally in the suffering which war brings to his nation. War may make citizens suffer in property or in person. Compensation for property loss lies outside the province of a war pension. A war pension compensates only for personal detriment.

To secure good pension law and its proper administration we must fortify and guide our desire to deal fairly with fighting men by understanding what should be done for them and the manner and cost of doing it. The bill is a heavy one. Its payment will be a burden. In Canada, war pensions, apart from other benefits of similar intention, already cost each Canadian four dollars a year.

A pension is but part of the compensation which is provided by the State on behalf of those who have suffered in their persons by death or disablement. Additional compensation is given in other ways. War disabilities, whether they appear during service or after discharge, are made as small as may be by medical and surgical treatment and by the use of artificial limbs or other appliances. Men who, by their disabilities, are unable to follow ordinary employment, are taught, in schools, shops, and soldiers' settlements the vocation for which they are best fitted. Assistance in obtaining suitable employment in industry, agriculture or commerce, is given to individuals not only through employment agencies but by loans. By these measures, the economic effect of personal disablement and of the loss of

habits occasioned through absence at the war are minimized. Similarly, training and opportunity of employment are offered for the dependents of men who have died. These things, in varying degree, are being done by each of the nations. That they are being done by peoples differing greatly in tradition and organization is a striking witness to their necessity and appropriateness.

War pension money is, then, a part of the compensation provided by a community for those of its citizens who have suffered personal detriment during war service. A war pension is not paid because of ordinary or exceptionally gallant services given in war; naval and military pay and allowances do that. A war pension does not compensate for economic loss through destruction of property, or interruption of business. A war pension compensates only for detriment, bodily or mental, to the persons of those who serve their country in war. The peace-time pensions of professional sailors and soldiers have a different basis. They are a part of the remuneration provided by the terms of their engagement in the Navy or Army.

A war pension is money owed to a *sailor, soldier* or his *dependents* because of his *disablement* or *death.* The object of the pension is to ensure for the pensioner and his dependents *maintenance* which he is unable to provide. That statement seems simple; but it leaves many things undecided. Let us ask ourselves questions suggested by the words printed in italics.

Who is "a soldier"? Should not those who were injured by hostile action while serving with the Y. M. C. A., or with the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, receive pensions? Yet they are neither sailors nor soldiers.

Who are "dependents"? Are all whom a soldier supported, or whom he would support were he able to do so, eligible for a dependent's pension? Or, are pensions to be refused to those who are not nearly related to him or are able to support themselves? At present, the tendency is to pay pensions, without question, to all whose actual dependency on a soldier can be shown to exist.

Must disablement or death, to give right to pension, be the direct result of naval or military service? It is often difficult, even during a man's service—sometimes it is impossible—to determine whether a casualty is or is not the result of that service. The difficulty is the greater since,

after a man's discharge, a disability, caused by events which occurred during his service, may appear or be increased. Because of these difficulties, unless death or disablement is caused by a man's own deliberate wrongdoing, most nations grant pensions for all who die or are disabled during their war service. A strong reason for doing so is the national desirability of ensuring a healthy home to every worthy citizen and his family; by his service is proved the quality of a soldier's citizenship.

What standard of maintenance does pension provide? The standard of maintenance which pension should ensure is, by most nations, considered to be that decent comfort for himself and his family which the labor of an unskilled but healthy and willing man can always secure in the general market for labor such as his. It is a wise decision. That standard of decent comfort makes it certain that the homes of former sailors and soldiers can be those of efficient citizens.

In war, public service may be required from every citizen. The accident of vocational skill, or of private income, or of military rank, should make no difference in the amount of pension paid to each of two former civilians who, drafted for service under the same law, while advancing side by side, suffer identical injuries from a single shell. Like disabilities entitle to like pension. In estimating pension ability the degree of injury to the soldier's person alone is considered—not his earning power or his manner of living as a civilian. Apart from its undesirability, the administrative difficulties of basing pensionability on earning power or on former habits are insurmountable. Actual attempts, in many cases, have shown it to be impossible to do so; on this continent few men have permanently settled occupations; again, it is not possible to determine what young soldiers who were students or apprentices would have earned had they not been disabled. The United States has decided that there shall be but one standard of maintenance for pensioned men, officers and privates alike. The United States is alone in giving a like pension for a like disability to men of all military ranks; in other countries, an Officer receives a larger pension than does a Private who suffers from an identical injury. In some cases, this is so because the Officer's higher pension is looked on as an incentive to good work and as a reward

for responsibilities borne; in others, because it is rightly held that officers and their dependents must receive the higher pensions to which they are entitled by the terms under which they engaged in the service.

What pension law should do is clear. It should distribute the cost of personal injuries so that no one of us may bear more than his share of the hardships which the death and maiming of thousands have brought to our people. The purpose of war pensions is to insure the individual against personal war risks; we all want the policies to be paid. The intention is simple. But the questions which have just been asked and, in part, answered, indicate that the drafting and administration of a law which will accomplish the effect desired are matters of great and detailed difficulty.

Let us, while bearing in mind all that has been said, re-read the definition of a pension and discuss points, suggested by it, which most require consideration.

War pensions—war risk insurance against personal injury—is an extension to the risks of war of loss-distributing methods familiar in ordinary business. Through war pensions, the joint responsibility of all citizens to share in damages incurred by individual citizens while giving war service is recognized. In doing so, the community of interest and interdependence of each citizen in a commonwealth is again acknowledged. That community of interest is especially felt in closely-organized communities. Consequently, it is especially in the Old World that nations provide both pensions against the risks of war and, against the risks of peace, State Insurance for death and ill-health.

Because it is often impossible to decide whether a disability is due to the risks of a soldier's war service or to the accustomed risks of existence which continue during his service, pensions are usually paid for all disabilities incurred during service. It is logical to do so in countries where State insurance against ill-health and death exist. The United States' system of War Risk Insurance—War Pensions—has a similar tendency. It differs from other pension systems in the arrangement by which a soldier, who is always protected against war risks by an adequate pension, may purchase insurance against death and disablement at normal rates. The insurance protects him both during his service and after his discharge. The plan is a sound one.

It presents a means by which those who are accustomed to a high standard of living may arrange for an income larger than an ordinary pension in the event of their being disabled or killed; and it obviates the difficulties which often make it impossible to decide whether a casualty, appearing during service or after discharge, is or is not the result of war risk.

The difficulty of doing otherwise makes it justifiable to accept all detriments affecting a soldier during his service as being due to war risks, and to pay pension in compensation for them. It is not justifiable to do so after his discharge. Yet protection for discharged men must be provided against disabilities and death, the result of war risks, which may appear after service is ended. That protection may be provided by war pension, by insurance services, or by both.

It has been suggested that it should be possible, at a soldier's discharge, to make an estimate of any reduced expectation of life or of any increased susceptibility to ill-health and accident, and to pay him a proportionately increased pension. It cannot be done. To attempt to do so would place a task of prophecy, impossible of fulfillment, upon the physicians and surgeons appointed to make the estimate. Attempts to protect men by pension against war-caused detriment appearing after discharge are hampered by the impossibility of determining whether some disabling conditions do or do not result from service. Disagreement and dissatisfaction are, therefore, inevitable under a system which attempts to do so. If the attempt is made, pensions will be granted in all doubtful cases as well as through political pressure in some that are not doubtful; and public money will be paid to men who suffer from disabilities in no wise connected with their service. It is simpler, and cheaper, to pension men at discharge for disabilities then apparent in them and to offer them insurance at normal rates against the appearance of additional disabilities.

Insurance may be given either by the Government or by private companies. In whatever way it is provided, disabled men should be able to purchase appropriately limited amounts of insurance against life risks and industrial or personal accident at normal rates, irrespective of any lessened expectation of life or of greater susceptibility to ill-health or accident which may exist in them. The body

administering pensions must be closely in touch with the administration of any insurance service provided for men after their discharge. Indeed, since war pensions are State insurance against war risks, war risk insurance might well be grouped with all other forms of State-provided personal insurance under a single administrative body.

Proved dependency, almost invariably, should entitle to pension. Legal right to support often fails to indicate those whom a pensioner would support; experience shows that many soldiers have never been legally married to the wives whom they maintain. To prevent abuse, some pension laws prohibit the granting of pensions to certain categories of persons. As a rule, such prohibitions are unwise. There are always exceptional cases in which a prohibition works hardship, unless exceptional means of giving relief are provided.

To illustrate this point let us consider three cases. In order to prevent brothers and sisters who are able to support themselves from claiming dependency, it has been held that pensions should not be paid to brothers and sisters who have reached adult age. This would prevent pension from being granted to the crippled sister of a sergeant, killed in the war, who had supported her until she was 35 and had enlisted believing that a pension would safeguard her should he die. In order to prevent pensioners who are nearing death from being married to secure pension for a surviving widow, it has been held that women who marry a man subsequent to the incurrence of his disability should not be pensionable if that disability subsequently causes her husband's death. This would deny pension to a woman who married a legless pensioner and bore him children, if he died after an operation necessitated by a recurrence of inflammation in his stump. His widow and children would receive no pension; but their husband and father died as a result of injuries incurred in the war. In order to prevent parents who should be able to support themselves from claiming dependence, it has been held that pension should not be payable to parents of pensioners who are already receiving pension for a wife and children. This would prevent a disabled man from giving his father and mother the hospitality which the fireside of a sound man can always offer aged parents. The factors which influence the establishment of dependency are too varied to

be reduced to definitions. Exceptions, where hardships would be inflicted, are certain to result from any attempt to do so. It is better to adopt a general principle—to decide that, where dependency is proved, pension is payable, and to secure the wise application of that principle by an efficient administration of pension law.

The pension paid to disabled men varies in amount in accordance with the degree of disability existing in them. In estimating the degree of a disability, no consideration is given to a man's age, previous earnings, or specialized technical ability. Consideration is given only to the pension applicant's inability to do things which he is unable to do because of events occurring during his service. The physical and mental condition of a sailor or soldier is established by medical examinations made at his enlistment, at his discharge, and whenever it is necessary to do so for pension purposes. At these examinations the extent of any disability is estimated. In order to assist and guide the physicians and surgeons who estimate the extent of disabilities, Disability Tables have been drafted. These tables are based upon the practice of old pension administrations, upon judgments from all parts of the world in industrial accident cases, and upon experience of what has actually happened to men disabled in civilian life who, thrown on their own resources, have attempted to maintain themselves by their own labor. The material upon which the tables are based is insufficient. Some of the values given in the tables are certainly wrong. Nevertheless, as a whole, the tables are reliable. They are essential in order to secure uniformity among surgeons in their estimation of the degrees of disability resulting from identical injuries.

The values given in a Disability Table should be based, not upon precedent, but upon the actual experience by each pensioning nation of exactly what men suffering from given disabilities can do. To secure sound values, the Disability Table should be maintained by the pensioning authority and be corrected, as necessity arose, in accordance with actual experience of the success in civil life of disabled pensioners. As has been said, some of the values given by existing tables are certainly wrong. For example, a man who loses one eye does not lose half of his capacity; it is wrong to say that the loss of one eye entails a disability of 50%. An estimate of 20% would be more nearly accurate.

The nature and combinations of injuries may vary infinitely. Consequently, no Table of Disabilities can give a percentage of disability for every possible injury or combination of injuries. In a Disability Table, certain injuries, such as the loss of both eyes, both arms, both legs, are taken as being totally disabling; they are listed as entailing a disability of 100 per cent. Less grave injuries, such as the whole or partial loss of use of an eye, or of an arm, or of a leg, cause disabilities of less than 100 per cent. To say that an injury produces a disability of 100 per cent, means that it produces a disability equivalent to that caused by the loss of, let us say, two legs. It does not mean that the man who is said to be totally disabled is unable to work and to contribute to his own support. Most blind men earn little or nothing; therefore, blindness is said to cause a disability of 100 per cent. Exceptionally, by determination and industry, a blind man earns much. The exceptional income earned by a disabled man of exceptional merit is his. That he earns it is not considered in the estimation of his disability; the percentage of total disability present in him is determined, in accordance with the Disability Table, by the extent of the inability to do things occasioned by his damaged body and mind. If he earns in spite of his disability, his earnings are the reward of his exceptional industry and determination, and his pension is uninfluenced by them.

When the extent of a disability, or combination of disabilities, not stated in the Disability Table is estimated, a comparison is made between the inability to do things entailed by some injury named in the list and by the injury which is in question. By that comparison, an estimate of the percentage of disability existing in the case under consideration is arrived at. The extent of the disability at first caused by a given injury diminishes when the injured man becomes accustomed—accommodated—to his injury. For example, the absence of an arm entails a greater percentage of disability during the first months after the loss than it does later. Similarly, the pensions awarded at first for many disabilities are later reduced. Men who are past middle-age and those of unadaptable temperament sometimes cannot accommodate themselves to their disabled condition or do not do so as rapidly as is done by the average man; cautious consideration must be given to this fact

in making allowance for the period of accommodation.

In estimating for pension purposes the *extent of disability* resulting from a war injury, the damage done to the body and mind of the pension claimant is alone considered; consideration is not given to the loss of earning power resulting from the injury. In estimating, for the administration of a Workmen's Compensation Act, the extent of disability existing in a man injured in an industrial accident, consideration is given, in determining the *amount of compensation* to be paid, to the past and possible future earnings of the injured man. In the administration of pensions, the number of dollars as pension for total disability is set by the accepted standard of decent comfort. The physician, in estimating the extent of the disability existing in an applicant for pension, considers only the amount of incapacity produced in the human machine which he is examining by the injuries which it has received. Sound men are able to do many things. If a man is disabled, one or more of his abilities is lost, or lessened. It is for the loss, or lessening, of ability to walk, to handle, to see, to hear, and so on, that pensions are paid. There is an obligation upon a disabled man, as upon all citizens, to use the ability which remains to him. That ability, coupled with a pension compensating for his disability, permits the pensioner to obtain the decent comfort for himself and his dependents which it is the intention of pension law to secure to him. An injury disables either through making the performance of a normal action impossible, or through making it inadvisable for a man to engage in certain occupations: watch-making is impossible for a man without hands; it is inadvisable for a man with a damaged heart to engage in heavy labor, or for one whose disfigurement is repulsive to act as a salesman.

If a disability is wilfully self-inflicted, pension is not payable. Society owes nothing to a man who has made himself an inefficient soldier or citizen by his own deliberate, unsocial action. Similarly, if a man refuses to accept reasonably undangerous and unpainful treatment by which his disability may be removed or reduced, he should receive no pension. The removable disability persists through his refusal to accept appropriate treatment. Nevertheless, for social reasons, it is desirable that relief should be given to the necessitous dependents of a man to whom pension is refused for these reasons.

Conceivably, disabilities might be arranged according to their severity in an infinite number of gradations; actually, the degree of an injured man's detriment is estimated in percentages of total disability. The hundred grades so set are, for convenience of administration, usually grouped in fives; and though disabilities vary, they receive a pension of the same class unless there is a difference of five per cent between them. If classes covering a range of less than five per cent are established, administration becomes meticulous and irksome; if a greater range is used, men with too obviously unequal disabilities receive equal pensions.

If a totally disabled man requires the constant or periodical services of an attendant, an allowance for assistance is made to him for that purpose, and is added to his pension.

The amount of money which will secure decent comfort for a totally disabled man can be determined, from time to time, with sufficient accuracy by referring to existing costs of living. The object of the pension is to ensure to pensioners homes which will permit those living in them to be efficient citizens. In a sound community, a healthy laborer, without any special ability, can provide such a home for himself and his family. Therefore, the object of a pension will be obtained by a sound community if the amount of the pension paid to a totally disabled man, who is presumably unable to contribute to his own maintenance, is equal to the remuneration which a healthy laborer commands. If a Government pays, from the taxes of its citizens, a sum greater than this to soldiers by way of pensions, it makes of them a privileged class. It makes of them a class who live at a higher standard than do the majority of those whose taxes support them. Under such an arrangement, a civilian becomes a helot; helotism is healthy for no State.

Since the number of dollars which will purchase the things—food, shelter, clothing, education, and recreation—necessary for decent comfort varies, from time to time, it is necessary that the amount given to a totally disabled pensioner should be revised periodically in accordance with changes in the cost of living. In determining the cost of living, a general average of the whole community should be taken and the amount of pension should be based neither

upon the highest cost of living in a large city nor upon the lowest cost in a backward rural area.

The pensions paid by some of the Allied nations are insufficient to secure a decent livelihood for men who left their recently-made American homes to fight in the armies of their motherland and are now returning disabled. The pensions paid by Canada and the United States are more than sufficient to secure decent comfort to those who leave this continent to become permanent residents of places where living is cheaper than it is here. It would be in accordance with the principles on which pension law is founded if we increased the pensions of those pensioners of Allied countries who are resident with us to the amount which is considered necessary to secure decent comfort for our own men. Conversely, the amount of pension paid to our pensioners who leave us to live elsewhere should be reduced to an amount sufficient to secure decent comfort in the place of their residence.

In a country which accepts the majority of its citizens' voices as the highest authority, the power of final decision must remain with the elected representatives of the people. But, under a form of government which permits the pressure of personal interest to be exerted immediately upon administrators, it is often advisable to place officials responsible for the execution of a definite public service beyond the effect of any influence which might tend to deflect them from an exact realization of the responsibility entrusted to them. Also, where prompt action is the essence of efficient service, as it is with pensions, it has been found advisable to entrust the administration of important public matters to hands that are untrammelled by the red tape of governments. For these reasons, war pensions should be the province of an important administrative and advisory body of Commissioners. The functions of the Commissioners are, in part, judicial. As for Judges, the terms of their appointment should secure in them understanding and impartiality.

A Board of three Commissioners appointed to administer war pensions should be formed of pensioners who have given distinguished war service. They should be made independent of partisan control by sufficient remuneration and by making them revokable only by joint action of both Legislative Houses. The Board's authority over all

questions of pensions administration should be absolute. While the making of law is the function of legislative bodies, the Pension Commissioners should be consulted and their advice should be heard before any measure affecting pensions becomes law. In order that as little as possible may be left to their unguided decision, they should recommend to the Government for enactment, as it becomes possible to do so, concrete legislation which their codified experience has shown them to be necessary. The Board should, as necessity arose, and guided always by the intention expressed in the general principles of pension law, recommend changes in the Disability Table and in the amount of pension made necessary by variation in the cost of the standard of living accepted as constituting decent comfort. By such an arrangement the needs of pensioners would always receive prompt relief from appropriate laws.

In the administration of pensions the Commissioners must be supported by a law permitting the imposition of severe penalties for attempted pension fraud. In order to make certain that the money paid to a pensioner as the head of his family, or, if he is dead, paid to his dependents, is fulfilling the purposes for which it is granted and is providing the decent comfort for which it is adequate, pensioners should be visited periodically. If the money is being improperly spent its proper expenditure should be made certain. If necessary, guardians for minors and incompetents should be appointed or actual assistance and instruction be given to those whose failure to secure decent comfort is due to avoidable causes, such as ignorance and household mismanagement. Prompt and acceptable service of this nature can only be given through local organizations. Branch offices of the Pension Board should have an intimate knowledge of their field and employ professional social service workers; those who give assistance and instruction in social matters must receive professional training in their work exactly as a nurse receives training in the care of those who are ill. The visitors and social service workers of branch pension offices must be prepared to do everything from straightening out a matrimonial tangle to finding a job or nursing a baby! Since it may be necessary to consider such intimate details of family life, pensions administration can be satisfactory only if a wide measure of responsibility is vested in the local agents who actually come in contact

with pensioners. Nevertheless, while immediate action should often be taken upon decisions made locally, all local action must be subject to the control of a central office where the power of veto and final decision must always remain. It is only through such a control that uniformity and impartiality can be secured in the administration of pensions.

While pension is the most familiar of the methods by which returning sailors and soldiers are assured an independent position in civilian life, it is but one of the measures established for that purpose. From the nature of its functions, the body administering pensions must be in constant touch with pensioners long after their daily dependence upon departments giving them medical attention, vocational training, or assistance in finding employment has ceased. For that reason, it is advisable that all of the agencies by which the community liquidates its debt to those who died or have been disabled in the war, should gradually pass to the administrative control of the body administering pensions. The word " all " is used advisedly. In some countries, private and semi-official societies publicly solicit subscriptions and distribute assistance to persons who suffered in the war and who cannot, under existing laws, be relieved by governmental pensioning bodies. Such a situation is inadmissible. There is no place for private charity in a plan of relief for war-caused hardship.

JOHN L. TODD.

CHAPTERS OF ROOSEVELT'S LIFE—IV

By WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

PROMETHEUS BOUND

THE event which put Roosevelt's patriotism to the final test, and, as it proved, evoked all his great qualities in a last display, was the outbreak of the atrocious World War in August, 1914. By the most brutal assault in modern times, Germany, and her lackey ally, Austria, without notice, overran Belgium and Northeastern France, and devastated Serbia. The other countries, especially the United States, were too startled at first to understand either the magnitude or the possible implications of this war. On August 18th, President Wilson issued the first of his many variegated messages, in which he gave this warning: "We must be impartial in thought as well as in action, must put a curb upon our sentiments as well as upon every transaction that might be construed as a preference of one party to the struggle before another." He added that his first thought was of America.

Any one who analyzed his message carefully must have wondered how it was possible, in the greatest moral issue which had ever been thrust before the world's judgment, to remain impartial "even in thought" between good and evil.

But the masses did not reason. They used his admonition to remain neutral "even in thought" to justify them in not having any great anxiety as to who was right and who wrong; and they interpreted his concern for "America first" as authorizing them to go about their affairs and profit as much as they could by the warlike conditions. Some of us, indeed, took an opposite view. We saw that the conflict, if fought to a finish, would decide whether Democracy or Despotism should rule the earth. We felt that the United States, the vastest, strongest, and most pop-

ulous Republic in the world, pledged to uphold Democracy, should throw itself at once on the side of the European nations which were struggling, against great odds, to save Democracy from the most atrocious of despots. Inevitably, we were regarded as incorrigible idealists whose suggestions ran counter to etiquette and were, after all, crazy.

For several years, Roosevelt had been a contributing editor of the *Outlook,* and although his first instinct, when the Germans ravished Belgium, was to protest and then, if necessary, to follow up our protest by a show of force, he wrote in the *Outlook* an approval of our taking immediately a neutral attitude. Still, he did not let this preclude stern action later. "Neutrality," he said, "may be of prime necessity to maintain peace . . . but we pay the penalty of this action on behalf of peace for ourselves, and possibly for others in the future, by forfeiting our right to do anything on behalf of peace for the Belgians at present." Three years afterwards these sentences of his were unearthed by his enemies and flung against him; but his dominant purpose, from the start, was too well known for any one to accuse him of inconsistency. He assumed, when President Wilson issued his impartial "even in thought" message, that the President must have some secret diplomatic information which would vindicate it.

As the months went on, however, it became clear to him that Mr. Wilson was pursuing towards the European War the same policy of contradictions,—of brief paroxysms of boldness, followed by long periods of lassitude, which had marked his conduct of our relations towards the Mexican bandits. He saw only too well, also, into what ignoble depths this policy led us. Magnificent France, throttled Belgium, England willing but not yet ready, devastated Serbia, looked to us for sympathy and help, and all the sympathy they got came from private persons in America, and of help there was none. Meanwhile, the Germans undermined and gangrened the American people. Every ship brought over their slyest and most unscrupulous propagandists, who coöperated with the despicable German professors and other agents already planted here, and opened the sewers of their doctrines. Their spies began to go up and down the land, without check. Count Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, assumed to play with the Adminis-

tration at Washington as a cat might play with half a score of mice, feeling sure that he could devour them when he chose. A European gentleman, who came from a neutral country, and called on Bernstorff in April, 1915, told me that when he asked the Ambassador how he got on with the United States, he replied: "Very well, indeed; we pay no attention to the Government, but go ahead and do what we please." Within a fortnight, the sinking of the *Lusitania* showed that Bernstorff had not boasted idly.

Roosevelt understood the harm which the German conspiracy was doing among our people, not only by polluting their ideals, but actually by strengthening the coils which the propagandists had been winding to strangle at the favorable moment American independence itself. We discovered then that the process of Germanization had been going on secretly during twenty years. Since England was the chief enemy in the way of German world domination, the German-Americans laid themselves out to render the English odious here. And they worked to such good purpose that the legal officers of the Administration admonished the American people that the English, in holding up merchant vessels laden with cargoes for Germany, committed breaches against international law which were quite as heinous as the sinking by German submarines of ships laden with American non-combatants. They magnified the loss of a cargo of perishable food and set it against the ferocious destruction of neutral human beings. Senator Lodge, however, expressed the clear thought and right feeling of Americans when he said that we were more moved by the thought of the corpse of an innocent victim of the Hun submarines than by that of a bale of cotton.

These enormities, these sins of omission and commission, of which Roosevelt declared our Government guilty, amazed and exasperated him, and from the beginning of 1915 onward, he set himself three tasks: He wished to expose and circumvent German machinations over here. Next, he deemed it a pressing duty to rouse our country to the recognition that we must prepare at once for war. He saw, as every other sensible person saw, that as the conflict grew more terrible in Europe and spread into Asia and Africa, we should be drawn into it, and that therefore we must make ready. He seconded the plan of General

Leonard Wood to organize a camp for volunteers at Plattsburg and other places; and what that plan accomplished in fitting American soldiers to meet and vanquish the Kaiser's best troops, has since been proved. President Wilson, however, would not officially countenance any preparation which, so far as the public was allowed to know his reasons, might be taken by the Germans as an unfriendly act. Finally, Roosevelt labored unceasingly to revive and make militant the ideals of true Americanism.

That the Germans accurately gauged that President Wilson would not sanction any downright vigorous action against them, was sufficiently proved on May 7, 1915, when German submarines torpedoed and sunk, at two o'clock in the afternoon, the British passenger steamship *Lusitania,* eastward bound, a few miles south of the Point of Kinsale on the Irish coast. With her went down nearly thirteen hundred persons, all of them non-belligerents and more than one hundred of them American men, women and children. This atrocious crime the Germans committed out of their stupid miscalculation of the motives which govern non-German peoples. They thought that the British and Americans would be so terrorized that they would no longer dare to cross the ocean. The effect was, of course, just the opposite. A cry of horror swept over the civilized world, and swiftly upon it came a great demand for punishment and retribution.

Then was the moment for President Wilson to break off diplomatic relations with Germany. The very day after the waters of the British Channel had closed over the innocent victims, President Wilson made an address in which he announced that "a nation may be too proud to fight." The country gasped for breath when it read those words, which seemed to be the official statement of the President of the United States that foreign nations might outrage, insult, and degrade this nation with impunity, because, as the rabbit retires into its hole, so we would burrow deep into our pride and show neither resentment nor sense of honor. As soon as possible, word came from the White House that, as the President's speech had been written before the sinking of the *Lusitania,* his remarks had no bearing on that atrocity. Perhaps the most amazing piece of impudence in Germany's long list was the formal visit

described by the newspapers which the German Ambassador, Bernstorff, paid to Mr. Bryan, the Secretary of State, to present to our Government the official condolence of Germany and himself at this painful happening. Bernstorff, we know now, planned the sinking, and gave the German Government notice by wireless just where the submarines could best destroy the *Lusitania* on that Friday afternoon.

Ten days later, Mr. Wilson sent a formal protest to Germany in which he recalled "the humane and enlightened attitude hitherto assumed by the Imperial German Government in matters of international right, and particularly in regard to the freedom of the seas"; and he professed to have "learned to recognize the German views and the German influence in the field of international obligation as always engaged upon the side of justice and humanity."

Three years later I asked Roosevelt what he would have done, if he had been President in May, 1915. He said, in substance, that, as soon as he had read in the New York newspaper[1] the advertisement which Bernstorff had inserted warning all American citizens against taking passage on the *Lusitania,* he would have sent for Bernstorff and asked him whether the advertisement was officially acknowledged by him. Even Bernstorff, arch-liar that he was, could not have denied it. "I should then have sent to the Department of State to prepare his passports; I should have handed them to him and said, 'You will sail on the *Lusitania* yourself next Friday; an American guard will see you on board, and prevent your coming ashore.' The breaking off of diplomatic relations with Germany," Roosevelt added, "would probably have meant war, and we were horribly unprepared. But better war, than submission to a humiliation which no President of this country has ever before allowed; better war a thousand times, than to let the Germans go on really making war upon us at sea, and honeycombing the American people with plots on land, while our Government shamelessly lavishes praise on the criminal for his justice and humanity and virtually begs his pardon."

Thus believed Roosevelt in the *Lusitania* crisis, and many others agreed with him.

[1] The advertisement was printed in the New York *Times* of April 23, 1915.

President Wilson's apologists assert that the country was not ready for him to take any resolute attitude towards Germany in May, 1915. They argue that if he had attempted to do so there would have been great internal dissension, perhaps even civil war, and especially that the German sections would have opposed preparations for war so stubbornly as to have made them impossible. This is pure assumption. The truth is that whenever or wherever an appeal was made to American patriotism, it met with an immediate response. The sinking of the *Lusitania* created such a storm of horror and indignation that if the President had lifted a finger, the manhood of America, and the womanhood, too, would have risen to back him up. But instead of lifting a finger, he wrote that message to Germany, praising the Germans for their traditional respect for justice and humanity. And a long time had yet to pass before he made the least sign of encouragement to those Americans who would uphold the honor of the United States and would have this, the greatest of Republics, take its due part in defending Democracy against the Huns' attempt to wipe Democracy off the earth forever.

Having missed his opportunity then, Mr. Wilson could of course plead that the country was less and less inclined to go to war, because he furnished the pro-German plotters the very respite they had needed for carrying on their work. By unavowed ways they secured a strong support among the members of the National House of Representatives and the Senate. They disguised themselves as pacifists, and they found it easy to wheedle the "lunatic fringe" of native pacifists into working for the domination of William of Hohenzollern over the United States, and for the establishing of his world dominion. The Kaiser's propagandists spread evil arguments to justify all the Kaiser's crimes, and they found willing disciples even among the members of the Administration to repeat and uphold these arguments.

They told us, for instance, that their massacre served the victims of the *Lusitania* right for taking passage on a British steamship. They even wished to pass a law forbidding Americans from traveling on the ocean at all, because, by doing so, they might be blown up by the Germans, and that would involve this country in diplomatic

difficulties with Germany. Next, the Germans protested against our selling munitions of war to the Allies. Neither custom nor international law forbade doing this, and the protest stood out in stark impudence when it came from Germany, the country which, for fifty years and more, had sold munitions to every one who asked and had not hesitated to sell impartially to both antagonists in the Russo-Japanese War. By playing on the sentimentality of this same "lunatic fringe," the German intriguers almost succeeded in driving through a bill to stop this traffic. They knew the true Prussian way of whimpering when bullying did not avail them. And so they not only whimpered about our sending shells over to kill the German soldiers, but they whimpered also over the dire effects which the Allied blockade produced upon the non-combatant population of Germany.

Roosevelt watched impatiently while these strange phases passed before him. He listened angrily at the contradictory utterances. He felt the ignominy of our country's being at such a depth. He knew Germany too well to suppose that she could be deterred by President Wilson's messages. He saw something comic in shaking a long forefinger and saying, "Tut, tut! I shall consider being very harsh, if you commit these outrages three more times." To shake your fist at all, and then to shake your finger, seemed to Roosevelt almost imbecile. Cut off from serving the cause of American patriotism in any public capacity, Roosevelt struggled to take his part by writing. Every month in the *Outlook,* and subsequently in the *Metropolitan Magazine,* he gave vent to his pent-up indignation. The very titles of some of his papers reveal his animus: "Fear God and Take Your Own Part"; "A Sword for Defense"; "America First: A Phrase or a Fact?"; "Uncle Sam's Only Friend Is Uncle Sam"; "Dual Nationality"; "Preparedness." In each of these he poured forth with unflagging vehemence the fundamental verities on which our American society should rest. He showed that it was not a mere competition in letter-writing between the honey-worded Mr. Wilson and the sophisticated Bernstorff or the Caliban-sly Bethmann-Hollweg, but that God was in the crisis, and that no adroitness of phrase or trick of diplomacy could get rid of Him. He showed that there

could not be two kinds of Americans: one genuine, which believed wholly and singly in the United States, and the other cunning and mongrel, which swore allegiance to the United States—lip service—and kept its allegiance to Germany—heart service. He lost no opportunity to make his illustrations clear. On resigning as Secretary of State after the sinking of the *Lusitania,* because President Wilson insisted on mildly calling Germany's attention to that crime, Mr. Bryan addressed a large audience of Germans. Then Roosevelt held him up to the gaze of the American people as a man who had no true Americanism.

"He kept us out of war," was a paradoxical battle-cry for one who in a very short time thereafter wished to pose as the winner of the greatest war in history. But the battle-cry, it turned out, was used chiefly for political purposes. The year 1916 was a Presidential year and his opponents suspected that everything President Wilson had done at home or abroad had been planned by him with a view to the effect which it might have on his reëlection. Politicians of all parties saw that the war was the vital question to be decided by the political campaign. For the Democrats, Wilson was, of course, the only candidate; but the Republicans and the Progressives had their own schism to settle. First of all, they must attempt to reunite and to present a candidate whom both factions would support; if they did not, the catastrophe of 1912 would be repeated, and Wilson would again easily win against two warring Progressive and Republican candidates. The elections in 1914 showed that the Progressive Party was disintegrating. Should its leaders strive now to revive its strength, or should they bow to the inevitable, combine with the Republicans on a satisfactory candidate, and urge all the Progressives as a patriotic duty to support him?

All depended on Roosevelt's decision. After reflection, he consented to run for nomination by the Progressives. It soon became plain, however, that the Republicans would not take him back. The Machine did not want him on any terms: many of the Republicans, blinding themselves to the fact that, as the number of votes cast in 1912 proved, Taft and not he had split the Republican Party, held Roosevelt responsible for the defeat in that year. One heard also of some Republicans who, for lack of a better reason,

opposed Roosevelt because, they said, Roosevelt, having put Taft into the Presidency, ought not to have "gone back" on him. Yet the same persons, if they had taken a partner into their firm to carry on a certain policy, and had found him pursuing a different one, would hardly have argued that they were in loyalty bound to continue to support this partner as long as he chose. The consideration which weighed with a much larger number, however, was that Roosevelt had so antagonized the German vote and the Pacifist vote and all the other anti-American votes, that he might not be a winning candidate. Accordingly, the Republicans sought for somebody who would please everybody, and yet would have enough personal strength to be a leader. They pitched on Charles E. Hughes, former Governor of New York State, and then a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The unwisdom of going to the Supreme Bench for a standard-bearer was immediately apparent; because all the proprieties prevented Justice Hughes from expressing any opinion on political subjects until he resigned from the Court. Hence, it followed that no great enthusiasm could be aroused over his candidacy for nomination since nobody knew what his policy would be.

The Progressives held their Convention in Chicago on June 5th, the same day that the Republicans met there. Some of the original, simon-pure Progressives disapproved of this collusion, declaring that it represented a "deal," and that the Progressive Party, which had come into existence as a rebuke to machine politics, ought never to soil itself by entering into a "deal." Nevertheless, the will of the more worldly-minded prevailed, and they probably thought that there would be a better chance to have the Republicans nominate Roosevelt if he were already the nominee of the Progressives. But they were disappointed. They nominated Roosevelt and the Republicans Justice Hughes. Suspense followed as to whether Roosevelt, by accepting, would oblige the Progressives to organize another campaign. He sent only a conditional acceptance to the Progressive Committee and, a few days later, he announced publicly that he would support Justice Hughes, because he regarded the defeat of Wilson as the most vital object before the American people.

I find among my correspondence from him a reply to a letter of mine in which I had quite needlessly urged this action upon him. I quote this passage because it epitomizes what might be expanded over many pages. The letter is dated June 16, 1916:

> I agree entirely with you. I shall do all I can for Mr. Hughes. But don't forget that Mr. Hughes alone can make it possible for me to be efficient in his behalf. If he merely speaks like Mr. Wilson, only a little more weakly, he will rob my support of its effectiveness. Speeches such as those of mine, to which you kindly allude, have their merit only if delivered for a man who is himself speaking uncompromisingly and without equivocation. I have just sent word to Hughes through one of our big New York financiers to make a smashing attack on Wilson for his actions, and to do it immediately, in connection with this Democratic Nominating Convention. Wilson was afraid of me. He never dared answer me; but if Hughes lets him, he will proceed to take the offensive against Hughes. I shall do everything I can for him, but don't forget that the efficiency of what I do must largely depend upon Hughes.

Roosevelt was as good as his word, and made four or five powerful speeches in behalf of Mr. Hughes, speeches which gave a sharper edge to the Republicans' fight.

The result of the election, which took place on November 5th, hung in suspense for many days. Then it appeared that Wilson, by capturing 13 California votes, had won by 277 electoral votes to 254 for Hughes. Of the popular vote, Wilson got 9,128,000, and Hughes 8,536,000. So the slogan, " He kept us out of war," accomplished its purpose.

(To be concluded)

THE STRATEGY ON THE WESTERN FRONT—IX

BY LIEUTENANT COLONEL H. H. SARGENT, U. S. ARMY, RETIRED

THE ALLIED VICTORIES IN PALESTINE AND THE BALKANS.

DURING the great fight for the Hindenburg Line, there were taking place in Palestine and the Balkans certain events which were destined to have a far-reaching effect upon the strategical situation and conduct of the war on the Western front.

On September 19, 1918, General Allenby, in command of British, Indian, Australian, and a few French troops in Palestine, attacked the Turks from the Jordan River to the Mediterranean Sea. East of the Jordan he was assisted by an Arabian army. In this attack, known as the Battle of Samaria, Allenby broke through the Turkish line between that town and the sea, and, having pushed his cavalry northward and eastward, succeeded, in the next few days, in cutting the Damascus railway in rear of the Turks and in seizing the passages of the Jordan, thereby closing their last avenue of escape. The result was that a large part of the Turkish army was enveloped and captured. What remained was routed and dissipated, a few thousand, incapable of further resistance, escaping towards Aleppo. These operations annihilated the Turkish army in Palestine and put Allenby's army in a position where, by a rapid march northward, it could reach Aleppo ahead of the retreating Turkish Mesopotamian army, sever its communications at that point, and compel its surrender. On September 25, the day before Foch opened his great attack on the Hindenburg Line along the Meuse-Argonne front, the British War Office announced that General Allenby had taken more than 40,000 prisoners and 265 guns in the Palestine offensive.

While these stirring events were happening in Palestine and Syria, the Allied forces were meeting with similar success in the Balkans. On September 15, 1918, General Franchet d'Esperey commanding the Allied armies on the Salonika front in Macedonia, attacked the center of the Bulgarian line across the high ground in the angle formed by the Vardar and Cerna Rivers, broke through the line, and pushed northward some twelve or fifteen miles up the Vardar Valley. This attack, followed a few days later by other attacks against the Bulgarian line east of the Vardar in the vicinity of Lake Doiran, opened a great gap through the center of the Bulgarian line across the Vardar Valley, along which passes the Nish-Uskub-Veles-Salonika railway. Upon this railway the Bulgarians and Austrians in Macedonia depended almost entirely for their supplies, munitions, and reinforcements. Consequently, when the Allied forces pushed into this gap, seized the railway, and ascended the valley towards Uskub, they cut the communications, not only of the Bulgarians east of the Vardar, but of the Bulgarians and Austrians west of that river, and thus placed them in an extremely perilous position.

On September 26, the day that Foch began his great offensive along the Meuse-Argonne front, the Serbians reported an advance of seventy-five miles up the Vardar Valley and the capture of the fortress and railway center of Veles; and, on the same day, the French War Office stated that the Allied troops on the Salonika front had captured in this offensive more than 10,000 Bulgarians. On the following day the Bulgarians asked for an armistice and, two days later, on September 29, 1918, withdrew from the war by accepting the purely military terms dictated by General d'Esperey, which were to be effective until the peace conference should determine the exact conditions of peace. By the terms agreed upon, the Bulgarian army was to withdraw from Greek and Serbian territory and demobilize, and Allied troops were permitted to use strategic points in Bulgaria and all means of communications. The Austrian army on the right of the Bulgarians, having lost their communications also *via* Uskub, were forced to make their way as best they could by irregular trails over the hills and mountains of Albania back to their own territory.

The Allied victory in the Balkans not only disposed of Bulgaria but it separated Turkey from Germany and Austria, severed the Berlin-Constantinople-Bagdad railway, cut in two the great theatre of operations of the Central Powers, and laid open to attack the communications of the Austrian army in Italy and of the German army on the Western front.

Coming as it did right on the heels of General Allenby's great victory in Palestine against the Turks, and just at the time when Foch on the Western front was beginning to make great breaches in the Hindenburg Line, it was a lethal blow to Germany which sealed the fate of the Central Powers. It meant that Germany had lost the war: for, from the beginning, the strategical and vital center of the whole theatre of war had been in the Balkans; and just as soon as the Salonika army was sufficiently reinforced to make a successful campaign against the Bulgarians, and cut the Berlin-Constantinople-Bagdad railway, over which the Turks were obtaining munitions of war from Germany, while Germany and Austria were getting cotton and other supplies from Asia Minor, the entire scheme of defense of the Central Powers fell to pieces like a house of cards.

The reasons were these: With the Turks deprived of munitions of war, and this deprivation coming immediately after General Allenby's masterly movements against them in Palestine, they had no alternative but to withdraw from the war and seek such favorable terms as they could obtain. This left the Salonika army free to move northward into Austria, where it was certain to be reinforced by many Jugo-Slavs and Roumanians, who were ready and anxious to join with the Allies in striking a powerful blow against Austria and Germany. Such an advance into Austria through Budapest to Vienna would cut the communications of the Austrian army in Italy,—the only army left to Austria of any consequence,—deprive it of its supplies, and compel its surrender. Indeed, the mere threat of such an advance upon its communications kept it in such a demoralized state that, when attacked about three weeks later by the Italian army, it was easily driven from its strong defensive positions, defeated, routed, and almost destroyed.

In this war, as in the days of Napoleon, a successful

battle fought by the Allies in the vicinity of Vienna would have conquered Northern Italy for them all.

Austria once defeated and out of the war, the way would have been left open for the Salonika and Italian armies to unite and attack Germany from the south. Such an attack would not only have deprived her of the wheat, oil, platinum, and other supplies which she was obtaining from Roumania and Ukrania, but, when pushed northward, would have destroyed or threatened the communications of her army on the Western front with Berlin and other important German cities. Moreover, an advance from Vienna through the friendly territory of Bohemia would have brought the Allied army almost to Dresden and within one hundred and twenty-five miles of Berlin. Such an invasion of her territory would have meant, of course, the destruction of her railways, canals, and cities; the blowing up of her bridges and munition plants; and the laying waste of her fields. And there was no way to prevent it; for she could not detach for this purpose any troops from the Western front, since she was not then even able to hold her own there. Even had troops been available, she could not then continue to feed them and her own people, with the British blockading her northern coasts and her sources of supply to the south destroyed. Seeing that all this would mean the bringing home to her people the ruin and desolation of war and, finally, the inevitable annihilation or capture of her great army on the Western front, she realized that there was nothing to do but to make terms with the Allies. Accordingly, on October 5, just six days after Bulgaria withdrew from the war, she asked for an armistice.

This, then, was the situation: Bulgaria had been defeated and had withdrawn from the war. Turkey, as a result of the annihilation of her Palestine army and the victory of the Allies in the Balkans, had become absolutely powerless to continue the struggle and was making preparations to surrender. Austria, with her whole southern boundary open to attack and the communications of her army in Italy seriously threatened, was on the verge of complete collapse. There was needed only one more thrust of the Italian army against her already partially demoralized troops on the Piave to defeat, rout, and dissipate them, and force her, too, out of the war. And Ger-

many, her armies short of food and her people threatened with starvation, her supplies from overseas and outside countries cut off, and her territory open to invasion from the south and no available troops with which to stop it, knew that she was beaten—not through the defeat of her great army on the Western front, for that was still fighting without showing the least sign of demoralization, and was to continue to fight desperately, for a period of five weeks, through a most skillfully conducted retreat; but nevertheless beaten—beaten by the collapse of her rear, brought about by the great blow in the Balkans.

When it is remembered that William II, from his first meeting with the Sultan of Turkey in 1889 until, and even after, the beginning of the great world war in 1914, had borne his grandiose scheme of a mighty German Empire almost constantly in mind; and that from the conquest of Serbia in October, November, and December, 1915, until the defeat and overthrow of the Turks and Bulgarians in September, 1918, Germany had had substantially complete control, through its entire length, of the Berlin-Constantinople-Bagdad railway, as well as control over all the territory in Europe and Asia, save that occupied and controlled by the Salonika army, which she deemed essential for the accomplishment of her great plan, one cannot but appreciate the crushing effect which the Allied blow in the Balkans must have had on her purposes and hopes; nor can one fail to appreciate, also, Germany's great strategical mistake in trying to end the war by an attack on the Western front in the spring of 1918, without first disposing of the Salonika army, and thereby making strong the strategical and vital center of the great theatre of operations of the Central Powers.

LUDENDORFF'S GREAT RETREAT

No sooner had the first break-through of the Hindenburg Line been made by the Americans on the Meuse-Argonne front than Ludendorff saw his great peril. At once he realized that unless this thrust could be stopped immediately, he must begin the withdrawal of his armies from Northern France and Belgium. Accordingly he made every effort to stop it, and was for a time partially successful. But in the meantime, other break-throughs along the Flanders and intermediate fronts of the Hinden-

burg Line had occurred; and, moreover, he soon saw that the Americans were only temporarily checked in the Argonne. Under these circumstances, there was but one thing for him to do; and that was to withdraw his armies from Northern France and Belgium to the line of the Meuse River. Accordingly, at the beginning of October he gave the order for a retreat which he had foreseen might be necessary, and for which he had previously provided.

A very difficult problem confronted Ludendorff. It was much the same kind of problem that he had had to face when Foch broke through the west side of the Château-Thierry salient, except that it was on a much larger scale. Then, only the portion of his army in the Château-Thierry salient had been endangered, but in this instance the whole of his army north of Verdun was threatened with destruction. Not only this, but the great Allied victories which, in the meantime, had been won in Palestine and the Balkans, added to Ludendorff's situation a still greater peril.

With Bulgaria out of the war; with Turkey virtually out; with Austria certain to withdraw as soon as her army on the Piave should again be vigorously attacked; with Germany already asking for an armistice; with Foch delivering anvil blows daily against the only army of any consequence left to Germany: with—in short—all the Central Powers in a state of collapse and disintegration, and nothing to stand between Germany and the on-rushing victorious armies of the Allies but the Germany army,—which though in retreat, was still unconquered,—Ludendorff was confronted with one of the most difficult military problems in all history. What could he do? What should he do? What, from a German point of view, was it best for him to do?

Strategically, had it not been for the collapse of the German nation in his rear, the thing for Ludendorff to have done, the moment he saw that it would be impossible for him to hold the Hindenburg Line, would have been to withdraw to the line of the Meuse as quickly as possible without allowing his retreat to degenerate into a rout. Because, once safely there, the river would not only stop the tanks,—then a most important offensive weapon in the hands of the Allies,—but would form with the Ardennes

Mountains, through which the river cleaves its way, an exceptionally strong defensive position, whose length was less by one hundred miles than that of the Hindenburg Line from Verdun to the English Channel.

In this connection, it should not pass unnoticed that the broad-nosed salient, whose lines run through Liège, Namur, Dinant, Mezieres, and Sedan, which the Germans would have occupied had they fallen back to the Meuse River line, had not the vulnerability to an enemy's attacks characteristic of most salients, for the reason that no important lines of railway pass through or from it into Germany. Then, too, this salient presented the greatest irregularities of surface, being "intersected by numerous ravines and streams with steep and rocky banks, by deep valleys, and by ridges of hills,"[1] which make it a great natural fortification that would have been very easy to defend.

But to make a quick retirement to the line of the Meuse, even though the German rear had not been in collapse, would have been an exceedingly risky operation, for the reason that it would have been interpreted by the German people, as well as by the Allies, as an open confession of defeat, and might have had a demoralizing effect upon the German army, which would have led to a great German disaster. And had the great bulk of the German army learned, in the course of such a hasty retirement, what they did not then know,—that their whole rear was in a state of collapse,—there would have been a great probability of this very thing happening. Then, too, a speedier withdrawal would have necessitated abandoning to the enemy greater quantities of supplies, equipments, and guns.

It was apparent that if the armistice could be agreed tc while the German army was still unbeaten and on foreign soil, it would lessen for the German people the bitterness of defeat, prevent an Allied invasion and devastation of German territory, and probably result in Germany's receiving better terms in the treaty of peace. But these were the only objects for continuing the struggle, since it was evident that the conditions in Germany at that time utterly destroyed all hope of final success. Knowing that Germany was beaten and that the end was near, Ludendorff was nevertheless anxious, of course, to maintain the courage

[1] *Encyclopaedia Britannica*, Ninth Edition. Vol. III, p. 513.

and *morale* of his army to the last, and to retain in his possession upon the signing of the armistice as much of the enemy's territory as possible.

Accordingly, he made his plan for a deliberate retreat. His purpose was to contest every position; to make the Allies fight for every foot of ground gained; and to fall back only when he was forced to, or when he found it absolutely necessary to prevent the cutting of his communications and capture of parts of his army.

From October 5 until the signing of the armistice on November 11, Ludendorff followed this plan. During the withdrawal, he brought every possible force to bear against the Americans and French advancing from the Meuse-Argonne front on Sedan and Mezieres, in order to hold open the line of railway from Hirson through these towns to Metz, so as to facilitate the retirement of the Germans and give them more time to withdraw their troops and supplies, especially from the Laon salient.

But, although he was able to retard greatly their progress, he could not stop them. They had seen the importance of closing the gap and of seizing the railway, and in the face of forty German divisions which Ludendorff had ordered there to oppose them, as well as in the face of the most discouraging conditions, they continued slowly but surely to press forward to their goal. And the British, French, and Belgians along other portions of the line, gradually forced back the Germans in their front.

But their progress was very slow; for Ludendorff conducted this difficult operation with great skill. His retirement was methodical. There was no rout, no *débâcle*. Up to the very last, the discipline and *morale* of his troops were good, and his rear guards fought bravely, fiercely, desperately to hold back the onrushing Allies.

It is not the purpose here to describe in detail this great retreat. It will suffice to say that, taking advantage of every known means to delay the advance of the Allied armies, Ludendorff made it extremely difficult for them to push forward; so difficult, indeed, that although they made what seemed to be almost superhuman efforts to drive back the German army, they succeeded in forcing it back during these six weeks of almost continuous fighting only a distance of some forty miles behind the Hindenburg Line.

By November 1, the Germans had retired from the Belgian coast; the British and Canadians had captured Valenciennes and were pushing forward between the Sambre and Scheldt on Mons; the Americans had forced their way northward to Bayonville, Aincreville, and Doulcon, about twenty miles south of Sedan; and the French on their left had reached Vouziers about twenty-five miles south of Mezieres. By November 11, when the armistice was signed, the dividing line separating the Allies from the Germans southward from Holland to a point opposite Metz ran, approximately, from the mouth of the Scheldt, about twelve miles northwest of Antwerp, up the left bank of that river to Ghent, thence through Mons, past Hirson, through Mezieres, past the southern outskirts of Sedan, and thence along the left bank of the Meuse to a point opposite Mouzay, where it crossed the river, and thence through the northern edge of the Woevre Forest to Bezonvaux, thence to Vandieres, and thence across the Moselle to Port-Sur-Seille, opposite Metz.

Examining this line, we note that when the end came, the Germans were occupying a line through Belgium which lay approximately forty miles east of the Hindenburg Line, thirty miles west of the Meuse River line, opposite Namur, and one hundred miles west of the German frontier; and that the Americans and French had closed the gap between the Verdun-Reims front and the Ardennes Mountains, but that the gap northward of these mountains to the Dutch frontier was open and was completely covered by the German army, which extended from the mouth of the Scheldt through Ghent and Mons to the northern outskirts of Mezieres. It will be noticed also that the great Maubeuge-Charleroi-Namur-Liège-Aix-la-Chapelle railway, which passes directly through the gap into Germany, crossed the German line at right angles to it and was completely covered by it; and that the flanks of the German army occupying the line were protected on the right by Holland and on the left by the Meuse River and Ardennes Mountains from Mezieres to Sedan.

Thus we see that the great length of time required by the Americans and French to close the gap south of the Ardennes Mountains, brought about by Ludendorff's desperate and terrific fighting to keep it open, had enabled him to withdraw that portion of his army facing the

British and the Belgians along the Hindenburg Line eastward through Belgium to a position where it completely covered its line of communications back into Germany, and where its flanks rested on practically impassable obstacles.

Nevertheless, the closing of the gap from Verdun to Sedan would have made it necessary for him to continue his retreat to the Meuse River line even had the armistice not been signed; for the reason that, with such an extended front and only one line of railway behind him, he was still in a dangerous position. Then, too, the Meuse line was much stronger and much shorter, and, besides, would form a water barrier between his army and the enemy's tanks.

Had it been possible to close this gap earlier—say before the German army along the Hindenburg Line from the vicinity of St. Quentin northward to the English Channel had retired so far eastward—the strategical effect in all likelihood would have been much greater; since, in that case, an Allied thrust northward from Mezieres probably would have resulted in cutting the Charleroi-Namur-Liège-Aix-la-Chapelle railway behind the German army and would have forced a large part of that army to surrender.

But, whatever might have been the outcome under such conditions, the point I wish to emphasize is that at the time the armistice was signed the German army was in an excellent position from Mezieres northward for completing its withdrawal to the line of the Meuse without any great disaster; and once there, would have been in a very strong and most favorable position for making a determined stand.

It is, therefore, my opinion that had the armistice not been signed when it was, no great *débâcle* would have overtaken the German army in the next few weeks or months as a result of the strategical situation at the time.

There can be no question that Germany would never have signed an armistice before the defeat of her great army on the Western front had not the break in the Balkans exposed her to an attack from the south, threatened her communications, and cut off a large part of her remaining sources of supply. Nor would she have yielded until her army had been either annihilated, captured, or driven

across the Rhine. But would it have been possible for the Allied armies to do this? Let us see.

We have already pointed out the great defensive strength of the line of the Meuse. But back of it is the Moselle River and Metz with its great system of fortifications, and back of them is the line of the Saar; then come the fortress of Strassburg and the great river Rhine; and on the east bank of the Rhine, extending from Switzerland almost to Carlsruhe, are the Black Forest Mountains, which, from the days of Caesar, have been considered a most difficult obstruction for armies attempting to move through them from west to east. These are all strong defensive positions; but the Rhine and Black Forest Mountains are more than that: they are formidable obstacles, and would be impassable if defended by adequate military forces armed with modern weapons.

"Of all the operations of war," says Jomini, "there is none more arduous and difficult than the passage of a large river in the face of an enemy." When it is remembered that the passage—or attempted passage—of the Rhine in this case would have been in the face of a nation in arms, and not in the face of an enemy few in numbers, as were the armies in Jomini's and Napoleon's day; when it is remembered that the bridges of the Rhine were strongly protected by bridge-heads and field works, and that two parallel railways along the banks of the river, and many others near the German frontier, had been constructed solely with reference to battle lines, permitting quick concentration of troops upon any front of the Rhine or German frontier; and that the defensive positions, forts, and great fortresses along and near the German frontier had for more than forty years preceding the war been strengthened in every possible way to prevent an invasion of German territory, one is appalled by the magnitude of the task, and cannot but feel that its accomplishment would have been an impossibility—a task beyond human power. In view of these facts, it is submitted that there would have been no chance of the Allies winning the War on the Western front had there been no collapse of the German rear as a result of the Allied victory in the Balkans.

But even supposing, for the sake of the argument, that the war might have been won on the Western front in the following year, after approximately 4,000,000 American

soldiers had been sent there, as was the plan of the War Department, would it not have been in the face of an appalling and unnecessary sacrifice of life?—since a few thousand soldiers sent into the Balkans would, as the sequel has shown, have been a deciding factor in bringing the war to a close.

It is not the purpose in this concluding article to carry further the discussion of this interesting question, except to say that it is the deliberate opinion of the writer that, had there been no break in the Balkans and had the campaign continued during the Spring and Summer of 1919, two hundred thousand Americans sent to the Balkans would have had a much greater effect in bringing the war to a speedy end than ten times that number sent to the Western front.

To strike at the communications of the enemy without exposing your own to his attack: it was the carrying out of this principle which enabled General Foch to win the Château-Thierry salient at the beginning of his great offensive on the Western front; which enabled the British army commanders to drive the Germans from the Amiens salient and force them back to the Hindenburg Line; which enabled General Pershing to obliterate in two days the dangerous St. Mihiel salient that for many months had menaced French communications. It was the carrying out of this principle by the Americans and French, in their great thrust from the Verdun-Reims front through the Argonne Forest to Sedan and Mezieres, that put the German army in a precarious situation and forced its retreat through Belgium toward the Meuse River line. It was the carrying out of this principle by General Allenby in Palestine that enabled him to annihilate the Turkish army in his front and force the Turkish government to sue for peace. And it was the carrying out of this principle in the Balkans by General d'Esperey which not only forced Bulgaria out of the war, but, at the same time, cut or threatened the communications of the other armies of the Central Powers, and which, taken in connection with the persistent pounding of the Germans by Marshal Foch on the Western front, brought the great war to an end.

H. H. SARGENT.

(*The End*).

AUSTRIA AT THE CROSS-ROADS

BY F. V. KEYS

EVER since the beginning of the War, the best informed French opinion has been insistent in directing attention to the importance of Austria-Hungary as a field for Allied military and diplomatic action. The objective which was sought has been attained. The ill-assorted racial conglomerate held together by the ingenuity of a cynical statecraft has been dissolved into its constituent parts. Yet the field still remains one of importunate interest, on account of the psychological possibilities which grow there. Of these, it is the psychological problem of the Austrian—the name henceforth reverting to its primitive meaning as the designation of the descendants of the Germans who, a thousand years ago, settled in the valley of the Upper Danube as the advance guard of the Empire of the Franks—that may well continue to engage the attention of the student not only of the Balkans, nor of Central Europe, but of Teutonism itself. For on the chart of human psychology, Austria occupies the same strategic position that has been hers topographically with relation to Germany: she is the bridgehead connecting Teutonism with the rest of the world. Or, as it may be, the rest of the world with Teutonism.

The issue of the War has destroyed the scaffolding of the empire built up on Bismarck's design. How far it has modified the psychology of the people that has lived, moved and had its being within that scaffolding, and how far it has destroyed Prussia's former prestige of success, are questions unanswerable for those who refuse to read the present and the future in the light of their own wishes or of the fanaticism of party. Yet these are the only questions that in the long run will count.

As a solution to the fundamental menace of the Teutonic psychology, the various separatist movements observ-

able here and there in the old empire are worse than no answer at all. If examined at all closely, they reveal motives and point to quarters identified with anything but political or any other kind of freedom or equality. Further, any attempt to hinder the ultimate union of Austria with the rest of the Germans is almost certain to be as ideally futile as it is logically unsound from the point of view of the principle of national self-determination. Any such embargo merely reflects on paper, and for a time, a European state of mind, inevitable in the present circumstances, but not to be taken for the settled decision of statesmanship. Meanwhile, we must reckon with the fact that by the sheer force of spiritual gravitation, the Austrian will coalesce with the German into a psychological unit. Even though the Austrian state remain a separate political entity, and seek its economic affiliations with its Balkan neighbors, as is possible in view of the economic nexus of the old Dual Monarchy, racial sympathies cannot but be infinitely heightened among all Germans on account of the common defeat in a common attempt. In all endeavor to understand the future of Teutonism, the Austrian contingent must be considered a part of the German *bloc;* the problem being whether it is to be, as in recent years, merely an extension, or whether it may possibly effect a modification, of the Teutonic mind. In other words, is there a distinctive Austrian psychology, and if so, what are the chances of Austrian leadership, and whither shall it turn the Teutonic mind, in the years that lie ahead?

When Bismarck, in discussing the Triple Alliance in his *Thoughts and Recollections,* observed that he should have preferred Russia to Austria, he was thinking not only of the "fits and starts of public opinion among the Hungarian, Slav and Catholic population of the Hapsburgs," but of a certain incalculable strain in the Austrian character itself. It is the strain that insinuates itself subtly into the features of the landscape and the people as soon as the traveler crosses the border from Bavaria into Austria, and that accounts for the profound contrast Vienna offers to Berlin. West and East in faces and tongues and costume; the spiry Gothic of the tower of the Stefansdom and the quaint and civil beauties of Baroque and Renaissance; the princely scale of her modern monuments of national and civic life; the taste and originality of the products of her

industry; flowing through her dark labyrinth of old and narrow streets, a sea of human indigence; everything points to long ages of human occupancy, and draws the mind and imagination to dwell on past centuries, races, cultures, in this city whose foundations were laid by Roman legionaries among a Celtic people, and where Marcus Aurelius took leave of life. Still more profound is the contrast between the physiognomy of the people of the Austrian and that of the citizens of the German capital. There is a delicacy about the now rarely seen pure Austrian type that involuntarily makes one think of the sitters to Romney and Lawrence: and as in the wide meadows on the fringe of the Prater the groups of tall trees detach themselves with something of the quietness of an English landscape, so there is something English in the spirit that handles the reins of the fine horses that flash by in the Corso, although in the lithe and jaunty elegance of the figures, in the dark and striking features of so many faces, there is a suppler, a more romantic strain that signals the Magyar and the Slav. And in spite of the glitter of the sun in the May leafage and the *fesch und resch* of the style of the cavaliers, there hovers in the air, and in the dark distinctive faces, something like a mist, the after-thoughts of a people diverted, but unsatisfied; that keeps a memory or a hope of something that is not, repaired to at long intervals but never quite forgotten, in a corner of the soul. Mozart caught it and gave it voice, when he set his wistful melodies to the so gaily tripping measures. Edward Fitzgerald called his the music *of sweet civilized life*. That music is the key to the spirit of the Old Austria. The New Austria stands to-day at the cross-roads of destiny.

Of the voices of modern Austria, none is more significant, none so prophetic as that of Hermann Bahr. That he is known to Americans chiefly by what is only a travesty of one of his plays, reveals more of ourselves than of him. Born in 1863, in Linz on the Upper Danube, growing up in the atmosphere of the older genuine liberalism, of which his father was a convinced and faithful disciple; pursuing his higher studies at Austrian and German universities, he reflects in tradition and experience those influences which shall be the central and determining ones for the future of Austrian democracy. Imbued with that vaster spirit of progress which, again and again in the course of history,

has refused to be confined by newer dogma, or diverted into temporary channels of reform, not because it lags behind but because its objective transcends their aim, Bahr has remained aloof from the ranks of party socialism, although well acquainted with its economic theory and sympathetic to its professed object of emancipating the workers. In other words, he is a modern, not in the sense of a partisan, but in the essential fact of temperament, which has insured the receptivity of his genius to many and various cultural influences. For thirty years, his work as journalist, essayist, novelist and playwright, has been focussed on a single aim: to arrest and synthesize the elusive and conflicting elements of the distinctively Austrian spirit, and enlist it to take its own distinctive part in the shaping of what long before the war he heralded as the new Europe. Democracy, in her obscure but splendid implications, has presided over his vision of the peoples; while in the world of fiction, it is the shape which he calls the New Human Being that has haunted his imagination and determined the values he seeks to discover and suggest in character and personality.

Central, for the present purpose, is the little known monograph *Vienna,* written in 1906, and confiscated within the Austrian frontiers on the ground of certain observations on the Hapsburgs, construed as *lèse-majesté.* It is a portrait painted with a sort of frenzy, in a passion of resentment and love, of regret, pity, contempt, and hope. It is a relentless and subtle piece of work, significant because painted really only for the eye of the sitter, to hang in his house like a writing on the wall: a reminder, a warning, an appeal. In the extraordinarily varied style, throbbing with poetry, scornful and familiar, simple and subtle and supple, now pure colloquial Viennese in its clipped phrasing, now classic in rhythm and imaginative power, is reflected the mood of the author as he looks backward and forward across the drama, which is the tragedy, of the Viennese.

After observing that "in Europe, they know Vienna as the place where it is always Sunday, and the spit always turning before the fire, further: as the Capua of the spirit—where they live in half-poetry, dangerous for the whole," he proceeds:

> Abroad, this repute of a city happily rocked to a lullaby of airs

and dances, a city of harmless, rather slovenly, not very active, not very reliable, but altogether kindly and nice people, has persisted. But whoever is doomed to live here, cannot understand it. He is full of wrath.

It has another ring, when Metternich says: On the highway, Asia begins. And when Kuernberger rails against . . 'the indolence, frivolity, vulgarity, the impious wantonness, the lust for obscenity, the fanaticism of smut, the loathing of culture, the obstinate, self-affirmative, good-for-nothing raggamuffinism' of the nevertheless beloved city. 'Of the nevertheless beloved city.' That's the Viennese of it. To listen to the Viennese, it must be a positive curse to live here. But nobody leaves. He grumbles, he rails, he sneers, each in his own way. But he stays on. It seems that in spite of everything he can't give up the so despised and detested city. And he does nothing to change Vienna, or the Viennese, not even the Viennese in himself. He doesn't try to himself, and whoever does, is his enemy. The Viennese is a very unhappy person . . . who puts up with everything, except with being helped—then he resists.

Such is the Viennese. How he came to be what he is, I shall show. And: whether he must remain so.

In the subsequent analysis, two dualisms emerge as the distinguishing factors in the Austrian character. One proceeds from within: his mixed blood. The other is imposed upon him: the Hapsburgs.

It affords an interesting sidelight on the racial feeling between Austrian and Slav and Magyar, that Bahr does not once refer to the undoubted mingling of these strains in the veins of his countrymen to-day; that he discusses exclusively the ancient and what he considers fundamental mixing of the Celt and the Teuton in the population of the Austrian Marches. What this strain means is thus set forth:

The Celts are incapable of tranquilly taking shape by themselves. They require a foreign element to which to adhere. Only then can they crystallize. Here [on their first penetrating to the valley of the Upper Danube] they found a silent, heavy, timid people . . laborous . . of wholly unwarlike temper. . . Now it is the manner of the Celt to make his way in by cunning. He flatters his way up to mastery. He can do this, because he has nothing to overcome; for he brings no substance with him,—he hasn't got any, that's just what he's out searching for, what drives him out across sea and land; his function it is to bring form, to give a mould, but he himself has nothing within himself to put into it; for that he always needs a foreign people and it needs him, because it has nothing to lose by subjection to him, but through him first comes into possession of itself, first learns itself, can see itself. Celts. That is to say, a people not strong in themselves . . Always ready to go round, to give way, to assume, to absorb, to adapt, to merge themselves. . . No character, all

figure. A people that contains only form. A people that must always be looking at itself in the glass. The people of the great actors.

When, over the first settlement of the Celts, there has passed in turn the storm of the Romans and the Avars, at last "the heavy Germans come."

They take root. And there follows a long quiet period of steady growth. And they have the good fortune of the Babenbergs, who look after their people as a farmer looks after his farm. . . So there arises the German city of Vienna. And here, brighter than in any other, shines the German strain. That is the Celtic drop. . . . German civic culture has no more radiant beacon than Vienna, in the days of Walter von der Vogelweide, the poet of Vienna at the court of the Babenbergs. And this Viennese is, with Goethe, the greatest poet the Germans own . . like Goethe, in that in him everything was Nature, Nature that bears art as the grape bears wine. . . But he is forgotten in Vienna, like his time, the great time of Vienna.

It was soon over, that happy period when a ruling house of enlightened and progressive princes fostered a people whose solid, heavy, industrious German stock was duly tempered by the Celtic blend.

The Celtic mould became firm, the German substance learned to adapt itself. The one took on brilliance, the other strength. All the coarser virtues of the German strain were carried on, but here they were tinged with the mobile charm of the Celt. Irresistibly one thinks of England, it is the same blend.

But with the Babenbergs and Ottokar, the Bohemian, the art of ruling departed out of Austria. With the rise to power of Rudolf of Hapsburg, "whose first care it is *to restore the old order,*" who begins his reign as "the servant of the nobility," a dark fatality settles over the land and its people.

Among the Hapsburg rulers there have been gifted men and blockheads, there have been quarrelsome and peaceable, affable and morose, victorious and vanquished, sociable and solitary, men of every variety, but all of them have had this in common: that they have lacked a sense of reality. Perhaps from sheer high-spiritedness they can not endure to have to bend, and even from Reality itself they refuse to take orders. They are incapable of conceiving that anything must be. . . . That is law which God gives them to understand is right. There can be no other law. That there is a law that grows in men, unordained, unsolicited, unawares; that there are laws which things bear in themselves, that there is anything in the world that is in and of itself necessary, not one of them has ever been able to perceive. Not one of them has known that only he is a ruler who sees that each one has his rights, and who knows how to take measures to maintain the rights of each one.

The Hapsburgs are "the race of the great Jacobins," each of them "creating the world out of himself," seeing "lands, peoples, human beings only as his raw material which he is there to shape" as he sees fit. Whether it is that Emperor Maximilian who preferred to be "the last of the knight-errants instead of the first Monarch of the Germans"; or Charles the Fifth, who might have placed himself at the head of the Reformation and a united Germany, but who "misjudged necessity, and, obsessed with visions, died as a modern Diocletian"; or the second Ferdinand, who found his land Protestant and left it Catholic, whose watchword was "better a desert than a land full of heretics," who earned his title of *catholicae fidei acerrimus defensor* by "keeping his oath to stamp out reality throughout the length and breadth of the land," and who, on the fateful 9th of June, 1620, while the Twenty-Seven were being executed in Prague, "lay on his knees in Mariazell praying for their souls;" or Joseph, the autocrat-liberal, who suddenly resolves that the whole psychology of the people is to be "re-modelled" to suit his notion of free citizens: always it is the same Jacobinical spirit that would do violence to the world by means of the *Geist.* By *Geist,* exterminate Reality, their enemy; their method, to save men's souls by terror, to shape a people by terror.

Henceforth, for the Austrian,

> reality becomes sin. The spirit of the master brooks only its own form. A new life is ordained. The Bohemians, the Hungarians, the peasants of the Alps, take refuge in silence. The Viennese has an ally in the secret Celt in him. He knows how to simulate everything and thus he hides the Viennese and shields him. The Viennese . . . turns out his Celtic side, which proceeds to play the part demanded by the spirit of the master. . . And the real Viennese was tucked into a secret drawer. Hence the peculiar Viennese spitefulness . . for everyone knows that everyone else is only pretending . . hence too the freedom and security of the Viennese irony, for all that's being said and done doesn't really concern anyone: the real fellow is hid at home, in the secret drawer, safe out of harm's way.

The unnatural command has been issued, the "great divorce" has been pronounced between nature and living, between the "desire of the heart and behavior." What should have developed as a rich, complex, and harmonious type, has been divided against itself; the element that should have made for flexibility, brilliance, progressiveness, has been diverted to the exercise of what to-day we

call camouflage; a situation that gave rise to what the strongest natures felt as a national disease, producing a society ready to the purposes of what Bahr calls its last assailants: the casuistry of the Jesuits, the insincerity of Parlor Liberals, the vapid pretensions of the "reformed" Jew. A disease that explains the tragedy of a Beethoven's death, Beethoven, given public burial paid for with English gold; and of a Grillparzer's life, "a horrible life, burst in two in the middle . . . withdrawn from living till in turn poetry withdrew itself from him. Torn out of life, cut off at the root, he withered up."

And the future?

Vienna's future is Austria's future, is Bahr's answer. And at last, it would seem, Austria had spoken. For the first time, there was to be an Austrian State, "which had never yet existed, in spite of its having so often been enjoined." "Now for the first time it is being undertaken, not at the command of a prince, but out of the necessity of the people." The reference is to the passage, in the autumn of 1906, of the universal manhood suffrage bill, and the re-distribution of electoral districts. In the previous year the Dual Monarchy had witnessed the monster demonstrations in all its industrial centres, that had moved to tears every generous spectator of the multitudes whose very silence affirmed more impressively than words their will to be free. For the first time in her history, Austria was to represent more than the ring of "families" that had hitherto exploited her in their own private interests; she was to hear another voice in her council than that of the army, the church, and the court. Austria at last is to have a soul.

> We will give her a soul. Then it may come to pass, that the Viennese too will awake from his dream. And he unlocks the secret drawer, and takes out himself, the real Viennese. He ceases to seem, he begins to live. As once in the Babenberg times.
>
> *The Call of Life,* Schnitzler has named one of his pieces. On every side it resounds about us. Everywhere we hear the call of Life. To live, to live, to be! As once upon a time, when der Vogelweide sat in our midst.
>
> Or else . . . only a kind of Venice?

Thus, in the characteristic Viennese fashion—which is the Austrian—the monograph ends with a note of question, with the echo of that mood, which is not the author's own, that sees the Austrian rôle as one finally played out, except

as preserving a graceful picture of a vanished past. It is a mood which Bahr recalls over and over again, in argument, in some of the most striking of the characters in his novels, but which he dwells on only to appeal against. He. and the group of Austrians that distribute themselves in various constructive movements in the country, believe too deeply in life to disbelieve in the national contribution to life. He rebukes Schnitzler for the latter's underlying assumption that strength and beauty do not belong in life. To assume that, he says, is to be a deserter from life. It is his belief that it is the function of Art to assist Nature in her endless task of creation, for she has created the artist that henceforth she need not toil alone,—" he is now toiling with her, until perhaps at last one will come who will not only know what Nature wants, but will be able to do it too." And the art that will do this will not spring from any isolated, exclusive spirit. It will arise from the conviction that " in art too the individual is nothing, that only that work counts that comes as an unalloyed utterance out of the depth of a common life." By belief in this common life alone can the individual assure his own deepest identity. For Schnitzler, he wishes significantly " the work *that will contain yourself.*"

Consistently with his belief that only through human solidarity lies the way to the highest individual development, Bahr has opposed the forces making for separatism among the nationalities of the Dual Monarchy. The blame for conflicting racial passions he lays upon the prejudice " that makes us believe the lies we tell about one another;" and upon the policy of the government, which fostered alternately loyalty and irredentism, interested solely in playing off group against group in bargaining for temporary conformity, never aiming at a permanent psychological unity. In this criticism he represents the attitude of the group of enlightened Austrians who have been fully aware of the vast cultural values wasted by the benighted Teutonism of officialdom and by the intransigence of professional Germanizers. As an example of the difference between the Austrian and the Prussian minds, the volume of social studies entitled *Austriaca* affords instructive reading, with its incisive and richly humorous criticism of official ineptitude, whether parading itself in the conduct of a worse

than Burlesonized postal service, or of state trials in which Serbian subjects of the Hapsburgs appeared as defendants. Such a work would be looked for in vain among the writings of German authors, outside of the ranks of political parties. Bahr is indeed the best possible proof of the composite Austrian spirit that has outgrown the leading-strings of Hapsburg autocracy and Prussianism, that insists on breaking down the barriers between art and politics, between thinking and acting, between "composing" and living. And in the searching analysis which he has made of the Austrian character, the contrast he has implied between its true native bent and its historical deformity, we distinguish the vitality of a modern movement against the continued imposition of a spirit, a civilization, essentially more primitive than that to which Austria has an inherent right.

Nevertheless, no attempt to estimate the future trend of the Austrian mind can leave out of account the enormous influence exerted on it by the neighboring German Empire. Arrested in his own development by the Hapsburg blight, the Austrian had become an enigma, most of all to himself; his destiny too was enigmatical, more than ever after he had been rudely shaken off the parent stock and had seen the doors of United Germany closed upon him. And while he saw Germany moving out of the old loose confederation into the triumph of a compact, powerful and purposeful military and economic unity, the catastrophe of 1866 consigned him to an apparently issueless struggle with alien races, whose very virtues were abhorrent to him in his obstinate insistence on dominating those who were superior to him in numbers, and still more superior in their genius for parliamentary strategy. For the Austrian of the old school, it was with a wrenching of his nature that he reluctantly turned away from Germany to look for his future elsewhere. Among the younger generation, a group of intellectuals saw clearly that "the future of Austria is in the Balkans," as the phrase was. What was the meaning of this phrase? As developed by its supporters, the policy involved was, in one respect, admirable and far-sighted in statesmanship. It meant the cultivation of friendship with Austria-Hungary's Balkan neighbors, particularly with Serbia, by replacing the current method of thwarting her economically and persecuting politically the Serbs of the Dual Monarchy, by

a policy of economic solidarity and an atmosphere of friendly confidence. It meant extending into the Balkans the real values of western civilization, the rule of law over tribal feuds, popular education, the application of science to industry and public sanitation. It meant the recognition of the high cultural values of the Slav and the Magyar. But there was another side to the policy advocated by this slogan; and the march of events disclosed a curious disparity between the end and the means. It was not the development of the Balkans for their own sake that was the ultimate object of this new orientation; nor even Austria's gain: it was to serve the interests of the German Empire, as those interests were conceived by Bismarck. Bismarck was quoted as averring that the Empire had no interest in a little German neighbor on its border, but on the contrary was deeply interested "in the creation of a Slavic state which the economic power and the political strength of its German population would prevent from ever getting away from the German alignment." In other words, Austria was to do not only transcendental police duty for Prussia, but at need rattle the sabre and stoop to the favorite old Prussian method of coercion. When Aerenthal annexed Bosnia and Herzogovina, he was hailed by these otherwise modern intellectuals as a possible Austrian Bismarck, and there was talk of taking up the issue with Serbia even to the extent of declaring war on her, although war was solely for the purpose of "*compelling her friendship.*" Familiar and ominous words in their German version; words to which history to-day happily lends a singular irony, strong enough to light up, perhaps, for the Austrian mind the psychological fallacy that underlies them, now that the torch of Imperial Germany's military glory is quenched.

Read in the obscurity that replaces to-day that once effulgent torch in Central Europe, what is the future that opens before the Austrian, as he has been interpreted in the above analysis?

The Great War has emancipated him in a double sense. First, politically, in freeing him from the secular incubus of the Hapsburgs,—and every friend of human freedom should oppose with his whole strength any attempt to restore that most baleful and insidious despotism already, at this present writing, sidling in through the door secretly un-

latched for it by its close bosom-friend the Magyar Junkers. If any arraignment beyond that of history were needed of this house, Bahr the Austrian has supplied it. In that fact alone lies an immense hope for the Austrian future. There, if anywhere, the people may legitimately be distinguished from its government, which, hybrid in race, was united only in its determination to enforce the spirit of a medieval reaction by keeping open the sores of national animosities in every other class of the nation. The divorce between government and people was proclaimed and proved in Austria long before the war, long before it became a catchword invented abroad to serve the purpose of shielding a people more responsible than any other in history for the acts and constitution of its leaders. The power of the Austrian for self-criticism means further his capacity to profit from the second emancipation wrought for him by the issue of the War: henceforth he should be able to cast off the psychological domination of Prussia, whose *Realpolitik* has been exposed as no whit less illusory, no less "contrary to those laws that things bear in themselves" than the dreams of Hapsburg Jacobins. The hour has struck that is to free him from the old torturing dualism of nature, if he will recognise that the taint in his blood is not Celt nor Slav nor Magyar, but "Prussian:" if he will turn his mingled racial inheritance from being the barren curse it was under the old régime into the fruitful gift it has proved to the English. Let the Viennese in the secret drawer now come forth in answer to the Call of Life that echoes to the living from the graves of the young dead, in the bosom of every nation that has fought the Great War. Let the Celt within him whisper to the merely German intelligence an understanding of others than himself, that he may inaugurate what Germany and Europe needs; an Austrian Renaissance.

F. V. KEYS.

SUPPOSE, FOR EXAMPLE—

BY P. BECKWITH DAVIS

CIVILIZATION has always progressed through military and diplomatic action by the more advanced States directed against predatory nations and those permitting predatory acts within their borders, either designedly or through negligence in administration. As civilization has advanced and extended its influence, the methods of depredations have changed; piracy on the high seas is no longer countenanced by any nation, although it was once licensed by rulers of nations. The nineteenth century saw a great advance in civilization, promoted by military action, when the United States engaged in the war against the Barbary pirates, which freed the Mediterranean trade routes from the tribute-taking buccaneers who were encouraged by their Governments. It saw another advance when the British and American Governments joined in action against the Chinese pirates; and when the British sent their military expeditions into Africa.

The twentieth century has no pirates to eliminate—at least, no pirates of the old school; but its problems of civilization are arising and must be met. It is proposed to shift the individual responsibilities of nations in handling these problems of civilization, by transferring them to a League of Nations. One question that is in the mind of every thoughtful American today, while the League of Nations is being discussed, is this: What effect would the adoption of the proposed League of Nations have on the actively—or permissively—predatory nation of today? This is a question that is especially pertinent in the United States. Would the League of Nations, with its present proposed Constitution, encourage or discourage internationally illegal acts of the ruling groups of nations or of their nationals?

We have always had predatory nations. Probably always shall have. Their depredations may change in form, as civilization itself is altered. Without predatory nations there would be no wars; and then the League of Nations, as at present planned, would have no reason for being. The very proposal of this League, with the Constitution as determined upon by the delegates at Paris, is an admission that predatory, ill-willed nations exist and are expected to exist. It is their acts that lead to wars. The query persists: Will the proposed Constitution of this League of Nations prevent, or encourage, these predatory nations in acts of depredation, or in complacent neglect to control their nationals on evil bent?

Let us suppose, for example, that after the adoption of such a League constitution as the one now being considered, Mexican leaders should consider themselves safe in permitting uninterrupted confiscation of properties. The producing oil properties for example, would be, according to programme, seized and distributed among favored Mexican companies.

Four Nations have already lodged complaints and protests against this confiscation of oil properties. By the proposed constitution of the League their action is prescribed in Article XVII. Mexico would be invited to become a member of the League for the purposes of considering the dispute, on equal terms with the protesting nations. The despoiled nations might then, as provided in Article XII, submit the question of the legality of such confiscation to arbitration or inquiry by the Executive Council of the League. The States, parties to the inquiry, have an indeterminate time for presentation of their arguments. The Council has six months within which to make "recommendations." For three months thereafter no step involving force may be taken.

It is fair to assume that the recommendation, or award, would be along lines of right and justice—to the effect that Mexico must respect property rights of foreigners legally acquired under former Governments and laws, and must return the properties to the owners. Suppose, as may well be supposed, that Mexico refuses to abide by the award of the League. What then? The dire results are laid down in Article XIII as follows: "The Executive Council shall propose what steps should be taken to give effect thereto."

Article XVI provides, in addition, that such breach of covenant shall be treated as an act of war—resulting in what? War? No; severance of trade relations, inhibitions, prohibition of all intercourse with League States—boycott and isolation. This would make the confiscation of oil fields unprofitable, if effectively applied. But suppose some country not a member of the League—Germany, for instance—refuses to boycott or aid in isolating Mexico. As a result, Mexican companies get the stolen oil fields, Germany gets cheap oil, and everybody outside the League of Nations is happy. The United States, England, and France would thus be cut off from the supply they urgently need, even now, to fill their requirements for the arts of peace, not to mention their needs in case of another war. In fine, all nations which refuse to boycott or isolate the offending country, together with predatory Mexico, profit by the arrangement.

But suppose, on the contrary, that Mexico, impelled by the moral force that has to date had no effect upon her performances, should accept the recommendation or award. In such a hypothetical—and highly improbable—case, much time would elapse before and during the consideration of the case by the League, and millions of barrels of oil meanwhile would be taken from the properties of American, British, and French owners and sold by the Mexican corporations substituted for them in ownership. The danger of exhaustion of the oil deposits by unskillful management during the tenure of Mexican companies is real. The value of two years' production of Mexican oil is more than $50,000,000. Mexico is now unable to pay even the interest on her bonds; how could she be forced to pay this larger sum to compensate the American, British, and French owners when justice was done, and the legal rights of foreigners, legally acquired, were recognized by the final award?

Let us consider the Mexican problem and the League from yet another angle. Suppose that the United States has accepted the Covenant of the League. Thereafter, a border town is raided by starving Mexican soldiers, American men and women are killed, and property is stolen (an admissible supposition, in view of the fact that this has occurred more than once). By the League Covenant, the United States may not invade Mexican territory; a Pershing expedition

or a Glenn Springs pursuit is impossible under Articles XVI and XVII. The only result is a dispute covered by Article XVII. Mexico—actively, permissively or negligently guilty of an act of warlike aggression—is invited to become a member of the League in order to argue on an equality with the United States. She may refuse or accept; no time is set for her refusal or acceptance. During this delay—judging strictly from precedents—more raids may follow (other raids followed that of Columbus, in spite of, or because of, the New London conference). The hands of the United States are tied by the acceptance of the League Covenant. She may not even resist attack and aggression.

It is fair to assume that Mexico would refuse to discuss the situation at all. Carranza so refused in 1915. Then Article XVI fixes the penalty: boycott and isolation by members of the League. But will other States, not members of the League, co-operate? Some States may well be expected to take advantage of the boycott and continue trading with Mexico—and Mexicans will continue raiding as in the summer of 1916. It is not apparent how even a water-tight boycott can be expected to end unresisted border raids. Moral suasion cannot be expected to accomplish too much, even in these idealistic days.

But suppose Mexico accepts membership, and the question comes before the Executive Council. No time limit is set for presentation of statements of the case. Article XV says that this shall be done "as promptly as possible;" but a defendant nation may be expected to find prompt presentation impossible—and meantime the raids go on. Add, to the unlimited time for the presentation of statements of the case, the six months allowed for the formulation of the report, and then three months before an expedition may be sent against the raiders. Meanwhile, the raids continue, fostered by assurance of immunity.

Consider what the award will be. Will it take the form of admonition to Mexico to police her own borders and prevent the recurrence of murderous raids and land piracy? That is only a reminder of a duty Mexico always understood but always performed grudgingly, if at all. Will it be payment of indemnity to families of the killed and to owners of property carried away or destroyed? It would be refreshing, at least, to know that after these many years some damages must be paid. But how would the damages

be paid, and from what source would they come? Mexico pays today not even the interest on her national debt, or full salaries to civil employees. What means are provided to force payment?

As between two well-disposed States, both members of the League, the proposed Covenant may offer the cooling-off period provided by Mr. Bryan in his arbitration treaties. Its effect, doubtless, would be to bind collectively the States signatory to those treaties which Mr. Bryan began to make painstakingly between two nations at a time, the United States being one of the hobbled Powers in each instance. But the proposed Covenant, if accepted by the United States, would prevent this and other well-disposed and well-behaved States from taking the quick and decisive action necessary to repel invasion and aggression by predatory States, or by States unable to control their disorderly nationals. At the same time, it offers to such predatory or care-free States immunity from the immediate chastisement that alone could end, or has ever ended, their piratical transgressions.

Senator Hitchcock has stated that no aggression need be feared from Mexico because (1) League members are to respect only the territory of League members, and (2) Mexico cannot become a member, since she cannot give guarantees of compliance with her international obligations. Suppose, however, that some member of the League turns predatory. Had this Covenant been signed prior to 1914, Germany would have been a member—and undeterred, probably, from her ambitious undertaking thereby. Invasion of her borders would have been impossible by Russia or France because of the fact that she was a member.

Or suppose that some member becomes unable to control its predatory nationals. Mexico would have been a member of the League, beyond question, had the League been formed during the orderly days of Porfirio Diaz. Immunity from territorial invasion would have guaranteed the success of the revolutions that have been raging solely because of non-interference by the civilized nations; and Columbus, Agua Prieta, Glenn Springs, and worse, would have happened. With Mexico enjoying immunity as a League member, aggressions and invasions could have been met only by conversation, while the raiders, enriched and emboldened by this fatuous castigation, would have be-

come bolder, and the raids more frequent and farther reaching.

But, one moment. *IS* Mexico to be permanently debarred from membership? The United States has given Carranza *de facto* and *de jure* recognition, indicating that the nation thus favored can give and is giving satisfactory guarantees of compliance with its international obligations. Who will raise the question of Mexico's qualification for membership when she makes her application? The United States seems to be estopped from doing so. What wonder, in view of the situation that a little consideration of the past conjures up for the future, that the League Constitution as proposed is hailed as a beneficent gospel by the Mexican Government press? Extreme prison reform, with ice cream and cake for the daily menu, invariably meets with loud cheers from the criminal classes.

P. BECKWITH DAVIS.

BUSINESS MEN AND POLITICS

BY EDWARD G. RIGGS

THE entertaining and instructive article, "Quality versus Equality," contributed by Mrs. R. Clipston Sturgis to the August issue of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, has opened a new field of thought. Mrs. Sturgis gives personal experiences, states facts within the purview of her environment, and makes no pretense of furnishing a remedy for the discomforts of which she so good-naturedly speaks. Nor shall I attempt to offer a panacea or any form of remedy, for I am well aware that our friends in the labor organizations do not regard the high and mounting wages of today or the hours of work as inequalities. They regard them as a long delayed rendering of justice to themselves, and as the fulfillment of rightful demands on capital. Even had I a thought of suggesting remedies, I cannot forget a scene in the office of President Harrison in the White House thirty years ago when the President signed and handed to Theodore Roosevelt his commission as a United States Civil Service Commissioner. It is customary on such occasions for the President to proffer a few kindly words of advice or guidance, especially to the recipient of an influential office. "Congratulations, Mr. Roosevelt," the President said as he handed the engraved scroll to the man who twelve years later was to occupy his place, "and if you will permit me—I am somewhat older than yourself—do not, I pray you, think you can reform the universe in twenty-four hours."

I shall attempt only to offer a few suggestions, rather than to propose remedies for the inequalities of which Mrs. Sturgis speaks. Rather am I inclined to favor a kind of homeopathic treatment. If our workmen have unions and organizations, why should not our business men enjoy the same privilege?

Mr. A. B. Garretson, then President of the Order of

Railway Conductors, testified before the United States Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce in February that there are 3,000,000 workmen—perhaps a few more than that—who are members of labor organizations in the country. According to the census of 1910, the last official word, there are 38,167,336 persons engaged in useful occupations in the United States. It would be interesting if we could ascertain the real reasons why only 3,000,000 of that vast number of over thirty-eight millions are affiliated with labor organizations. Many theories have been advanced and much useless speculation indulged in by way of explanation; one fact remains: that the 3,000,000 represent a compact, unified force.

If our business men do not care to unionize or organize, why could they not take a more active personal interest in politics, and attend the primaries of their parties? Chambers of commerce and boards of trade are well enough, and the National Chamber of Commerce at Washington has done excellent work in getting the opinions of their thousands of members on the vital economic problems of the times, but as a rule the average business body " resolutes " a good deal and lets it go at that.

Business men and others complain that labor unions receive first consideration at Washington and at most of our State capitals; that all legislation affecting labor interests has been looked upon in a favorable light. But why should not these labor unions and their representatives receive such consideration when their leaders, representatives, and members take an active and intense interest in political organizations and political questions? Labor men join political organizations, and thus take part in selecting, through the primaries, the members of the party committees, who compose " the organization " as well as the delegates to city, State and national conventions of the great parties, where platforms and principles are adopted for the consideration of our voters. The Presidential vote of 1916 was coincident with the vote in every cross-roads town and hamlet in the country for town officers, for members of Congress and State legislators, and for United States Senators, and the election of these latter carried with it the power to accept or reject appointments to office submitted by the President and by Governors, and to frame legislation.

Some business men complain that political heads of or-

ganizations pay little or no attention to their wishes in the make-up of tickets of candidates to be voted at the primaries. The political heads of organizations reply that they cannot interest business men in the details of the machinery of political organizations. The competition of our business life is swift and strenuous, and business men must devote most of their energies and time to their own affairs. Then, too, many of our business men object to holding public office, where the emoluments are small, and where their time would be taken up to the disadvantage of what they consider to be their legitimate undertakings. But when business men refuse to attend the primaries of their political parties, they turn over their powers and their influence to the heads of political organizations who are constantly associated with labor leaders and their friends. When the time for appointments to office comes around—either by a President, a Governor or a Mayor—do the candidates for those appointments seek indorsements from chambers of commerce and boards of trade, or individual business men? Sometimes, but mostly as a matter of form. On the other hand, those candidates for office are anxious for the endorsement of labor organizations. Labor men represent a compact force; and yet labor men do not vote as a class any more than do lawyers, physicians, clergymen or any other class of our citizens; or any more than our women vote, or will vote, in the future, as a sex.

It has been the fashion for political leaders to name through the primaries a sprinkling of business men as delegates to city, State and national conventions, but this action is quite gratuitous. These business men did not themselves, like their brother labor representatives in the conventions, earn the distinction at the primaries by personal effort.

Could the Greenback craze, the mania for rag money, have got under way fifty years ago if the business men of that time had performed their full duties as citizens? Could Populism have got a start? Could the Sixteen-to-One nonsense have come within an ace of electing a President of the United States if the business men of those days had given full heed to the beginnings of that heresy? Our business men are shrewd observers of events, they are among the best of our practical psychologists in the study of men; but how often does one hear the remark that while they are generous enough in contributions to campaign funds on the

eve of elections—as generous as the present laws allow—they take little or no interest in those perfectly human institutions, the primaries, which absolutely determine the nominations of candidates for office and the adoption of platforms which may bring very radical economic changes?

Our business men have, through indifference, or absorption in their own affairs, neglected the political opportunities they enjoy in our great Republic. They have neglected them in the shaping of municipal, State, and national affairs, and they have no one to blame but themselves for the attitude of legislators, who are frequently swayed by strictly labor influences.

The business men have permitted the political leaders and their affiliated politicians practically to govern for them, and thus to advance any sort of political and economic doctrines that redounded to the strength of political leaders and political organizations. In a word, they have delegated to the politicians the powers which they themselves, individually and collectively, should enjoy—powers which if properly exercised, would protect them from the subversive doctrines which are often tolerated by the politicians for reasons of political expediency.

How has this come about? Because our men of business have neglected to attend the primaries of their parties. In most of our States we have primaries for city, State and national affairs, for the selection of delegates to conventions or caucuses, or conferences where the candidates for local and federal offices are nominated and platforms of principles framed. But all that the business men of our country do is to step up to the polls on election day and vote for the candidates selected for them by the politicians at these primaries.

At a dinner party a short time ago eleven business men who were present were denouncing a certain political leader whom they believed to be unfair to them. His representatives, they said, had advanced in conferences, caucuses and conventions, alleged socialistic, anarchistic doctrines with no other thought than to gain popular support by appealing to prejudices against the financial and business men and institutions of our country. Finally, when they had become sufficiently excited in their comments over this political leader, they asked for my opinion as to the fairness of their comments.

"There are eleven gentlemen here, all of you business men," I replied. "Let me start at the beginning of your criticism by asking how many of you attended the primaries of your parties?"

Not one of them had attended their party primaries.

I then told them that there was not a primary in the United States—city, State or national—which, if attended by the business men, would not lead to the correction of many alleged inequalities; that the criticisms they had in mind were not based on substantial personal action; and I reiterated that if they and other business men would attend their party primaries, they could exert a potent influence on public affairs.

Some demurred, saying that they could not find time to attend the primaries of their parties. I replied that it would take only fifteen or thirty minutes of their time, once or perhaps twice a year. They answered that, even if they did attend the primaries, they found the tickets for delegates made up for them, already printed, and that all they could do was either to vote for the delegates on the printed tickets or not to vote at all.

"Not at all," I replied. "In your business organizations, chambers of commerce and boards of trade, you could stimulate your members to attend the primaries, and before going to these primaries you could have printed tickets naming the business men you desired to vote for as delegates to the various caucuses or conventions which adopt platforms and nominate candidates for office."

They looked dubious—it would, they said, take too much time and trouble.

I replied that they could do this in a single evening, two weeks before the primaries were called; that if they devoted only one evening a year to such a purpose, they could help to select delegates to the city, State, and national conventions, who, in naming the candidates for office and in adopting platforms, would have in mind the business interests of the country.

Several in the group replied that business men did not desire to enter the lists for public office. Admitting that, I rejoined that it would not be necessary for the business men's delegates to the various conventions or caucuses to become candidates for office, but that it was their duty to attend these primaries and to select business men as dele-

gates to the various conventions and caucuses, so that the political leaders would be compelled to nominate men for office with some idea of the business requirements of the country.

Our professional men,—lawyers, physicians, journalists, architects, professors, college presidents, civil engineers,—must be charged with similar disregard of their political duties as business men. What a power these professional men could wield for the benefit of all classes were they to act as compact bodies of our citizens through their societies and associations, accepting their full duties as citizens of the Republic!

Perhaps the most vivid illustration I can give of this lack of interest, is the result of the primaries to nominate a Governor for the State of New York last year. This was a hotly contested primary fight, yet the total vote in the Republican primaries for Charles S. Whitman and Merton E. Lewis, the two candidates for the nomination for Governor, was only 414,350, while the vote on election day for Governor Whitman, the winner in the primaries, was 956,-034. The total vote for Governor in the Democratic primaries for the two candidates for the nomination, Alfred E. Smith and William Church Osborn, was only 232,513, while the vote on election day for Mr. Smith, the winner of the Democratic primaries, was 1,009,936. To analyze the figures still further, even in this stout primary battle Governor Whitman's individual vote in the primaries was only 295,471, whereas his vote on election day was 956,034; and in the Democratic primaries Mr. Smith received only 199,752 votes, whereas on election day his total vote was 1,009,936.

This shows a very wide discrepancy; and it should be remembered that the business men and other voters had no choice on election day save to vote for Mr. Whitman or Mr. Smith, or not to vote at all. The figures illustrate the failure of a vast majority of business men and our professional men and farmers in New York State to take any effective interest in the primaries.

One often hears bursts of indignation over the charge that the politicians control the selection of our Judges—Municipal, Supreme Court, United States Circuit, and Federal. Well, are not our business men, our professional men, lawyers especially, perfectly aware that this power

begins at the primaries? It is at the primaries that delegates are elected to the judicial conventions or conferences where candidates for Municipal Court and Supreme Court Judges are nominated. In these primaries is lodged also the power of the politicians to recommend to Mayors and Governors the appointment of Judges, Municipal and Supreme Court, when vacancies occur. It is from these same primaries that the political leaders and their friends derive the power to recommend to the President the naming of Judges for the Federal and Circuit Courts. Do not our business men and others of equal intelligence understand fully that from these primaries the politicians derive also the power to elect United States Senators, who in turn confirm the President's appointments of Circuit and Federal Judges, as well as the Judges of the Supreme Court?

The business men of few countries in the world are so neglectful or so indifferent to their political duties as the American business man.

Our business men seem to forget that politics in this country is a business, a trade, that the politicians are constantly on the job, day in and day out, studying and perfecting their trade, just as our business men are studying and perfecting their own particular vocations. By a mingling of the two interests, legitimate business and legitimate politics, there would be perhaps fewer opportunities for politicians to sneer at business men and for business men to scoff at politicians, and a more equable understanding as to economic policies, and problems could be brought about,—and I have not read Rousseau's *Perpetual Peace* in twenty-five years.

Massachusetts in November last voted to accept the amendment presented by the Constitutional Convention calling for a compulsory voting law. The law is to be in operation for the first time this coming November. The total vote for Governor of Massachusetts last year was 412,691. It may be interesting to note the total vote for Governor in the State this year. Up to the time that Massachusetts passed this compulsory voting law, compulsory voting was mentioned in only one of the constitutions of the forty-eight States, that of North Dakota, which provides that "the Legislature . . . may prescribe penalties for failing, neglecting, or refusing to vote at any General Election." Thus far, however, the legislature of that State has

not passed any act in execution of this permissive power. There are compulsory voting laws in Austria, Belgium, Spain, Switzerland, New Zealand and Tasmania, but they have not proved effective influences in getting out to any great extent a larger vote—mainly for the homely old reason that you may drive a horse to the trough but you cannot force him to drink; and the penalties attached to the compulsory voting laws in the foreign countries mentioned have not been sufficiently severe to overcome a disinclination to exercise the franchise.

In America a new and potent force is to be exerted in 1920: the women voters. Full suffrage franchise already exists in Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, Idaho, Washington, California, Kansas, Arizona, Oregon, Montana, Nevada, New York, Michigan, Oklahoma, South Dakota; and additional States will doubtless fall into line before election day 1920. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt, President of the National American Women's Suffrage Association, has been good enough to estimate for me the number of women voters to take part in the Fall election next year: 12,000,000, she says, is a fair guess. Are the women voters of the States mentioned to be as neglectful of their power and influence in the primaries,—the starting post of all who determine executive and legislative action, municipal, State and federal,—as the business men of our country have been?

EDWARD G. RIGGS.

TWO POEMS

BY AMY LOWELL

I.

LITTLE IVORY FIGURES PULLED WITH STRING

Is it the tinkling of mandolins which disturbs you?
Or the dropping of bitter-orange petals among the coffee-cups?
Or the slow creeping of the moonlight between the olive trees?

Drop! drop! the rain
Upon the thin plates of my heart.

String your blood to chord with this music,
Stir your heels upon the cobbles to the rhythm of a dance-tune.
They have slim thighs and arms of silver;
The moon washes away their garments;
They make a pattern of fleeing feet in the branch-shadows,
And the green grapes knotted about them
Burst as they press against one another.

The rain knocks upon the plates of my heart,
They are crumpled with its beating.

Would you drink only from your brains, Old Man?
See, the moonlight has reached your knees,
It falls upon your head in an accolade of silver.
Rise up on the music,
Fling against the moon-drifts in a whorl of young light bodies:
Leaping grape-clustres,
Vine-leaves tearing from a grey wall.
You shall run, laughing, in a braid of women,
And weave flowers with the frosty spines of thorns.
Why do you gaze into your glass,
And jar the spoons with your finger-tapping?

The rain is rigid on the plates of my heart.
The murmur of it is loud—loud.

II

TREES IN WINTER

Pine-trees:
Black clouds slowly swaying
Over a white earth.

Hemlocks:
Coned green shadows
Through a falling veil.

Elm-trees:
Stiff black threads
Lacing over silver.

Cedars:
Layered undulations
Roofing naked ground.

Almonds:
Flaring needles
Stabbing at a grey sky.

Weeping cherries:
Tossing smoke
Swept down by wind.

Oaks:
Twisted beams
Cased in alabaster.

AMY LOWELL.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

SOCIAL STUDIES OF THE WAR. By Elmer T. Clark, Litt. D. New York: George H. Doran Company.

There are two sides to the moral lesson taught by the war. While unsuspected resources of heroism have been revealed, depths of depravity have been laid bare. And perhaps the most important effect that the war can produce upon men's minds is just this new conception of human nature as a thing of tremendous height and depth. In a sense, the religious view of human life has been forced upon a world that has been but mildly religious and far from theological in its usual mode of thought. *The Pilgrim's Progress* is a great book precisely because it realizes with dramatic intensity the struggle between good and evil in ordinary life. And now, by a tremendous object-lesson, we are being made to realize that the battle with Apollyon is unavoidable and more bitter than we had supposed; that the wickedness of Vanity Fair is viler than we had imagined.

According to Dr. Clark, several of the Entente countries have been, during the war, fairly inundated with vice. Though little supported by documentary or statistical evidence, and hence open to incredulity as containing elements of exaggeration or hearsay, the author's statements upon this subject are impressive. Dr. Clark has had ample opportunities to make observations and to receive inside information. Nor does he strike one as, in the least, an alarmist or a sensationalist. His words point to a condition that, in England, has been, to some extent already bruited. The social evil, it would appear, has increased enormously—especially in England, in France, and in Italy; it has got beyond all bounds; it is open and shameless. What is worse, unnatural vice—vice said to have been propagated by German agents, and then made an instrument of blackmail—has spread frightfully. Doubtless, there is something of hysteria in these reports. But there is nothing hysterical about Dr. Clark, and to him the whole situation seems exceedingly grave.

Over against this evil condition may be set an actual religious uplift. "In a real sense," testifies Dr. Clark, "in spite of unmorality and anti-ecclesiasticism, the war has given birth to the God-idea. And this insures the perpetuation of religion." Nay, more; "out of the changing order there seems destined to issue a more vital religious faith than anything we have ever known before."

What, then, are we to do in the light of this new conception of humanity, this enlarged vision of sin and of heroic virtue? Qualities

better than military gallantry or disciplined bravery have been evoked by the struggle; but if the worst vices generally prevalent among American fighting men are cigarette-smoking, swearing, and bad grammar, moral looseness of an infinitely worse sort appears to have flourished elsewhere. What sort of adjustment should be made to this anomalous and challenging situation?

Dr. Clark's point of view seems to be that of one who believes that the natural and proper instruments of reform are the churches. This view is perhaps too narrow. The whole problem, though not too big for religion, is conceivably too big for the churches. For the churches, as human organizations, are just one of the forms of endeavor that religion inspires.

Doubtless the churches need admonishing. Dr. Clark makes it appear that they have conspicuously failed to check vice. Chaplains at the front have winked at immorality, and have adopted a lower moral standard than the inner sense of the men has approved. In welfare work, too, the churches have been less efficient than the lay organizations. But if the churches have really lost spiritual leadership, advice to them to regain it seems only a very indirect answer to the general ethical problem.

Probably Dr. Clark's suggestions are wise. Though controversy is not just what the present situation demands, the author, speaking the truth as he sees it, may legitimately conceive that he is doing good by arguing that the Papacy has not gained in repute during the war, and by urging the Catholic Church to give up the idea of temporal headship. Among the Protestant churches a simplified and vivified theology is certainly to be wished for. If premillenarianism and that sort of thing is nearly so prevalent as Dr. Clark indicates, there is a world of misdirected religious thinking among the masses. And the suggestion that theology must be "harmonized with sociology" is undoubtedly good, if rightly understood. But only if rightly understood. For the *preaching of* sociology has seldom proved satisfactory; it rather easily becomes the preaching of socialism or of pacifism or of sociological doctrine too doubtful for practical use. And, then, too, sociology seems to have a singular power to absorb and dissolve theology; we are already perhaps too much inclined to think that the "God-idea" and the humanitarian idea are identical.

Dr. Clark's ideas seem to need further explication. But, supposing them adequately explained, do they not fall considerably short of the larger mark at which constructive suggestion should be aimed? Is the church the right institution, for example, to teach the brute facts about vice, to re-educate and reinstate prostitutes and drunkards, to secure the right relation between employer and employed? The "church" as religion in action, as the unofficial and mystical union of all religiously minded men could do these things and more; for the church in this sense is simply morally inspired humanity. But for such tasks the churches, as instruments, seem, to speak bluntly, indifferently fitted.

The fire that "we cannot kindle when we will" has been burning brightly "over there." It appears to have been kindled and kept alive not by the churches but by the war. The pressing question is how to canalize and employ the new energy. Men need causes to fight for

as good as that of winning the war; they need a simpler sense of duty in ordinary life, a better adjustment of potential virtue to obvious duty. To meet this need, heart-work and head-work are required of all persons and of all agencies: the war lesson needs to be learned by the schools, the press, and the theatre; by the corporations and by the labor unions. Doubtless there is power in Christanity to unify all these forms of activity, and Christianity is even now unifying them. But can the churches at present do this work? Without in the least denying the power of religion, one may suggest that a good deal of preliminary work must be done by other agencies before the church can get the full benefit of the emergent moral impulse. A church that cannot solve the labor problem—because it is not a storehouse of wisdom about labor—will suffer from ethical bewilderment as much as any other group—until the labor problem is solved.

NEW SCHOOLS FOR OLD. By Evelyn Dewey. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company.

We can have new schools for old if we want them. The thing needed is simply the individual will to think intelligently and to work devotedly. But what one invariably finds when one investigates backward institutions like the country church or the country school is that extremely little "common sense" (moral intelligence) has been applied to the situation; remarkably little moral effort has been made. The kind of "sense" that enables people to make the most of small means for a worthy end and so to achieve results that seem astonishing cannot be taught by lectures; it cannot be produced by circularizing people; it cannot be bought. It works by example, by demonstration; it works from within and leavens a community. And within the community moral intelligence always seems to do its work effectually. We are invariably surprised when we hear of such results as those accomplished by Mrs. Marie Turner Harvey in the school of Porter, Missouri. Yet it is hardly an exaggeration to say that such experiments always succeed. A person who wants to labor for his fellows need not be a genius, nor even an expert. All experience seems to show that a vast number of human problems can be solved by good intelligence, inspired—yes, actually uplifted and made keener—by unselfish purpose. This fails only when the problem involves rare intellectual difficulties, such as require the mind of a statesman or a specialist. And the assistance of the specialist, at least, can usually be had.

The Porter School is in the northern part of Missouri, in a district that lies next to the city of Kirksville. A few years ago it had a one-room school that was as bad as bad could be—unhygienic, ill-equipped, inefficient. Now it has a one-room school that is a marvel of suitability to its environment. Mrs. Harvey, an experienced rural teacher who had charge of a model country school in connection with the State Normal School at Kirksville, accomplished the change. Her model school, she knew, did not fit the conditions of any particular community, and it did draw pupils from Porter, thus encouraging the drift away from country life; and so she resolved to try an experiment *in situ*. To this experiment she devoted not merely a part of her mind —her specialized knowledge—but her whole self. And while she gave

herself freely, she insisted upon independence—a cottage of her own, a recognized position in the community. These conditions are obviously essential . Having them, Mrs. Harvey wrought a miracle; and the most striking fact about her achievement is, as Miss Dewey points out, that "it has been accomplished with no greater resources than are available in any isolated district." The lesson is plain. "What we need is not a certain system, nor a lot of new methods and equipment, but a direction, a conscious purpose toward which the schools shall strive." The purpose, be it noted, is not to be merely a phase of communal enthusiasm (Germany had communal enthusiasm) but a broadly self-respecting—that is, a fundamentally unselfish purpose.

Such is the lesson, but how are we to apply it? It is the old, old question of how to make moral energy work and spread. We cannot get better schools merely by legislative enactment. We cannot get them merely by paying rural teachers better wages. We cannot get them merely by teaching improved methods. "The theoretical training given in normal schools to-day all points," says Miss Dewey, "to the value of such teaching as Mrs. Harvey's." Mrs. Harvey's teaching is up-to-date, intelligent, above all suited to the particular needs and interests of her pupils, but it is not revolutionary. The fundamental question, then is not so much how to teach as how to get a Mrs. Harvey to do the teaching.

Is not here, one may suggest, exactly the sort of sociological problem which the churches, without involving themselves in speculative sociology, could help to solve? There are plenty of serious-minded girls in America; they may be found doing all sorts of work—some of it unsatisfying enough, however well-paid. Ministers are commendably active in sending young people to college and out into the mission fields. Couldn't ministers—or, better, the whole church community—exercise a valuable influence by directing the right sort of young folks toward a career of splendid usefulness in the rural field? College or normal school probably would have to come first; but after that the church would have a practical and idealistic answer to the aching question, "What next?"—an answer that would doubtless fit many cases.

Miss Dewey's account of Mrs. Harvey's work is as fascinating as an old-fashioned fairy-tale: everything comes out so much better than one's hopeful interest dares to predict. In the beginning Mrs. Harvey encountered unbelievable prejudice; in the end she obtained wonderfully hearty coöperation. Miss Dewey's book ought to be in every public library, in every school library, in every Sunday-school library. It ought to be talked about wherever young people may hear about it and be impressed by it. It ought to be on the moving picture screens.

PRUSSIANISM AND PACIFISM. By Poultney Bigelow. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

The story of Prussianism as related by Mr. Bigelow is a singularly consistent narrative of intrigue, ambition, evil will. "The violation of Belgian neutrality by Wilhelm II., in 1914, stands as a landmark in criminology, but it is inseparably linked with that pleasant day in September of 1862 when the grandfather of Wilhelm II. gave one of many

instances where treaties have been but scraps of paper—in Hohenzollern eyes." When Wilhelm I., at the instance of Bismarck decided to abolish the constitution, a step was taken in the direction of Armageddon. History is continuous. "This war," writes Mr. Bigelow with his customary pungency, "is but one of a chain of wars that commenced when the first German saw that his neighbor had something."

The story is told with great freshness and vigor. It speaks out the truth, as one man saw it and felt it, in a manner not common in histories. Especially striking are the authors' estimates of men and the vision he gives of German system and German directness of purpose. Mr. Bigelow writes as one who has lived in the atmosphere or under the shadow of such personalities as Bismarck, Moltke, Wilhelm II.; and concerning them he gives us the results not only of logical judgment, but of moral insight. He makes us see that America might have learned from Germany in 1870 the meaning of preparedness. "In the summer of 1870, Moltke received word that his King had declared war on France. 'Very well—open draw X. Y. Z. and you will find the French frontier—the orders are all made out—see that they are delivered. Good day!' and the head of the general staff turned over and finished his nap." It is an old lesson and a good one: the Devil is never lazy or unprepared. But it is a hard lesson for some to learn: in 1917 Americans were authoritatively assured that if this country were invaded a million well-armed soldiers would spring from the ground and chase the enemy into the sea!

Throughout the narrative, a reasonable and wholesome stress is laid upon the effect of individual thought and action. Washington and Cavour are contrasted with the Iago-like Bismarck; Frederick the Noble, under whose leadership Germany might conceivably have attained moral greatness, with the megalomaniac Wilhelm II. Character, good or bad, weak or strong, is a force at least as potent as economic causation, and not nearly so well understood as questions of wealth and population. Bismarck willed that Wilhelm I. should not abdicate; Queen Victoria willed that England should not interfere to prevent the spoliation of Denmark; the Empress Eugénie willed that France should go to war with Germany—in such things there is an unaccountable element that should put us on our guard against hasty generalization.

And the moral of it all is that we cannot safely depart from the good old dualistic and individualistic view of human life—from the belief that the good man should "trust in God and keep his powder dry." We must not put all our faith in laws or leagues, or luck; in treaties or in general "progress." We must not uncritically adopt a pleasant theory about human nature. "Let us honor the peacemakers," writes Mr. Bigelow; "let us labor for brotherhood amongst nations; let us rear churches to him who preached upon the Mount of Olives, and let us even believe that man is improving in some respects, if not in all. But the man who loves his country should feel that the first duty of Government is to make that country safe from attack."

History, of course, does not prove that the human race has made no progress. It does not demonstrate that universal peace is an impossibility—who does not believe that sooner or later this ideal will be

realized? But it does furnish a most ironic commentary upon pacifism —which is the mistaking of an ideal for a reality. The irony of the rise of Prussianism, as a commentary upon pacifism, Mr. Bigelow very tellingly expresses.

THE OLD FREEDOM. By Francis Neilson. New York: B. W. Huebsch.

Drawing largely upon English history for facts, quoting liberally from the histories of Stubbs, Freeman, and Green, and even from Taine's justly celebrated *History of English Literature,* Mr. Neilson seeks to establish the thesis that the salvation of society depends upon an immediate return to first principles—principles long ignored and now almost forgotten. "While science," he declares, "must go always forward, adding to its data and developing its process, in politics the tendency must be backward, back to true democracy."

To the support of this contention, the recent philosophical thinkers, as well as the somewhat less up-to-date historians are made to contribute. "There are three men in particular who have revealed to us in recent years the probability of a new era, or rather the return to the best of an old era." These men are Henri Bergson, Franz Oppenheimer, and Dr. Nicolai, author of *The Biology of War.* Bergson "has swept away all the lumber of the latter-day Spencer." In the light of his philosophy, it would appear, one may perceive that the report of the Whitley Commission, with its suggestion of a cautious evolution toward industrial democracy, is simply a piece of weak, old-fashioned, evolutionary policy. It looks to a slow, forward movement, whereas the true progress should be both backward and sudden. Franz Oppenheimer, holding a high position as an economist in the University of Berlin, has written "undoubtedly the most learned, the most thorough analytical treatise of the growth of the State," and has "revealed a desire to return to first principles." As for Dr. Nicolai, he has shown on biological principles the folly of German State Socialism and of German militarism, and he has preached a philosophy eminently sane and sound—except that its only basis is biology.

What is the proposition to which this rather oddly assorted list of thinkers are made—perhaps unwittingly—to lend their support, either as opponents of socialism or as advocates of first principles? In about seven pages at the end of his book, Mr. Neilson reveals the secret: the way of social and political salvation lies through the taxation of the full monopoly value of land.

The proposition that the state should take monopoly values, giving community-created values to the community and to the individual the full value of his product, is not wholly new. In fact, it has been a good deal discussed. One realizes, of course, that quite a strong case can be made out for it. But surely it has never before been advocated in just this way.

TWELVE MEN. By Theodore Dreiser. New York: Boni and Liveright.

Certain readers who care more for literature than for realism

may possibly be surprised that the author of *Sister Carrie, Jennie Gerhardt, The Financier, The Titan,* and other titanic works, should write so pointedly and so pregnantly as Mr. Dreiser has done in *Twelve Men.* The narratives in this latest book of his—narratives that are at the same time artfully developed short-stories and conversationally told character sketches—do not, to be sure, lack realism. They are thoroughly unconventional, and they are true. They have also the superficial traits of speaking with little delicacy about sex and of quoting profanity exactly. But thorough unconventionality—to say nothing of the superficial traits—is a virtue. And the stories are not—thank Heaven!—realistic in the sense of being tediously and majestically true to fact: they do not tell at merciless length what may be known just as well through epitome, through sample, or through suggestion. Nor do they contain merely a grain of imagination hidden away in a wagon-load of the hay, wood, stubble of experience. On the contrary in these tales Mr. Dreiser's imagination actively interprets life, interprets it with that reserve, that skepticism which—rather than delight in the raw material of human existence—is the mark of intelligent realism.

Verily, "what a piece of work is man"! Life is ever so much bigger and more interesting than conventional morality, conventional sentiment, conventional romance—such is the excellent reaction produced upon the mind by Mr. Dreiser's sketches of such men as "Peter," the bohemian artist, thinker, and practical joker, to whom *home life* was, after all, the ultimate reality; "Paul Dresser," the author's brother who was the composer of "Just Tell Them that You Saw Me" and "On the Banks of the Wabash"; "Culhane, the Solid Man" (Muldoon), who at his sanitorium has put into practise a system of athletic morals and of moral strenuousness that is a criticism of life no less telling and no less enjoyable than is the grotesque irony of a Carlyle; "X," the one-time millionaire—one respects the author's delicacy about revealing his true name—who, having achieved affluence by a combination of the virtue preached by Samuel Smiles and the masterful shrewdness celebrated in novels about big business, developed—not high moral character or respectability—but a certain sincerity and romantic grandeur of soul.

No one, it may be said, has drawn with more truth, with more genuine humor, or with more genuine reverence for the mystery of human personality, than has Mr. Dreiser such so-called "types" as the country doctor, the Irish contractor, the religious enthusiast. All the men in the author's gallery of obscure or conspicuous notables impress one deeply by their inexplicable force, and puzzle one by the variety of their ideals and standards.

No mature and open-minded person, whether interested simply in human beings, or, like "Culhane," in the history of morals, should miss reading these realistic, and intimately realized, sketches.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. WM. ROSCOE THAYER AND PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

SIR,—Mr. Thayer's reply to me in the September REVIEW concerning the Venezuela matter indicates that he is indifferent to documentary evidence, and finds hearsay sufficiently satisfactory for his purposes. If he had consulted the Red Book, he would have learned that it was Mr. Hay who authorized me to act for Venezuela. That being the case, I could not, of course, encourage him to state that it was Mr. Roosevelt. In asking Mr. Hay to act as mediator, I pursued the usual course; and in selecting Washington as the place for negotiations, I simply followed the good diplomatic rule to secure as the seat for carrying on a controversy one with a favorable environment. What I wanted was the moral support of the American people. The aid of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Hay I neither solicited nor accepted during my entire stay in Washington, and it would have been highly improper for either of them to have attempted to control my work or to interfere in the negotiations. Only those who are duly authorized can act as arbitrators or plenipotentiaries. I did my work, and no one else did it, and I naturally must decline to be browbeaten by Mr. Thayer into permitting the false statement to be made and repeated without contradiction, that Mr. Roosevelt did it. Would Mr. Thayer allow any other person than himself to claim the authorship of Mr. Thayer's biography of John Hay? Of course not; and if he submitted documentary proof as conclusive evidence of the fact that he himself wrote the book, would he not expect the public to accept that evidence rather than hearsay? I offer the Red Book and Blue Book as complete and final proof of the truth of my assertions. Mr. Thayer ignores all documents, tells his impossible story, and then quotes Mr. Roosevelt and Dr. Buenz, the German Consul-General in New York, and concludes with the declaration that, if the story were not true, Bernstorff, the German Ambassador in Washington, would have denied it. Mr. Roosevelt admitted that he fooled both the American people and the Kaiser; Dr. Buenz was sentenced to an American prison for making false statements and for other discreditable reasons; and Bernstorff was too busy lying to tell the truth about anything.

HERBERT W. BOWEN.

Woodstock, Conn.

MR. THAYER'S REJOINDER

SIR,—Mr. Bowen resorts to a quibble. He must know perfectly well that I know that any correspondence which he, as an employee, addressed to the State Department, went to Secretary Hay. All I asserted, and still assert, is, that without the consent of President Roosevelt and Secretary Hay, neither he nor any other diplomatic agent of the United States could have served as mediator for a foreign nation. Mr. Bowen wishes throughout to convey the impression that he was absolutely without superior. Some of the despatches printed in the Red Book for 1903, under the heading "Venezuela," will correct this impression. As to the Red Book itself, which Mr. Bowen appeals to as the beginning and end of all authority in diplomatic history, he surely cannot suppose that all his readers are as ignorant as he pretends to be of the character of the Red Book. The Red Book is a selected collection of the diplomatic documents of our State Department issued each year. It is neither complete, nor are the documents printed verbatim. In the very section referring to Mr. Bowen's transactions, I find certain despatches paraphrased, while certain others are not printed at all, as the footnotes warn the reader.

Now, as every person knows, the Secretary of State, or in England the Foreign Secretary, has confidential private letters from Ministers and Ambassadors, and he writes privately to them. These letters contain the real facts and the motives which form the basis of diplomacy. They do not go back to the archives of the State Department, but are kept by the Secretary or Ambassador who receives them. I have seen scores of such letters, and when Mr. Bowen, who has not seen them, as I know, accuses me of writing history on hearsay, I must smile at his effrontery. If he wrote no confidential letters to his chief, Mr. Hay, or received none, the inference must be that he was not regarded as a person who inspired confidence.

The public can have no interest in Mr. Bowen's opinion of my historical work. The point at issue, which he has consistently dodged since my Life of John Hay came out four years ago, is, whether President Roosevelt made up the story about forcing the Kaiser to arbitrate the Venezuela matter or not. Mr. Bowen thinks that President Roosevelt lied. I do not. The conflict, therefore, is between Roosevelt and Bowen, and I believe that the public, now and hereafter, which knows the two men, will credit Roosevelt.

President Roosevelt did many diplomatic strokes without consulting Mr. Bowen. He sent private letters to the German Kaiser, to the Russian Czar, and to the Mikado of Japan. I am very sure that Mr. Bowen never saw one of these letters. I do not think that he will find copies of them in the State Archives (unless they have recently been placed there). I have looked for them in vain in the Red Book; and yet, will Mr. Bowen assert that President Roosevelt did not write them, but merely lied about them?

Mr. Bowen wishes to destroy the value of Buenz as a corroborative witness, on the ground that Buenz in 1916 was imprisoned for fomenting German plots against the United States. By what rule of evidence would that vitiate Buenz's testimony in regard to Holleben and President Roosevelt given in 1903? Benedict Arnold was a

traitor in 1780; would that vitiate his competence to bear witness, on a wholly different matter, in 1765?

In closing, I wish to say that I believe that Mr. Bowen is perfectly sincere in thinking that he brought about arbitration in the Venezuelan matter. His work as mediator was his only title to fame, and I sympathize with the great chagrin he feels at having that title taken away. But evidently if he were not so obsessed with his own importance he would have learned how statesmen and diplomats conduct their confidential correspondence. He would have learned also how in many negotiations President Roosevelt took affairs into his own hands, and conducted them to a finish, even without consulting his Secretary of State, or leaving a trace of evidence in the official archives; he would have learned that the Red Book, like the English Blue Book, instead of being infallible or complete, merely contains what the officials who compiled it regarded as expedient that the public should know.

I trust that Mr. Bowen will perceive that he has no further business with me. His quarrel was, and is, with Roosevelt; and he took good care not to attack Roosevelt personally while he was living. I have no doubt that Roosevelt dead will be found by the American public more than a match for Mr. Bowen.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

Magnolia, Mass.

COLOMBIA AND "BLACKMAIL"

SIR,—In the July number of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in an article entitled "Chapters of Roosevelt's Life," Mr. William Roscoe Thayer says:

> . . . he circumvented the attempt of the Colombian blackmailers to block our construction of the Canal. . . .

And:

> German intrigue was also working in Bogota, and influenced the Colombian blackmailers in refusing to sign the Hay-Herran treaty with the United States

Why "Colombian blackmailers"? Is this the way Mr. Thayer writes history?

The *Century Dictionary* gives the following definitions:

> Blackmail (noun): Extortion in any mode by means of intimidation, as the extortion of money by threats of accusation or exposure.
> Blackmail (verb): To extort money or goods from, by means of intimidation or threats of injury of any kind, as exposure of actual or supposed wrong-doing.

Which was the victim of "intimidation or threats of injury"—the United States or Colombia?

If our present Senate should refuse to ratify the Treaty of Peace, with its League or Covenant of Nations, would its majority members be *American blackmailers?*

Was our treaty of May 8, 1871, with Great Britain, by which we secured millions for the depredations committed by the *Alabama* and other vessels, a "hold-up" or blackmail?

Article I of this treaty reads:

> And whereas Her Britannic Majesty has authorized Her High Commissioners and Plenipotentiaries to express, in a friendly way, the regret felt by Her Majesty's Government for the escape, under whatever circumstances, of the *Alabama* and other vessels from British ports, and for the depredations committed by those vessels. . . .

but we, a nation of 100,000,000 people, have persistently refused to express our regret for a misunderstanding with Colombia, a nation of only 4,500,000.

If the refusal of the Colombian Senate to ratify the Hay-Herran treaty was blackmail, what is the refusal of our own Senate to ratify the pending treaty with Colombia?

And what about the Root-Cortes treaty, made when Mr. Root was President Roosevelt's Secretary of State and which gave Colombia only fewer millions of dollars?

Can Mr. Thayer, American historian, be ignorant of the fact that in 1870 our Minister at Bogota, Mr. Hurlbut, and the Colombian Commissioners, Dr. Justo Arosemena and Señor Jacobo Sanchez, made a treaty by which Colombia ceded to the United States the right to construct the Panama Canal, and that *our* Senate refused to ratify said treaty?

Was this blackmail?

It was only after this refusal upon our part that in 1878 the concession was given to the French company through M. Lucien Napoleon Bonaparte Wyse.

Finally, can Mr. Thayer be ignorant of the fact that a majority of the present Senate—although not the required two-thirds—is and has always been in favor of the ratification of the pending Colombian treaty, that it is approved by the President and Secretary of State, and that the President has repeatedly urged favorable action upon it?

Why, then, continue to write about "Colombian blackmailers"?

Some years ago THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW published an article by Dr. Leander T. Chamberlain, entitled "A Chapter of National Dishonor," the essentials of which have never been and cannot be disproved. At Senator Hitchcock's request, this article was incorporated as a Senate Document, No. 380-62 D, Congress, March, 1912. Also, THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW, in editorials, has several times urged the ratification of the Colombian treaty.

In 1903, Colombia had just emerged from the throes of a disastrous civil war. She was in terrible financial straits. The premium on gold was 25,000 per cent. It is still 10,000 per cent. She had a perfect right to put any price upon the Canal Zone, because she had reversionary rights not only in the Canal but in the Panama Railroad. These rights she could not ethically or legally forfeit, even granting the right of secession, successfully opposed in our own case, to Panama. By our intervention she lost not only these reversionary rights, but the province of Panama as well. The United States, by virtue of the treaty of 1846, had several times landed American troops upon the Isthmus, but they had always aided the National Government to put down an insurrection; this time they aided the rebels—the single incident of "a scrap of paper" in our history!

The Panama matter has never been properly understood by the usually fair-minded American people. There were, in fact, three

primary reasons for the adjournment of the Colombian Senate without ratification of the Hay-Herran treaty:

1. The first was purely political. Vice President Marroquin had succeeded the defunct Dr. Sanclemente as President of Colombia, and it was feared that, should he receive ten millions of dollars, he would either perpetuate himself in power or make his son, Don Lorenzo, his successor. The opposition in the Senate was headed by Dr. Miguel Antonio Caro, who had preceded Sanclemente and intended to succeed Marroquin. His followers, the Caristas, were in the majority, but they only desired to delay matters until the advent of Dr. Caro, less than a year later. *They* wanted to spend the ten millions.

2. The second reason was internal. It was argued that the cession of territory was unconstitutional, but the Caristas proposed to consume the necessary time in procuring an amendment to the constitution. This may have been merely an excuse.

3. The third reason was international. In the state of uncertainty that prevailed, the impatience of President Roosevelt manifested itself. The "big stick" was wielded, and Minister Beaupré, at Bogota, was cabled to inform the Colombian Government that it would amend the treaty or delay its ratification at its peril. Perhaps it was not possible to do this diplomatically. At any rate, the edict went forth, and the Senate, as any other self-respecting body would have done under the circumstances, adjourned *sine die*. The "intimidation or threats" were ours!

The writer knew Colonel Roosevelt personally—was under deep obligations to him, and told him once that if he would stick to his California speech: "I took the Canal Zone!" because he thought it necessary, but would approve the pending Colombian treaty as he had approved the Root-Cortes treaty, which differed only in degree—he would be the greatest man in America, as he already was in the United States. Unfortunately, great as he unquestionably was, he lacked one public virtue—magnanimity!

HENRY ROWAN LEMLY.
(Captain, U. S. A.)

Washington, D. C.

THE CHARGE DEFENDED

SIR,—I am obliged to your correspondent for correcting my English. After reading his defense and eulogy of the Colombian politicians, I see that "blackmailers" is altogether too mild, polite, and inexact a word for them. A political ring, like the Caristas, which refused to ratify this Treaty because they hoped that by putting off ratification to the next year, they, and not Marroquin and his ring, could divide the ten million dollars spoils, is fortunate in finding Captain Lemly to defend it.

Captain Lemly has not stated, however, that the Colombians forced the postponement in order to foreclose in 1904 the concession to the French, which was to run till 1910. By thus tearing up their sworn and signed contract, for which the French had already paid them, these Colombians counted on making twenty-five million dollars, in additional spoils, plus the value of the work the French had already done in digging the Canal.

Captain Lemly refers derisively to my supposed ignorance of other Treaties. My ignorance can not be defended, but I must protest against any American officer, wearing the uniform of the United States Army, suggesting that the American agents at Geneva—Charles Francis Adams, Judge E. R. Hoar, and Bancroft Davis—were in any way comparable with the ringsters at Bogota, who, according to his own statement, regarded the Treaty as a means to their private spoils.

I have read the despatches to and from Mr. Beaupré and Secretary Hay and President Roosevelt. If Captain Lemly read them, too, their dates and contents must have strangely changed between my reading and his.

On inquiry and by consulting *Who's Who?* and other sources of information, I find that Captain Lemly, U. S. A., was for twelve years Director of the National Military School at Bogota. The Colombian Government gave him a commission as Colonel, and presumably paid his wages. It also made him Commissioner General for Colombia at the World's Columbian Exposition. Have we a right to infer, therefore, that he is not prejudiced *against* the Colombians?

Of Captain Lemly's final shot at Roosevelt's lack of magnanimity, we must agree to differ.

He says that the Panama Question is insufficiently known. He is right. The Colombians and the lobby at Washington which has so industriously pushed the bill for paying Colombia twenty-five million dollars, have consistently tried to make the American public forget the rights and desires of the Province of Panama. This Province for fifty years did not wish to belong to Colombia, and it repeatedly strove to win independence from Colombia, with which it had neither common interests nor common principles. When the American Colonies strove for their independence, France helped them. Why should not the United States have helped the Panamanians in their struggle?

And now we propose to present the Colombian Government with twenty-five million dollars. The most it asked in 1903 was ten million. Having found that, in their blackmailing scheme, they had overreached themselves, they sent General Reyes to Washington with an offer to sign the Treaty for eight millions. Mr. Wayne MacVeagh, who was attorney for Reyes and Colombia, told me that they would have taken five. From five millions to twenty-five millions represents the unearned increment which an industrious and persistent lobby can give to a transaction of this kind.

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

Magnolia, Mass.

WHY IT STANDS ALONE

SIR.—The July and August issues of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW appear to me to afford striking justification for the comment which I hear from intelligent men and women of my acquaintance—who seek truth and not simply a smug confirmation of their cherished opinions—that THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW stands almost alone among American magazines in the force and directness of its editorials and articles on current affairs.

I am moved to offer some comment upon this comment, because,

in my judgment, there has never been a time when firm declarations by serious students of politics, whether or not one agrees with their content, could perform a greater service to the nation, or when loose thinking and vague expression have had a greater power than they now have to set up a train of consequences so pernicious or so irremediable.

I do not, of course, agree with all your views on national polity, or with all those of your contributors; but it is when I am farthest from complete assent that your editorial policy confers upon me the greatest benefit. This policy I interpret to be one of furnishing your readers not merely with a series of brilliant, didactic statements but also with the facts upon which these statements rest.

When these facts supplement, as they must often do, the reader's own stock of information, it is a clear gain to him; when your deductions from the facts are at variance with those of the reader the clarity and vigor of your style compel him, if he is an honest student, to reexamine his position. If, at the end, he rejects your conclusions, this rejection is due to those temperamental differences which represent the gyroscopic principle in the philosophy of politics, and which give us, on the basis of accepted facts, a pull in one direction towards conservatism, and in the other towards radicalism.

The commonest form of attack to which you are subjected in the press and in the conversations of the politicians is of a character which furnishes a strong inferential guarantee of the accuracy of your facts and of the soundness of your judgments.

Any editorial you write, any article you publish, can be honestly assailed only upon two grounds: one that your facts are not facts, the other that, though your facts are facts, your reasoning from them is unsound. In the adverse criticisms of you which have reached my eye and my ear there is, in the main, a singular absence of either charge. For the most part your facts are not denied; your deductions from them are not challenged. Your guilt seems to lie in your failure to set up in front of your opponents' artillery an edifice constructed of misinformation and adorned with false reasoning, which at the first cannonade of truth and logic would crumble before the approving gaze of all men.

But, since truth is your bastion and logic your portcullis, your antagonists have to content themselves with marching round the fort and proclaiming to the world at large that the Knight within is a most malicious, prejudiced, and vindictive person.

The situation reminds me of a conversation I heard some years ago at a very formal dinner in London. A young Englishman, just returned from New York, was endeavoring to entertain an elderly spinster, bearing with great dignity a name highly distinguished in the home counties, whose travels had been limited on the north by the hydropathic establishments of Harrogate and on the south by the creameries of Devonshire. The young man, amply endowed with that admirable hatred of exaggeration which is one of the noblest traits of the Briton, remarked that the Woolworth building was higher than Windsor Castle— "Oh, quite!"

This disadvantageous comparison led the elderly spinster to express her fear that the young man had become Americanized; but when this horrid charge failed to change the young man's conception of

relative altitudes, the elderly spinster brought the discussion to an end by remarking:

"Well, Sir Henry, you have convinced me that, in your opinion, the Woolworth building is higher than Windsor Castle; but I hope you will not mind my saying, as an old friend of your dear mother, that, holding such an opinion, it is rather unpatriotic of you to express it."

There you are!

But the Woolworth building is higher than Windsor Castle— "Oh, quite!"

It seems to me that your great contribution to the current discussion of public affairs is that you avoid, on the one hand, that dripping sentimentality which in the exercises of a young ladies' seminary is pleasing to some and harmless to all, and, on the other hand, that vague babbling which, whether or not it is employed for the purpose of achieving those aims, poisons the well of thought and paralyzes the arm of action.

No one has described with greater succinctness and fidelity the dangers which spring from the kind of public utterances with which the country has been flooded during the past few months than has Lord Macaulay in the following passage:

> Whatever Mr. Gladstone sees is refracted and distorted by a false medium of passions and prejudices. His style bears a remarkable analogy to his mode of thinking, and indeed exercises great influence on his mode of thinking. His rhetoric, though often good of its kind, darkens and perplexes the logic which it should illustrate. Half his acuteness and diligence, with a barren imagination and a scanty vocabulary, would have saved him from almost all his mistakes. He has one gift most dangerous to a speculator, a vast command of a kind of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and uncertain import. . . .
>
> When propositions have been established, and nothing remains but to amplify and decorate them, this dim magnificence may be in place. But if it is admitted into a demonstration, it is very much worse than absolute nonsense; just as that transparent haze, through which the sailor sees capes and mountains of false sizes and in false bearings, is more dangerous than utter darkness. Now, Mr. Gladstone is fond of employing the phraseology of which we speak, in those parts of his work which require the utmost perspicuity and precision of which human language is capable; and in this way, he deludes first himself, and then his readers. The foundations of his theory, which ought to be buttressed of adamant, are made out of the flimsy materials which are fit only for perorations.

Whom the cap fits let him set it on his head.

With apologies for the length of this letter, and with my sincere thanks for the clean-cut, unequivocal material you are giving your readers of THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW and in HARVEY'S WEEKLY,

I remain,

ALLEYNE IRELAND.

Catskill, N. Y.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

NOVEMBER, 1919

THE PRESIDENT

DEMOCRACIES are remorselessly impersonal. The individual may falter and stand still, but the great machine of national need moves on. The functions of government of the people, by the people, for the people, must be performed without let or hindrance. So the temporary failure of the President's health, while it caused universal regret and sincerest sympathy, could call no halt upon the progress of affairs. The momentous issues of the day, in foreign relations and in domestic interests, to which he was so devoted and in which he was so absorbed, had to be dealt with in his absence, just as though he had been present. This was not callous inhumanity: in was practical democracy.

This hiatus in the President's official activities served to emphasize the differentiation between his personality and his policies. He became for the time no more a personal factor in the matters in which he had been engaged; no longer subject to criticism or capable of controversy. The policy which he had been advocating and the cause which was so near to his heart remained entirely unaffected in their merits or demerits; and the public attitude toward them, whether favorable or unfavorable, remained unchanged by the deplorable incident of his illness.

The most respectful, considerate and sympathetic course that could possibly be pursued, therefore, and the one which unquestionably the President himself most desired, was for the Senate to continue without interruption and with all

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appropriate expedition to the final disposition of the great undertaking upon which the President had been engaged and in his unsparing and extraordinary labors upon which he had too greatly overtaxed his own strength and health.

The remorselessness of democracies does not, however, extend to demanding that its servants shall overwork themselves. In the present case, mingled with whatever appreciation there may be of the President's indomitable industry and passionate zeal, there is deep regret that he insisted upon an exercise of those qualities to a point beyond the limits of strength and safety. In justice to the nation it must be said that it did not demand nor desire such sacrifice on his part. His overtaxing of his strength—we say it entirely without censoriousness—was voluntary. It was wilful. It was unnecessary. We need not speculate upon his motives. Let us dismiss all less worthy suppositions and assume that he was possessed by a desire to have the great works done in the best possible way and therefore determined to do them himself, and that he overestimated his own powers of endurance. Still we must regret his error of judgment.

This error was the more strange because he himself had formerly dwelt in public utterances upon the physical impossibility of a President's doing all the work of the Executive Department, and the necessity, therefore, of his calling to his aid the most competent assistants that are to be found. Surely Mr. Wilson could have found more efficient aids than many of those with whom he surrounded himself, to whom he might confidently have entrusted many of the tasks which he took upon himself. Especially might he have sent competent and representative Commissioners abroad to do the work of peace-making under his directions, while he spared himself the exhausting labors of long journeys and protracted controversies, and avoided letting important domestic business fall into arrears. Thus he could have kept the Senate constantly in touch with what was being done, and thus greatly have expedited ratification after the signature of the Treaty. Thus, too, it is to be believed, he could have kept the Senate and himself more closely in accord, and could have avoided the unhappy dissensions and even recriminations which marked his recent relations with that body and which could scarcely have

failed to have a distressing effect upon him personally as well as publicly upon a nation which always desires to see its governmental business conducted with urbanity and decorum.

Meantime the most loyal and sincere supporters of the President's policies and the equally resolute and sincere opponents of them are in perfect accord—at the date of the writing of these lines—in deploring the President's indisposition and in sympathizing with him in his suffering, and will be in similar accord—before, we trust, the date of the publication and reading of these lines—in congratulating him upon his complete restoration to health and strength, for his own happiness and for his renewed and increasing usefulness to the nation.

STRIKE AIMS AND LEADERS

THE two great strikes of a few weeks ago, the one in Great Britain, the other in the steel trade of the United States, were much more important as manifestations of some current tendencies in industrial agitation than they were in their economic results. Their results were in fact inconsiderable, while their aims, their temper and their leadership were of the greatest possible significance.

The British strike, which was first in order of time, had its inception in a purpose to subject the entire government of the United Kingdom to trade union dictation. Under penalty of a universal strike which would paralyze all the activities of the nation, the government was to accept a policy and a programme in both foreign and domestic legislation and administration prescribed by the unions. The control of the army and navy, the making of treaties with other powers, and the fiscal policy of the nation, were all to be determined by the unions. Although Mr. Lloyd George had to some extent played the part of Frankenstein, he revolted at such demands and made it evident that they would be resisted with all the force at the government's control.

Thereupon the strike directors changed their tactics. Realizing that such revolutionary demands could not be enforced for the present, they pretended to drop them, or

never to have made them, and insisted instead that they were contending for nothing more than an increase of wages commensurate with the increased cost of living, and some decrease of hours of labor. On that disingenuous issue the men were called out and an attempt was made to paralyze the industries and social life of the nation. But the nation rallied against it. In a popular uprising comparable with that of war times the despised "bourgeoisie" took matters into their own hands. They filled the places of the strikers and kept things moving; with the result that the strikers were quickly made eager to seek peace. A settlement was made practically on the terms which the Government had previously offered and the strikers had rejected.

The unsatisfactory and indeed ominous feature of the settlement was that, despite Mr. Lloyd George's brave words to the contrary, the Government did negotiate with the strikers as strikers, without persisting in its demand that they should first return to work, and thus gave some countenance to a quite indefensible and inexcusable attitude and tone. Thus the Conciliation Committee of the Trades Union Conference "warned" the Government that its terms were "such as no union could accept," and that it underestimated the fighting spirit and capacity of the unions. That certainly was an extraordinary tone for the unions to assume, seeing that the strike was in fact against the government of the land. It seemed much like an echo of a demand of the days of Debs in this country, that "the two Presidents"—meaning Debs, president of a striking labor organization, and Grover Cleveland, President of the United States—should "get together and, if they could not agree, submit their conflicting claims to arbitration." It seemed to be thought here at that time, as in Great Britain the other day, that the Chief of State of the nation and the head of a trade union were officials of equal authority and that the demands of the one were of equal weight with those of the other. That is a notion which it will be best to abandon at the earliest possible moment; and any yielding to which would be disastrous.

The steel strike in this country, which followed close upon the other, was similarly extreme in original purpose. It aimed at the abolition of freedom of labor, at compelling every man who would earn a living to be a member of and

to pay tribute to an organization controlled and directed outside of his own establishment and industry, to make the employers the agents of the trade unions in thus coercing their employees, and to abolish some of the most essential and beneficent regulations for the safety and welfare of the workers. These intolerable demands were put forward by two leaders, one of whom was not and had not been engaged in the steel industry and confessed to knowing almost nothing of its wages, hours, and conditions of labor, while the other was a blatantly professed revolutionist who aimed at the overthrow of the Government and who advocated sabotage, destruction of property, and any violent, illegal or immoral means which might conduce to that end.

Naturally, the responsible employers refused so much as to discuss such demands with such men, and in that refusal they were supported by the majority of their employees, the minority who went on strike being chiefly composed of aliens and illiterates who were deluded into thinking that by striking they could overthrow the Republic, establish Soviet rule, and confiscate the property of all who were better off than they. Finding themselves thus opposed, the leaders changed their tone, and pretended that they were striking solely for better wages and easier hours, and thus secured some sympathetic support from the American Federation of Labor, which, of course, could not have countenanced their revolutionary demands.

Not even when, years ago, a notorious Western strike leader advised his followers to "buy guns" was there ever a strike of any magnitude directed by a leader of quite so abominable principles as this one. Let us as a matter of record set some of them down, precisely as he expressed them, and as he widely disseminated them among aliens uninformed concerning American institutions:

> The wages system is the most brazen and gigantic robbery ever perpetrated since the world began.
>
> The syndicalist allows no consideration of "legality," "religion," "patriotism," "honor," "duty," and so forth, to stand in the way of his adoption of effective tactics.
>
> According to syndicalist ethics, a poverty-stricken workingman may beg, borrow, steal, starve, or commit suicide, and still retain the esteem of his fellow workers; but let him take the place of a striker and he imme-

diately outlaws himself. He becomes so much vermin, to be ruthlessly exterminated.

The syndicalist is a race suicider. He knows that children are a detriment to him in his daily struggle.

These, and more like them, were the deliberately formulated and published doctrines of this strike leader, who declared himself a syndicalist and revolutionist. Confronted with them by a Senate investigating committee, he would neither confirm them nor repudiate them in straightforward fashion, but shuffled and prevaricated until he had made of himself one of the most humiliating and contemptible exhibitions of moral poltroonery ever seen on the witness stand. And this was the man at whose word a universal strike was to be ordered and all the activities of the nation were to be brought to a standstill.

Strikes are always regrettable. Sometimes they are necessary. With an honest strike for legitimate ends which could be attained in no other way, the American public never fails to sympathize. But it can have no sympathy with a strike for such objects as this one had, no matter who its leaders might be; nor could it have any sympathy with a strike for any objects whatever, under such leadership as this one suffered.

THE LAST RELIC OF MONARCHISM

CARLYLE was right. "Hero worship exists, has existed, and will forever exist, universally among mankind." We may not, however, invariably define the hero, in Carlyle's phrase, as a "sincere man," nor see him as comparable companion of the mighty figures which the Sage of Craigenputtoch idealized and apotheosized. Rather is the inclination one to follow a single leader rather than a company, and to give attachment to an individual, rather than to the mass. We are told in Scripture and in fable that both the Israelites and the frogs desired a king; and though in neither case was the wisdom of the desire justified in the granting of it, the same hankering appears to persist among men, if not among frogs, to this day. One single man commands too often the fancy and the fealty of the people, more than any company of men united can do.

It is on this ground alone that we can explain the tendency of many people always to side with the President against the Congress. We speak now, of course, not of the comparatively few who profess to side with him on principle and through conviction, but of that vastly greater proportion of his supporters who frankly admit that they know little of the matter at issue and have no personal convictions upon it, but simply side with the President because he is the President, and because they prefer his judgment to that of Congress. It is safe to estimate that at heart this is the attitude in the present controversy of four-fifths of the President's popular supporters.

There is indeed no conceivable ground for their preferring the President's judgment to that of Congress, excepting that he is one while it is many. In experience in public service, and in knowledge of and familiarity with public affairs, many of them surpass him; he would himself be the first to acknowledge that. In loyalty to American principles and in unselfish devotion to American interests, it would be odious to insinuate that the great majority of members of both houses were not fully comparable with the President.

There remains one other criterion, that of representative capacity. The President himself has plausibly argued that he is more truly representative of the people than Congress is, because he alone is chosen by all the people; or he and the Vice-President. A Representative is chosen by the people of a single district, and a Senator by those of a single State; but the President and Vice-President are the choice of the people of all the districts and all the States. That is a fact, but the argument based upon it is more plausible than convincing. For it is obvious that each Representative or Senator is much nearer to the people of his district or State than the President is to the people of the whole country. In many districts the majority of citizens are personally acquainted with their Representative, and even some Senators are very widely known, personally known, to the citizens of their States. But of the whole nation, only a microscopic minority personally know the President. Therefore, since each member of Congress is much more representative of his constituents than the President is of his, the whole company of members must be more repre-

sentative of the whole mass of their constituencies, that is, of the nation, than is the President.

They are also closer to and more representative of the nation in point of time. The President was chosen by the people in 1916, and therefore represents them as they were and as their desires and purposes were at that time. But Congress—the whole House and the control of the Senate—was elected two years later, in 1918. It represents the people as the people were less than a year ago, instead of nearly three years ago. The President certainly does not represent them as they were so recently, because his self-sought test conclusively proved that if he had been before the people for election as President in 1918 he would not have been chosen.

We are therefore compelled to revert to the original proposition, that people prefer the President's leadership to that of Congress simply because he is one and it is many. It is the last relic of monarchism, the lingering, attenuated, half-conscious desire of the people for a king to rule over them. There is doubtless no danger that it will be carried so far as to overturn republican institutions, for not even those who are victims of the strange obsession would probably let it carry them so far, and they are happily only a minority of the nation. Yet it is something more than an incongruity for people of a democracy, who profess to have been battling for the sake of democracy in the world, to take and to maintain such an attitude.

The worst feature of it is that it seriously impairs the value of the national councils. It makes the discussions one-sided. Point out what seems to be an error in a proposed treaty, and the only reply is, The President wants it so. Suggest an amendment which would improve it, and the reply is, The President does not want it. The merits of the case are nothing; the personal factor is all. You cannot argue with those who do nothing but cry "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!"

We would not for a moment in the least depreciate or impair the importance and dignity of the Presidential office, nor ignore the great value at times of the President's personal leadership. There are occasions when the personal initiative of one strong man is invaluable. There is never a time when the nation ought not to listen thoughtfully and

respectfully to whatever the President has to recommend. The Constitution makes it a part of his duty, which he has sworn to perform, to recommend to the consideration of Congress, from time to time, such measures as he shall judge necessary and expedient. Note, however, that he is not to dictate such measures to Congress for enactment, but merely to recommend them for consideration. Between the two there is a world of difference.

We have said that the hero-worshipping tendency impairs the value of the national councils. It does more than that. It impairs the proper authority of the President himself. As the Chief Executive, enforcing the legislative will of the representatives of the people, giving information of the state of the Union, and making occasional recommendations for Congress to consider and to act upon according to its own untrammeled and unbiased judgment, he commands the utmost respect and confidence of the nation, regardless of party. As a would-be dictator, pretending to be more representative of the people than Congress can be, and seeking to impose his will upon Congress through the exercise of those influences which President Wilson himself has so accurately described, he abdicates his high position, provokes resentments and animosities, and degrades himself to the level of a factional self-seeker. Those who through this lingering trace of monarchism make him the object of personal adulation, do him therefore a gross disservice.

There is no wiser nor more prudent provision of the American Constitution than that which discriminates between the respective functions of the co-ordinate departments of the Government, and in doing so definitely establishes the proper powers and duties of the President. It will be remembered that there was more deliberation and discussion concerning the Presidency than on most other topics in the Constitution, the dangers being that on the one hand he would be too much of a monarch, and on the other that he would be too much the mere tool of Congress. There was general satisfaction in the result, and a belief that a happy medium had been secured between the two extremes; so that the status of the President has since been regarded as one of the best achievements of the Constitution-makers, and has been envied and emulated in other

republics of subsequent organization. It would be regrettable now to have that fine achievement marred by the injudicious zeal of hero-worshippers.

The difference between a monarchy and a democracy is not so much in name and form as in spirit, and the spirit that would make one man supreme over many, that would prefer the judgment and authority of a single officer to those of the numerous directly and more recently elected representatives of the people, is not the spirit of democracy but of monarchy. It is the last relic of monarchism, which may indeed, as Carlyle said, forever exist, but which, for the welfare of the republic, should be held in academic abeyance and never be permitted to sway the judgment of men or to determine the destinies of the nation.

THE PRESIDENT'S ATTACK ON THE SENATE

BY DAVID JAYNE HILL

A YEAR has passed since Germany, abandoned by her allies, beaten and broken, sued for an armistice, in the hope of negotiating peace on terms which had been proposed by the President of the United States.

Strict compliance with those terms, if construed as Germany expected them to be construed, would have admitted her to the Peace Conference after the Kaiser's abdication, as a negotiator in her own right and entitled to equal membership in "a general association of nations," to be formed for the purpose of affording to her, as to other States, "mutual guarantees of political independence and territorial integrity."

In the United States there arose a loud protest against treating Germany, even under a democratic disguise, as a Power entitled to negotiate peace upon equal terms with those she had attacked. It was believed, and it has since been established beyond the possibility of doubt, that Germany sought peace only because she was incapable of further military action, that the armistice should be granted only after unconditional surrender, and that a severe punitive peace should be imposed upon a nation that had broken its solemn pledges, assaulted its neighbors without provocation, and violated ruthlessly the laws of war.

While accepting the President's fourteen rubrics of peace as a nominal, but essentially indefinite, basis of peacemaking, the Entente Allies, believing that the military situation should be more controlling than any theory of peace, drew the terms of the armistice in a manner that compelled the German forces to confess the military impotence to which they had been reduced. To all who were familiar

with the European situation, it was at once evident that the definitive formulation of the terms of peace at Paris would proceed upon the basis of fact evidenced by the armistice, and not at all in conformity with the President's plan of a peace without victory embodied in the fourteen points.

The President himself, although but vaguely aware of the obstacles to be overcome in evolving out of the situation a peaceful Europe, was convinced that nothing short of American participation in the peace settlement could maintain the authority of the fourteen points. Given the part the United States had taken, under the spontaneous inspiration of the people, in bringing the war to a successful termination, and the importance to the Entente Allies of continued American aid, he believed that, if he could centralize in his own hands the whole force and influence of America, he could practically dictate the process of peace-making at Paris and thus be able to direct the future of Europe and of the world.

That the action the President had in view was, to his mind, in the interest of permanent peace, no fair-minded man, I believe, can reasonably doubt. He was, it may be conceded, actuated by a desire to achieve what he considered an incalculable human benefit. But in the execution of his purpose he trusted neither Europe nor America. His obsession was that he, and he only, could accomplish the result. It was not to be obtained by argument, by discussion, or by any other means than action. He alone could bring to bear the motives and exert the influence which would constrain the otherwise refractory Powers to accept conditions which would achieve universal and perpetual peace. The pacific aspirations of the liberated peoples, the methods of democracy, and the lessons of the war were not, he thought, of themselves to be counted on to produce the desired result. No general discussion would be profitable. No public exchange of views was necessary. Only one course was practicable. This was for him personally to go to Europe and personally to control the negotiations. To accomplish this, it was, however, important that he should be in a position to claim complete and undivided authority, in the name of the United States, to grant or to withhold whatever concession, aid, or influence might be found necessary to induce compliance with his proposals. This monop-

oly of power, he believed, he would not possess unless the constitutional provisions for treaty-making were rendered inapplicable by his control of his partner, the Senate, in the treaty-making process. If it could be made apparent that he, as President, alone represented the united will and resources of the American people, if a Congress could be elected composed of persons belonging to his own political party, and controlled by him, then it would be understood in Europe, and would have to be admitted at home, that the President, singly and alone, possessed a mandate to express the will of the American people and to act without restriction on their behalf.

What I wish at this point to emphasize is that, while claiming to repudiate the methods of the old diplomacy, that is, of pressure and bargaining, it was upon precisely this procedure that the President meant to rely. The Entente Allies, who had with American assistance completely vanquished Germany, were to surrender a part of their victory in the interest of future peace. A reformed and democratized Germany was to be received in good faith, after certain renunciations, into the general association of nations, and the Entente Allies were to make in their turn certain renunciations as the basis of peace and good understanding; such, for example, as the surrender of Great Britain's claim to maritime supremacy, which the President thought was a contradiction of the "freedom of the seas," and the inclusion of Germany in the League for mutual protection, which, however offensive to France after the treatment she had received from Germany, would secure to her the protection of the League.

It was, of course, understood by the President that the Entente Allies would not be inclined to make these renunciations voluntarily; and that, in order to secure them, strong pressure must be exerted. This could be done only in case the influence of America were brought to bear upon them in such a manner as to make it clear that her continued support could not be expected unless these renunciations were conceded. In brief, the United States, the President thought, by exerting its influence as the holder of the balance of power, could produce a situation in Europe which would control the decisions of all the nations, and thus enable peace to be organized upon a permanent basis.

The theory was superficially plausible. The victors in the war, without America's support, were at the time of the armistice little better off than the vanquished. The opportunity for control seemed great. History did not record an occasion for diplomacy more attractive to a lover of power, who could so readily answer every suggestion of personal ambition by pointing to the glorious ideal of peace. No nation could resist the force of such an appeal. If governments opposed it, then it would be the end of governments. A new order would take their place, as it had already done in Russia.

The chance for exercising the preponderant influence of the United States in forcing compliance with the fourteen points was imperilled by the possibility of Germany's unconditional surrender. If that happened, the victory of the Entente Allies would be so complete that no compromise would be possible. The victors would themselves, in that case, dictate a punitive peace, and the occasion for enforcing upon them any plan by diplomatic pressure would have passed.

The negotiations for an armistice, therefore, presented a delicate situation. In the United States there was a strong demand for unconditional surrender, but the President did not desire that. On October 23rd, 1918, he had succeeded in preventing it. On that day the Secretary of State addressed the following note to a defeated Germany: "Having received the solemn and explicit assurance of the German Government that it unreservedly accepts the terms of peace laid down in his address to the Congress of the United States on the 8th of January, 1918, and the principles of settlement enunciated in his subsequent addresses, particularly the address of the 27th of September, and that it desires to discuss the details of their application and that this wish and purpose emanate not from those who have hitherto dictated German policy and conducted the present war on Germany's behalf, but from Ministers who speak for the majority of the Reichstag and for an overwhelming majority of the German people; . . . the President of the United States feels that he cannot decline to take up with the Governments with which the Government of the United States is associated the question of an armistice."

Before the proposal of an armistice had been formally submitted to the Entente, the President's fourteen rubrics of peace had been thus accepted by Germany. They were the pivot upon which the question of an armistice had been made to turn. Whatever the terms of the armistice itself, even though involving an absolute surrender, there was thus imposed one condition that affected the process of negotiating peace,—the President's influence in the Peace Conference, as interpreter of his proposals, had been secured. It was only a question of a little time when the great diplomatic opportunity would be ripe, and immediate preparation to utilize it was undertaken.

The near approach of a Congressional election gave the President an opportunity to inquire of the people whether or not they wished to give him *carte blanche* at the coming Peace Conference. A fair way to ascertain their disposition in this regard would have been to propose some policy in definite terms, and to ask the electors to vote upon it on the 5th of November. But the President did not desire an expression of the people's will regarding a League of Nations or any other particular policy. What he desired was that he should ostensibly be authorized to act in any way he might deem fit, without responsibility to anyone, and especially without being obliged to subject his personal plans to the advice and consent of a Senate which he could not, as a party leader, confidently control. Two days after the question of an armistice was virtually settled, therefore, the President took the unprecedented step of issuing the following "Appeal to the Electorate for Political Support":

"If you have approved of my leadership and wish me to continue to be your unembarrassed spokesman in affairs at home and abroad, I earnestly beg that you will express yourselves unmistakably to that effect by returning a Democratic majority to both the Senate and the House of representatives. I am your servant and will accept your judgment without cavil, but my power to administer the great trust assigned me by the Constitution would be seriously impaired should your judgment be adverse, and I must frankly tell you so because so many critical issues depend upon your verdict. No scruple of taste must in grim times like these stand in the way of speaking the plain truth."

By large majorities the electors of the United States gave their answer. If being an "unembarrassed spokesman" depended upon this response, the President's aspiration for unlimited control of "affairs at home and abroad" was denied by the election of a Republican majority in both Houses of Congress. Without impairing in the slightest degree his power to administer the great trust assigned to him by the Constitution, the voters openly and emphatically refused to grant him the extra-constitutional power he had demanded, and in effect impressively reminded him that a strict fulfilment of his duty to observe the requirements of the Constitution was what they desired and expected of him. For the purposes of prosecuting the war both parties had supported him loyally. The opposition party, though constantly reproached because it was not "pro-Administration," had united in giving him grants of power unprecedented in our history, and in fact exceeding those accorded to the head of any other government engaged in the war. They had made the President almost a dictator.

How fully he realized his dictatorship was evinced by the startling self-confidence with which the President stated the issue. "The return of a Republican majority to either House of Congress would, moreover," he declared, "be interpretative on the other side of the water as a repudiation of my leadership. It is well understood there as well as here that Republican leaders desire not so much to support the President as to control him . . . They would find it very difficult to believe that the voters of the United States had chosen to support their President by electing to the Congress a majority controlled by those who are not, in fact, in sympathy with the attitude and action of the administration."

Having decided to demand this test, it was reasonable to suppose that the President meant to abide by it. But he did not do so, either before or after the election. Before the election, he endeavored personally to influence the result by preventing the choice of senators whom he feared he could not control even though they were Democrats, and by urging the choice of others,—statesmen of the type of Henry Ford, for example,—whom he believed he could control, although they were nominally Republicans; and, after the election, he

assumed that, all the same, he was still an "unembarrassed spokesman," although, by his own test, his leadership had been plainly repudiated. The whole world then knew with what it had to deal. In England, where statesmanship is largely governed by the rules of honorable sport, every sportsman understood that the rules of the game were of small importance to Mr. Wilson; and that, if he could not really win, he would not be averse to maintaining that he had not actually lost. Whatever happened, he could be satisfied, so long as any chance was left open to make it appear that he had somehow won. From that moment the course to be pursued at Paris by Great Britain became clear. The "Constitution of the League of Nations" would be written by General Smuts, and the President of the United States would accept it as what he came to Europe to obtain.

One other matter also was made clear. Mr. Wilson did not really believe in democracy. When it served him he approved of it, but when it denied him what he wanted he tried to outwit it. In temperament he was an imperialist. He wanted to enforce peace upon his own terms. He should be shown that peace could not be enforced without the sea-power of Great Britain. If this supremacy was incidentally employed to promote the special interests of the British Empire, that did not diminish its value as a means to enforce peace. Democracy, alone and unaided, seldom enforced anything, and it was only an imperialized democracy that could enforce its will. Trading with Mr. Wilson would, therefore, be easy. America had not authorized him to issue any ultimatum. He would, undoubtedly, take what he could get; and it was forthwith resolved that Great Britain would give up nothing and forego nothing that implied a limitation of her imperial policies.

That the President openly repudiated democracy when he declined to accept the result of the test to which he had, in a moment of arrogance, unwisely subjected himself, was well understood by all who at the time reflected upon his action, and to many it occasioned no surprise. He had, in fact, ceased to be a democrat. He had more than once shown his contempt for that "common counsel" which in his first electoral campaign he had emphasized as democracy's preeminent attribute. He had become a convert to the idea

of the omnipotent administrative State and the uncontrolled predominance of its head. In combating the Kaiser, the President had been permitted to exercise powers which the German Emperor had never even claimed. This had been necessary, because a war-lord, to be successful, must possess all the war powers; and these had been freely conferred upon him. Suddenly he found himself face to face with the problems of peace, but failed to remember that democracy has no place for a peace-lord.

Not being able to obtain the control of Congress which he had demanded, he resolved simply to ignore the Senate, which it was his constitutional duty to consider as a partner in the process of treaty-making. The method of exhibiting this disregard he had long before worked out;—the only writer, I believe, who had distinctly envisaged as possible a deliberate disregard of constitutional duty, which he had suggested might be evaded even when an obligation to perform it could not be denied.

The passages in the President's *Congressional Government* here referred to have been frequently cited, but all their implications have not, I think, been fully realized. His comments are as follows:

> The greatest consultative privilege of the Senate—the greatest in dignity, at least, if not in effect upon the interests of the country—is its right to a ruling voice in the ratification of treaties with foreign powers . . .
>
> The President really has no voice at all in the conclusions of the Senate with reference to his diplomatic transactions, or with reference to any of the matters upon which he consults it . . .
>
> He is made to approach that body as a servant conferring with his master, and of course deferring to that master. His only power of compelling compliance on the part of the Senate lies in his initiative in negotiation, which affords him a chance to get the country into such scrapes, so pledged in the view of the world to certain courses of action, that the Senate hesitates to bring about the appearance of dishonor which would follow its refusal to ratify the rash promises or to support the indiscreet threats of the Department of State.

The last paragraph of this citation speaks for itself. Although constitutionally bound, it declares, under his oath of office, to respect the prerogative of the Senate in offering its advice and withholding its consent in the making of treaties, the President may, nevertheless, "compel compliance" with his own views and engagements "by getting the country into such scrapes," or "so pledged in the view of the world," that the Senate would hesitate to bring about

an appearance of dishonor by refusing to approve of the action of the Executive.

Did the President deliberately resort to this method when, in December, 1918, he went to Europe to form a League of Nations?

If he had intended to pledge the country, in the view of the world, to certain courses of action which the Senate would hesitate either to ratify or to oppose, he could not have pursued a course better adapted to produce this effect than the one he adopted. Neither the Senate nor, so far as is known, the President's own Cabinet, knew precisely what he intended to do. There are those who contend that he did not know himself. The one thing certain is that he did not intend to seek any advice from the Senate, either by previous conference regarding the difficult problems of the peace settlement, or through the presence at Paris of one of its members in the Peace Commission. Having opposed the selection of Senators by the free will of the electorate, in order that he might be an "unembarrassed spokesman in affairs at home and abroad," the President announced to the Congress, in his parting message of December 2nd, 1918:

> I welcome this occasion to announce my purpose to join in Paris the representatives of the Governments with which we have been associated in the war against the Central Empires for the purpose of discussing with them the main features of the treaty of peace. I realize the great inconvenience that will attend my leaving the country, particularly at this time, but the conclusion that it was my paramount duty to go has been forced upon me by considerations which I hope will seem as conclusive to you as they have seemed to me. The Allied Governments have accepted the bases of peace which I outlined to the Congress on the 8th of January last, as the Central Empires also have, and very reasonably desire my personal counsel in their interpretation and application, and it is highly desirable that I should give it, in order that the sincere desire of our Government to contribute without selfish purpose of any kind to settlements that will be of common benefit to all the nations concerned may be made fully manifest.

There was here no request for the Senate's approval either of the purpose of the President to leave the country and personally conduct the negotiations at Paris or of the commissioners selected to accompany him. The cables and the wireless, then just taken over by the Government and under its control, would be available, he said, "for any counsel or service you may desire of me;" but it was not intimated that they would be available for any advice or suggestions to him on the part of the Senate, no member of which

was invited to join the mission. The President plainly intended to present the Senate with a *fait accompli*.

There was much that was unusual in this procedure. The retinue of the mission, it is reported, contained more than thirteen hundred persons, of varied but undefined attainments in history, geography, ethnology, cartography, publicity, finance, and the cryptic arts of suppressing and censoring news, not one of whom enjoyed the honor of having his name sent to the Senate for the confirmation of his appointment, although the aim of the expedition was so momentous a task as the reorganization of the world. Experience in international business, in so far as it was represented, was conspicuously subordinated to inexperience. Radical journalism was conspicuously honored. If "advisers" were present, it was apparently not for their "advice" that they were enrolled in this formidable phalanx engaged in the reconstruction of Europe. There was, however, an abundance of atmosphere for the creation and transmission of "voices in the air."

No plenipotentiary of any country had ever been accompanied by such an apparatus for the making of peace. Bound by no instructions, restrained by no power of review or recognized control at home, the President was, as he assumed, "acting in his own name and by his own proper authority." Constitutionally, he had a partner in the solemn process of treaty-making, "by and with" whose "advice and consent" he was required to act by the same charter of government from which his own proper authority was derived; but this was of little importance to those with whom he was to negotiate, since no one could challenge his representative character.

The President's most loyal admirers and supporters had questioned not only the wisdom but even the legality of his leaving the country for a considerable period of time, in the midst of the serious domestic problems that were looming up before the country; and great journals devoted to himself and to his policies urged him not to absent himself from Washington at such a critical juncture. It was pointed out that it was of the utmost importance for the President to keep in close touch with the sentiment of the country as the various steps in the process of peace-making would be brought under discussion and public opinion would take on

sharper definition. Friendly attention also was called to the fact that, if "open covenants" were to be "openly arrived at," it would be wise for the American commissioners to receive written instructions, in order that they might be held accountable for their conduct; and it was made plain that it would lay the President open to a subsequent charge of practicing secret diplomacy if, without intermediaries or public records as a refutation of such insinuations, he personally should undertake by oral communication with foreign negotiators to consummate transactions involving the give and take of diplomatic bargaining. It should never be possible, it was maintained, that the President's course could thus be made a source of future embarrassment to him or to his country. His aims should be so clear and constant, and so supported by the utmost possible evidence of concurrent approval by his own countrymen qualified to judge of such matters, that the country would present a united front. Happily, the means of avoiding future controversy were well known and already established in the traditional usages and safeguards of American constitutional practice in the conduct of foreign affairs.

While it was true that the American people were divided as regards their confidence in the President's personal judgment concerning international matters, in which he had so frequently failed to grasp the purport of current events, there was nowhere, I think, a disposition to impede in any manner the making of a speedy and a just peace, and it was universally recognized that responsibility for this would be largely his. The general thought of the nation was that the time had come to punish Germany for her crimes, to render impossible a repetition of them in the future by immediately destroying militarism, to open thereby a prospect of future peace with justice to all nations, and to get back as soon as possible to normal life under the Constitution and the Law of Nations. If the expression "League of Nations" meant that,—and many thought it did,—then a League of Nations was desired. If it meant new wars, the suppression of self-determination by the small States, the centralization of power in a few great nations, a secret trusteeship of others acting nominally for the general good but in reality for their own aggrandisement and permanent control by internal bargaining; in short, if it meant any form of imperialism, how-

ever disguised, and above all if national independence was in any way to be surrendered, these were not the objects for which the war had been fought, and that kind of a League was not desired. Nor was it a common opinion that America's part in the war or responsibility for the future of Europe were of such proportions as to entitle the United States to dictate the terms of peace. The nations that had suffered most should take the lead in determining the kind of future that would give them the best security. The American people were disposed to help them, and above all to be loyal to them, in seeing that the common enemy should not after all be triumphant in the terms of peace or afterward.

When, therefore, Mr. Wilson began his visits and speech-making in Europe, pleasure was at first experienced in America in witnessing the honor shown to the President of the United States, and in the fact that he was so well received in the allied countries. His speech in response to the greeting of President Poincare, at Paris, on December 14, 1918, was admirable, and expressed with eloquence and propriety the sentiments of the American people. In subsequent addresses high and noble sentiments were expressed, but it was evident to observing minds that these public speeches had the tendency, and were apparently designed, to weaken the faith of the people in their own past and to suggest a new leadership, which Mr. Wilson himself might supply; and this was rendered still clearer when, after his return to America, he said: "When I speak of the nations of the world, I do not speak of the governments of the world. I speak of the peoples who constitute the nations of the world. They are in the saddle and they are going to see to it that if their present governments do not do their will, some other governments shall. And the secret is out and the present governments know it."

The really dangerous character of the influence thus exercised was that Mr. Wilson held out hopes which were not capable of being realized, and represented a state of things that did not exist. The nations were, in fact, very far from that "communion of ideals," "unity of command," and "common understanding" which the President attributed to them. What the people really needed was the truth, and not "visions on the horizon."

I do not mean to imply that the President was not sincere in all he said in those speeches. No one can read them without feeling their moral fervor. Therein lay the danger they created. They awakened hope which neither the governments nor the people themselves were able to fulfil. Europe was nervous, hungry, excited, impoverished, and full of jealousies. Mr. Wilson's gospel was a creed regarding a world to come. It had all the potency for stirring the emotions, and therein concealed all the perils, of a religious revival. Many thought the Messiah had come. But suppose the trading in the temple should go on unhindered! "The Socialist journalists in France who then hailed him," —as an English writer puts it,—"as 'he who should have redeemed Israel,' are now venting their disappointment in unmeasured language, and speaking of him as 'the great vanquished' and 'the fallacious hope of a day.' "

On February 14, 1919, the "Constitution of the League of Nations" was promulgated at Paris, the work of five Great Powers sitting in secret as a Supreme Council. This document was read to the representatives of fourteen nations and then published as approved by them. It was praised by Mr. Wilson in the plenary session of the Conference, and received in the United States as if it were the President's personal triumph.

A few words will serve to recall the incidents attending the reception and discussion of this document in the United States. The President had sent word that until his arrival it should not be discussed. On February 24th he landed at Boston and an address by him was announced. Two important facts had by that time been brought to public attention: first, that the Conference at Paris had constituted a new corporate entity possessing important powers and organs of power, under the control of five of the greater Governments; and, second, that nothing had so far been done to make peace with Germany or to punish her crimes. The situation required explanation, and the President's address was looked forward to with deep and widespread interest.

Either, it was thought, he would avail himself of this earliest opportunity to present to the American people a clear exposition of the meaning and purpose of this new "Constitution," or he would postpone all reference to it until he had conferred with the Senate at Washington. To

the surprise of everyone, the President took this occasion to express his personal resentment of any criticism of this "Constitution," declared that he possessed "fighting blood," and would consider it an "indulgence to let it have scope." He then proceeded to denounce all the critics of the League as wishing to have America "keep her power for those narrow, selfish, provincial purposes which seem so dear to some minds that have no sweep beyond the nearest horizon."

It was perceived at once that the President meant to impose this "Constitution" upon the country, in spite of what the Senate might have to say about it. A conference with the Committee on Foreign Relations occurred at the White House, which brought out the fact of general opposition by the Senate. This "Constitution," it was declared, was in conflict with the Constitution of the United States, in as much as it created a super-government, automatically made the peace of the United States contingent upon the acts of other nations bringing into operation certain obligations, which included the war-making power conferred upon Congress, and created a permanent alliance with a group of nations who proposed to control the world in the name of peace.

It is needless here to enter into the discussion of this subject, which has been amply considered in this Review, or to repeat the terms of opprobrium and contempt, both privately and publicly expressed, applied to the Senators who refused to fall down and worship this image, and were even presuming to call attention to its feet of clay, some of the most contemptuous of these denunciations emanating from the President himself. On March 3rd, a resolution was signed by thirty-nine Senators, referring to the article of the Constitution which renders necessary to the ratification of a treaty the advice and consent of the Senate. The resolution recalled the fact of the continued session of the Conference at Paris before which the proposal of a League of Nations was still pending, and alleged it to be the sense of the Senate that, while it is the sincere desire that the nations of the world should unite to promote peace and general disarmament, the "Constitution of the League of Nations" in the form proposed by the Peace Conference should not be accepted by the United States. The resolution further expressed the sense of the Senate that the negotiation of

peace terms with Germany should be pressed with the utmost expedition, and that the proposal for a League of Nations to insure the permanent peace of the world should then be taken up for careful and serious consideration. On the following day, March 4th, in a speech delivered in New York immediately before his return to Paris, the President in reply flung down his challenge in the words: "When that treaty comes back, gentlemen on this side will find the covenant not only in it, but so many threads of the treaty tied to the covenant that you cannot dissect the covenant from the treaty without destroying the whole vital structure."

The attempts to secure certain amendments to the "Constitution of the League of Nations," as presented in February, have been fully discussed in a previous number of this Review. It is well known that they were only partially successful, and neither removed the objections to the original draft nor embodied the internationals ideals which have long been current in the United States. When, therefore, the final form of the so-called "Covenant" was sent to this country, on April 28th, the word "Constitution" having been dropped, the "Executive Council" having become simply the "Council," and the "Body of Delegates" the "Assembly,"—superficial changes which were meant to remove or obscure the power of the League as a corporate entity or international voting trust—it was even clearer than before that the design had been to create an instrument of power rather than an institution of justice.

Although upon the President's return to Paris in March the work of the Conference had so far advanced that a provisional treaty of peace with Germany was reported as almost complete, he carried into execution his purpose to interweave the Covenant and the Treaty of Peace in an inextricable manner by making the former the first article of the latter, and the ostensible agent for its enforcement. The Covenant, though published separately, was to constitute the first article of the Treaty of Versailles. The League of Nations which was to have been a "general association of nations," or a complete Society of States, was thus converted into an alliance between a group of Powers established to enforce the Treaty of Peace. The organ of universal peace

and conciliation had become a confessed instrument of undefined punishment.

Although the Treaty of Versailles in its entirety was long withheld from the Senate, the campaign for the adoption of the League of Nations went steadily on. No one knew, or could discover, to what precise obligations the Treaty of Versailles and other subsidiary treaties would bind the members of the League. They were, however, to be blindly accepted. When, at last, although it had long been published and on public sale in Europe, a copy could be obtained only privately from financiers in New York, and was thus laid before the Senate, it was ascertained that it was to "the Allied and Associated Powers," and not to the League, that Germany made her concessions; yet the League was bound to preserve to the beneficiaries of the Treaty all the unknown territorial accessions assigned to them, as well as the territorial integrity of all the surviving empires.

It was a reasonable proposition that the Senate, before giving its advice and consent, should separate the two disparate documents, the Covenant of the League of Nations and the Treaty with Germany. The President and his supporters in the Senate refused to permit this. They demanded the immediate ratification of the whole commitment, without amendment or reservation; or, as the President's supporters insisted, "without the dotting of an i or the crossing of a t."

This demand, considered merely as a partisan attitude, may have been defensible; but the attempt to enforce it by assailing or undermining the constitutional prerogative of the Senate is another matter. Having failed in numerous private conversations and in a public conference to convince a sufficient number of Senators that they should yield to the President's demand, he personally took the field and proceeded to an open, violent, and bitterly vituperative attack upon the Senate as a means of carrying his point.

In pressing the necessity for immediate peace and the impossibility of reopening any question in the Peace Conference,—although still in session and transacting business,—the President was merely bringing to an issue his theory that it lies in the power of the Executive to create a

situation so embarrassing to the Senate that it may be forced to surrender its constitutional right and fail in the free performance of its duty.

This issue should be squarely met and its far-reaching implications should be made plain. It is, in fact, one of many efforts to break down constitutional government, and by direct action to concentrate power in the hands of the Executive.

In his denunciation of the Senate as a perverse and refractory body, the President has declared that he represents a cause "greater than the Senate, and greater than the Government." He might with equal consistency and decency say upon another occasion that he represents a cause greater than the law. The cause he is contending for is this particular unmodified League of Nations, which is not at all the "general association" which he commended and desired. This League, he proclaims, is of greater importance than the Government of the United States, which it may, therefore, if this be true, at any time properly subordinate and overrule.

It is against the reservations which the Senate would offer as a bar to this subordination that the President raises his voice of protest. If these reservations do not really modify the obligations incurred, why should he object to including them in the act of ratification? If, on the contrary, this subordination of American independence might occur without them, how can the Senators honorably ratify the Covenant of the League without these reservations? Yet, as a last act of intimidation, in order to force upon the Senate the acceptance of the entire Treaty without change, the President has stated that, after the Senate has acted, it would be entirely in his own hands to issue or withhold the act of ratification; thus intimating that if it did not please him in its final form he could defeat it altogether! The attitude of the President, therefore, is that at *no time* shall the Senate be permitted freely to perform its constitutional duty, which is equivalent to saying that one man can absolutely determine the future destiny of the United States.

DAVID JAYNE HILL.

FRANCE AND THE TREATY

BY STÉPHANE LAUZANNE

Editor-in-Chief of the *Matin*

IN what spirit does France look upon the peace treaty? And in what light does France look upon America?

I want to set down the answer to these two questions with perfect freedom, truth and independence.

For those whose privilege it is to wield a pen, there is no finer task than that of ever seeking truth, pursuing it in the midst of passions and prejudices, trying to seize it, and showing it in the full light of the sun fearlessly, without hesitation or false shame.

France, who has hundreds of faults but at least one quality—that of clearness—was of the opinion at the time of the armistice that there could be one of two treaties: either a Wilsonian treaty, that is, a treaty embodying an abstract ideal, or a Napoleonic treaty, that is, a treaty of practical force.

Each of them had advantages and disadvantages. The Wilsonian treaty amounted to practically the following: "Let us forget hate, ill-feeling and dissension; let us bring together all the peoples of the earth. On the ruins around us, let us build up a new humanity. Let all nations associate in a common effort. Let nothing remain that may divide them or that may set one of them against the other." Practically, as regards France and Germany, it came to about the following: "Little or no indemnity to be paid by Germany for reparation, because an indemnity, however it may be qualified, is irritating to the party who has to pay it. No penalties for the Kaiser, his ministers or his generals, because a penalty, whatever be its motive, is humiliating for the nation whose citizens are judged and punished. No annexation of territory of any kind, even colonial territory, because annexation, for whatever cause,

contains the germ of future wars. Few or no guarantees, such as the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine, because such occupations give rise to deep and bitter feelings which rankle for years. The immediate or almost immediate admission of Germany to the Society of Nations, for there are no vanquished and no victors: there are only members of the great human family who, after separation, now come together again to form but one body."

Such a treaty—why deny it?—had certain advantages: it was something new—something unique in the history of the world; it satisfied that yearning for generosity and idealism which has tormented humanity for twenty centuries, and seemingly it could give no occasion for feelings of revenge or anger. It had its disadvantages: it shocked one's sense of justice, which in the heart of man is at least as strong as idealism, and which cannot tolerate that the murderer and the victim, the robber and the robbed, should leave court side by side in brotherly fashion; it overlooked the lessons taught by history and the teachings of philosophy which prove that forgiveness and kindness are not always the best means of establishing order and peace in the world.

But in any case, such a treaty had the merit of being clear and of resting upon a system. In France, every Socialist and a certain number of men of intellect were in favor of it.

The other treaty, the Napoleonic treaty, stated as follows: "An unprecedented crime has been committed against civilization, against the right of nations, against humanity. It has been committed by a race who has other dark deeds to its credit, who stealthily and slowly prepared for aggression, and whose dream it is to dominate and subdue the world. The punishment must fit the crime. The guilty nation shall be placed where it cannot wreak harm for several generations. It shall be tamed, broken in by forcible means and put under perpetual surveillance." Practically, as regards France and Germany, it came to saying the following: "Germany shall pay to the last penny what she owes France for her devastations, for the war she imposed upon her, for the expenses she was obliged to incur, even though the sum should total into the hundreds of billions, even though it should take hundreds of years

to settle the amount. Germany shall give back without distinction all the territory wrested by her in the course of her history. Germany, whose imperial 'unity' was achieved by warfare on the ruins of France, shall lose that unity, which threatens the peace of the world. She shall return to the condition she was in before the war of 1870, that is, she shall be parcelled out in a number of different countries: Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Saxony, Prussia, etc., who shall no longer have the right of arraying themselves in league against the world. The work of Bismarck shall thus be destroyed. Furthermore, guarantees shall be taken to prevent the return of similar calamities: the Rhine, sole geographical and military frontier allowing the Barbarians to be kept under observation and within bounds, shall be perpetually occupied by troops belonging to the civilized nations of the earth or by their representatives on the spot: France and Belgium. Finally, Germany shall not be received into the Society of Nations until she shall have become worthy of it, that is, only after she has atoned, after she has redeemed herself and shown by a long term of good conduct that nothing remains in her of the predatory instinct."

Such a treaty—who can deny it?—had also its advantages and disadvantages. Undoubtedly, it was a treaty that had to be imposed and enforced by strength. Undoubtedly, it made it imperative that the entire world should always be stronger than Germany, even as the tamer must always be stronger than the wild beast he is taming; but it guaranteed the world against the repetition of such a war as we have just suffered; it established the supremacy of civilization over scientific barbarism; on the whole, it did not call for such a considerable effort on the part of the tamer, since the teeth and claws of the beast had been drawn for all time. Such a treaty also had the advantage of being clear, logical and all of a piece.

Now, if we take the treaty that was signed at Versailles on the 28th of June, 1919, we find that it does not come under the head of either of the two treaties we have just examined. It is neither Wilsonian nor Napoleonic, neither one thing nor the other. It is a compromise between the principle of idealism and the principle of strength, the principle of punishment and the principle of forgiveness,

that is, between fire and water, between night and day. At least, such is the feeling of Frenchmen of every party and of every shade of opinion. Socialists look upon it as "a treaty made by capitalists and imperialists." The bourgeoisie thinks of it as "a treaty of concession to visions and internationalism." No one will recognize it as his child. Even those who declare they are ready to adopt it—and that is the case of the majority of Frenchmen—deplore that it bears such or such a disfiguring mark, such or such a flaw which threatens to cripple it for ever.

Let us take the question of reparation. The treaty, it is true, provides that Germany is to repair the ruins of Northern France and of Belgium, that she is to pension the widows and orphans; but the tremendous cost of the war—a war, let us remember, that was forced upon France—remains for her to pay. Thus, in order to fight for her life and for civilization, France has contracted a debt of sixty-five billion dollars. Of this she may possibly collect about twenty billions, but the remainder she will have to stand, though it should mean her ruin. Neither idealism nor a sense of justice can be satisfied with this. Justice demanded that Germany should pay all she owes, though it should take five hundred years. Idealism might be justified in making her pay nothing, so that no hatred should remain and grow between the two countries, but to make Germany pay 20 billion dollars will exasperate her almost as much as to ask her to pay 65,—and it will leave France ruined.

Now for the question of guarantees. The treaty does call for interallied occupation of the left bank of the Rhine and of its bridges for 15 years, with the right of extending the time limit and reoccupying the territory. It does stipulate that the military forces of Germany shall be reduced to an army of 200,000 men. It does provide that the military frontier of Germany shall extend to 50 kilometers on the east of the Rhine, and that Germany shall not be allowed to have any fortifications on this side of that frontier, nor to assemble, maintain or drill armed troops. But who can guarantee that after fifteen years, when the Allies have left, and the French have returned to France, these provisions shall be lived up to? Who can guarantee that if, in 1950, America and Europe hear that garrisons have

been organized in the Palatinate or bulwarks built around Coblenz, they shall send their troops forward and declare war, as is provided by Articles 42 and 44, so as to drive out the garrisons and overthrow the bulwarks? Who can guarantee that the German army shall not be secretly increased beyond the 200,000 allowed? Napoleon also claimed that he had enclosed the Prussian army within a narrow circle, and yet, unknown to him, in spite of the fact that his armies were occupying Germany, the Prussian army broke through that narrow circle. Here again, the treaty is a source of irritation and vexation to Germany, lays obligations on the Allies and gives neither France nor the world those lasting guarantees of peace they had a right to expect.

Shall we now examine the question of the League of Nations? The treaty does not give birth to a true League of Nations with a charter, court, army, police, and means of coercion. As a matter of fact it constitutes little more than a debating Society. The covenant is not a social contract, but merely the by-laws of a club. The two parts of the structure which have been given the largest development are the committee room and writing room. There will be much talk, much writing, but little or no action. There will be no means of action: no force, no international police to see that the decisions of the League are carried out. Leon Bourgeois had asked that there should at least be an international organ for the purpose of examining certain contingencies and preparing certain measures in written form. He was told that the mere fact of considering the possibility of war might bring about such a war. In like manner, certain natives of our distant colonies have always refused to place lightning-conductors on the top of their dwellings because they claim it would attract thunderbolts! So the League of Nations does not secure peace and justice for the world: it merely provides for lengthy talks, at its meetings, on peace and justice. It does not give satisfaction to those who dreamed of constituting a great federation of the civilized Powers of the world. It does not convince those who believe, with history to back them, that men will always be men, and that as long as there are races who prey on others, there will be warfare.

I could go on ad infinitum to show that the treaty of Versailles does not fully satisfy any Frenchmen; neither

the dreamers of the extreme Left, nor the imperialists of the extreme Right, nor the practical minds of the Centre. Above all, it does not satisfy that love of clearness, logic and common sense which lies at the very core of French minds. It is full of complications and delays. It has been necessary to publish a special pamphlet simply to enumerate the long series of dates of the various stages of execution.

However, such as it is, with all its contradictions, dangers and confusion, France accepts this treaty. She accepts it, because one part of it puts an end to a great injustice: Alsace-Lorraine is given back to France, and she is once again whole. She accepts it, because one other point of it opens to France every hope and every possibility: the treaty of Algeciras is repealed as well as the treaty of Frankfort, and Morocco is given unconditionally and unreservedly to France. Now, Morocco has a tremendous development and enormous resources. There, perhaps, lies the chance that will save France from being crippled under the burden of her financial debt and the weight of her ruins.

And then France possesses an inexhaustible fund of philosophy and common sense. Her philosophy tells her that perfect justice, like perfect happiness, is not of this world. Her common sense reminds her that if she is victorious, she did not win alone. She feels obliged therefore to accept the cooperation of the Allies who won with her. The peace treaty does not belong to her alone; it also belongs to America, England, Italy. It is a collective treaty, just as the war was a collective war.

So even if the peace which this treaty gives us is a peace bringing with it heavy burdens, dangerous weaknesses and the pressing necessity of working and watching, it is none the less peace with honor and with hope!

. . . . . .

Now that I have stated clearly and simply what France thinks of the peace treaty, I would like to state just as clearly and simply what France thinks of the United States in connection with the peace treaty.

There is no need for me to enter into the feeling of France for America: it is compounded of affection, gratitude and admiration. France has a profound love for her

sister beyond the Ocean; she will never forget that America helped her to win the war; she admires the latter's youthful energy and marvelous efficiency. Petty friction, slight misunderstanding, can never alter one great fact: that twice the two nations have fought side by side for the noblest of causes. Their blood has been shed together and their hearts shall ever beat in unison.

But if France loves and admires America, she does not always claim to understand her.

After the armistice, France heard America, or a great part of America, preaching to her the virtues of moderation, generosity, burying of race hatred, and conciliation among nations, for the sake of the future happiness of America. France very well knew that this was disinterested language, and she yielded to it. The moderation of the treaty towards Germany, the consideration which has been shown the aggressors of 1914, is all due to America's action at the Peace Conference.

But when at that same Conference, the question of the relations of other nations besides France and Germany came up, when the rights of another than the German race were dealt with, American principles underwent a sudden change. When, for instance, in April, Japan asked for the insertion in the preliminary project of the League of Nations of a simple sentence proclaiming the equality of every nation, the American delegation met the request with a peremptory "No!"

There, France fails to understand. If America asks for the admission of guilty Germany into the League of Nations on an absolutely equal footing, how can America object to the admission of guiltless Japan on the same equal footing? If America cannot lay aside a certain distrust and prejudice towards a country with which she has never been at war, which has never invaded her territory, never laid waste her soil, how can she ask France, assaulted, trampled on, half strangled by Germany, to forget her feelings, her rancor, her hatred? What distinguishes the races of the earth is not the more or less blue blood in their veins, but their manner of conducting themselves, their degree of civilization, the more or less respect they have for their word, their conception of honor. From this point of view, what can Japan be reproached with? Can there be urged

against her one hundredth part of what can be proved against Germany? So America—or a part of America—is also prejudiced against another great nation, and her prejudice is a hundred times less justified than that of France against Germany.

And then, when the question of guarantees was brought up at the Conference and there was submitted the remarkable document drawn up on the 10th of January, 1919, by Marshal Foch, asking for the permanent occupation of the left bank of the Rhine and its bridges by Allied troops, the President of the United States sided against the best military judge of France, and refused to give the project America's adhesion. It was at this point that there was substituted for the Foch memorandum what has been called the Franco-Anglo-American pact, that is, a promise made to France that if she was ever attacked by Germany, England and America would immediately send to her help their military forces. For nearly every Frenchman, such a guarantee is sufficient. It is every bit as good as the guarantee Foch wanted. It is of such a nature as to cause Germany to pause and reflect, should she feel inclined once more to become aggressive. But now that same guarantee, suggested by the American delegation, is being opposed by certain elements in America.

Again, France fails to understand. France has nothing to do with Republicans or Democrats in America; she recognizes, and only can recognize, Americans. If she is refused the guarantees asked for by her, because such guarantees are a source of displeasure to some; if she is refused the guarantees that the President of the United States offered her personally, because they do not suit others, what *are* the guarantees she is to have or take? Must France suffer the consequences because Americans disagree? Is she not entitled to ask them to call a truce on the question of home politics, so that she may obtain the security she has a right to expect? When two drivers fight, is it fair that those inside the car should receive the blows?

I am asking these questions in all simplicity and frankness, in the first place because a great many people in France are asking them, and in the second place because,

knowing all that is in America's heart for France, I know the answer beforehand.

When Gabriel Hanotaux had the honor of being received in Paris by President Wilson, he said to him:

"We cannot offer every year to the world a battle of the Marne."

It is the plain truth. And neither can we offer to the world the sacrifices which followed the battle of the Marne. The security of France is therefore the condition of the peace and liberty of the world. To give that security is to provide for the security of civilized Europe and of America.

. . . . . .

And we have something else to ask of America in her own interest and in the interest of the world. We have to ask her to accept one of the mandates she has been earnestly tendered, either for Constantinople or Armenia.

In the offer of a mandate, America only sees Europe's somewhat selfish desire to involve her in European affairs. She is afraid of being caught in a maze of intrigues and difficulties. She fears far-off complications which are foreign to her. But the question is a nobler and bigger one.

America has an admirable fund of energy. She holds the secret of what is finest in our modern times: how to do big things quickly. She has youth and power and wealth and efficiency. In Europe, we are old, poor, weakened and divided. What we ask is not so much that America should give us of her strength, of her money or of her materials, as that she should set us an example.

And what an example if America were to accept a mandate for Constantinople! It is one of the wonder cities of Europe and of the world, the gem of the Orient, and after twenty centuries of European civilization, it remains a stronghold of corruption and dirt. Every one fights for the possession of its hills and roadstead and no one tries to make of it a great modern city, free from politics and international intrigues, that would become the luminous pole of Europe.

America alone can change Constantinople. America alone can go there without arousing distrust or jealousy. She alone can civilize the capital of Islam. For such a

task there is no need of regiments, soldiers or cannon. Only her engineers and builders are needed. A Hoover or a Davison would be sufficient. And America is full of Davisons and Hoovers.

If America accepts, she will be able to say that she has rendered humanity an unparalleled service and that she has played a great part in history. The youngest democracy of the world will have given a lesson to the secular nations of Europe. She will have shown that besides knowing how to fight, she also knows how to teach. She will have given the most magnificent example of disinterestedness in history. She will have furnished of her intellectual, material and moral superiority the best illustration, the most convincing of proofs. She will have set her mark on Europe for generations.

When Bonaparte arrived in Egypt, he showed the Pyramids of the Pharaohs to his soldiers and said to them: "Soldiers, remember that from the height of these pyramids forty centuries look down on you." A great many more centuries will look down on America from a far greater height if she turns Constantinople into a model city or makes of Armenia a free people.

To make beauty, goodness and liberty bloom where there are ugliness, turpitude and tyranny is a great deal more and a great deal better than to erect stones without souls one above the other. If George Washington could speak from the grave, he would not hesitate. Above tranquil selfishness he would place the duty of serving humanity—even though it be very far and very difficult.

STEPHANE LAUZANNE.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF FIUME

BY GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER

THERE was a time when our impulse was to cry out: "Let us have done with Fiume! The Conference of Paris has greater questions to decide." Yet there are no more troublesome questions tormenting the world to-day than those involved in the disposition of Fiume. The clashing of national aspirations with commercial interests, of a political ideal with a racial conviction; the measuring of a spontaneous popular will against the decrees of governments, of the ambitions of one people against the traditions of another, the Slav against the Latin, the East against the West:—these are phases of the conflict which has made of the little seaport town of fifty thousand souls a battlefield in the war for peace. We cannot escape if we would from the international significance of Fiume.

The chief arbiters of our destinies at Paris assumed a strange attitude toward the meaning of Fiume to Italy. In that ill-timed open letter which strengthened the reactionary forces in Italy and tied the hands of the liberals, Mr. Wilson appealed to the people over the heads of their government, as he had done before to the enemy but never to a friendly Power. His claim that he believed himself to be expressing the will of the nation was not unmixed hypocrisy, although the later disposition of Shantung darkened the light of hope in such a claim and dulled the Fourteen Points beyond recognition. But when the powerful Three discovered that they, or Mr. Wilson, had misjudged Italy; when they had failed to distinguish between Italian irredentism and Italian "imperialism;" when the people rose in unity to the defense of their government, as they had risen against the strangely similar appeal of Prince von Bulow in 1915; then, suddenly, the concern of the Paris Council for Italy's opinion was at an end.

It is conceivable that Mr. Wilson really thought that he had overestimated the liberalism of the people and that they were not equal to their task as he had imagined it. It is quite possible that he thought they would follow him, after his unparalleled ovation in the cities of Italy, as those volunteers once followed Garibaldi when he offered them only hardship and suffering, sacrifice and death.

But Garibaldi was not doling out favors on one side of the square while he offered sacrifice on the other. And now, when the Italians are wondering why they made it possible for Mr. Wilson to celebrate his victory before he had fought his battle, and a few of them are glad to remember, with Ferrero, that they never shared the adoration of this herald of peace, and the humorists are evoking the shade of Christopher Columbus to chide him for a blot on the history of Italy, it is conceivable that our President does not yet understand that, while his estimate of Italy was in the main correct, what he failed to understand was the significance of Fiume.

Five days before the armistice was signed by Austria and the Allies, while the armies were still at grips on the Piave, the inhabitants of Fiume re-established the government elected by the people before the war, declared themselves annexed to Italy and raised the tricolor over the city. The Jugoslav troops were at the gates:—not the heroic Czechoslavs in whose camp behind the Italian lines we had admired the strength and the fine spirit of those men who had freed themselves from the Hapsburg yoke and become champions of liberty—but the Jugoslavs—Croatians and Slovenes—Italy's worst enemies, who fought in the Austrian ranks to the very end, winning special praise in the bulletins for the fierceness of their counter-attacks, who had been a part of the Hapsburg government and had lent themselves to anti-Italian propaganda from Vienna to the remotest corner of Dalmatia, and who, when the moment came for seizing the fragments of the shattered monarchy, were demanding every foot of Italy's unredeemed territory as their share of the spoils. The Jugoslavs, submitting now to the Serbian chiefs as they had before submitted to the Hapsburgs, were advancing upon Fiume, when seven of her citizens, hoping yet to avert the catastrophe, set out in a small boat over mine-strewn seas to Venice.

The little boat was mistaken for an enemy by an Italian Commander and narrowly escaped destruction. Arrived at Venice under the escort of the destroyer, the seven patriots were admitted with much secrecy to the Arsenal. But the Admiral was very busy. He was preparing for the transportation of the bersaglieri who were to occupy Trieste: and, while events moved rapidly, the seven citizens of Fiume were kept waiting for one whole day in the anteroom of the Admiral's office. During that day they must have had time to reflect with bitterness upon the terms of the Pact of London which had sacrificed Fiume, without her knowledge, to the demands of Russia and to wonder why, after the collapse of Russia, that treaty, out of harmony as it was with the aims of the Allies, had not been revised. When at length they were admitted to an audience it was to learn that the Pact of London forbade the granting of their request. Italian troops could not be sent to Fiume. In vain the seven argued that the aggression of the Serbians must be checked. Italy could not act alone: and the Allies, bent upon "compensating Serbia," were blind to the pan-Serbian intentions of the Serbian chiefs. It would have been convenient for Italy if the government could have argued then, as Mr. Wilson did later, that since Austria no longer existed, the Pact of London was not binding. But they lacked that originality of interpretation—being "bound by tradition." Admiral Thaon de Revel could only promise some ships: and for some time those Italian ships were anchored in the harbor while the Jugoslavs ruled the city from the Governor's Palace and the Italian National Council from the City Hall.

When I visited Fiume in the month of May the situation seemed intolerable. Outwardly, indeed, there was harmony. The Allied Armies were in command, khaki and blue and grey were everywhere visible, and the flags of all the Allies floated together. A review of all the troops celebrated now an English, now an Italian holiday, and the ships displayed their colors in honor of this nation or of that. In the Governor's Palace, Italian officers moved about through spacious rooms hung with portraits of Magyar heroes and, low-voiced and orderly, maintained the chief command. In the old municipal hall, stored with centuries of archives in Latin and Italian, the Mayor talked without any show of feeling while he opened before

us the illuminated parchment which he called the Magna Carta of Fiume. It was the decree of 1779 in which Maria Teresa declared that Fiume was not a part of Croatia but continued to be as formerly an independent corporation—*corpo politico separato*—annexed now to the throne of Hungary. Among the Italians whose houses we visited there was no deliberate propaganda and we failed to meet those "prowling patriots" who, we had been told, would lie in wait for us at every turn. We talked with some of the seven citizens who had made the perilous journey to Venice, with members of the National Council, with officers of the army and navy, with people of all classes in the hotels and shops and cafés and offices, and with peasants in the hills behind the town. The talk, for the most part simple and direct, sometimes covered smouldering fires of feeling and a patriotism that was disciplined by long-suffering and experience of defeat. We went across the river to the Croatian suburb, Susak, and there we visited delightful families, played with the children, and discussed, always in the Italian language, the hopes of Jugoslavia. We listened to the story we had already read in an American journal of how the Jugoslavs by withdrawing their troops from the Italian front had hastened the victory of the Allies. It was not, I remember, the ex-Austrian captain who told us that! He was quite too intelligent.

After many discussions with Slavs on one side of the river and Italians on the other it became clear to us that their attitudes were essentially different. On the one side there were definite ends to be gained and ambitions to be satisfied by the acquisition of Fiume, while on the other there were wrongs to be righted in the name of liberty or an injustice to be perpetuated and legalized by the very advocates of a new era in whom they had placed their hopes.

"What hurts us most," said the Mayor, "is that we who have preserved our independence through the ages—we who as a free Italian city have resisted the encroachments of the discordant peoples of the Near East—that we should now be made subject to a federation of Slavic groups who have given no guarantees of national stability and to whom we cannot look for anything but the old habits of favoritism and oppression which the Croatians, as the tools of the Hapsburgs, have practiced against us for fifty years.

If you answer that the League of Nations will guard our rights, we ask why the freedom of our port for the commercial needs of the Jugoslavs cannot be guaranteed as well by the League of Nations without the sacrifice of our national and political rights. And if you call us unpractical in that suggestion, we would remind you that the Jugoslavs would have twelve seaport towns without Fiume. Spalato, for example, is an excellent port, and surely it is for the interest of Europe that the new nation should have its orientation to the south.

"We are ready to co-operate with Jugoslavia. Istria with a stable government which we can trust, ought to be the meeting ground on which the Slavs and Latins could learn to live and work together in harmony. And at present this new nation is hardly a reality. It is torn with dissensions. The Croatians and Slovenes are opposed to the Serbs, who in reality are setting up a Slavic Prussia in the place of a German Austria."

When we mentioned Roman antiquities and Caesar's wall, the Mayor smiled. "There is no argument in our Roman origin. What ought to count for something is the continuous Italianity of the town up to and including the present time. We have *no* documents in our archives that are not Latin or Italian, and they pass directly from Latin to Italian without any interposing tongue. In 1449 when the city government wanted the people to know the price of fish they had it posted in Italian because not all the people could understand the Latin. In 1599 the Council ordered the magistrate to write all future acts in Italian so that everyone could understand."

Our talk with the Mayor convinced me that to give Fiume to Jugoslavia, or to place her by any compromise under the power of the Croatians, would be like ordering a certain town in the Middle West to obey the government of the Norwegians who have come there to find work. Only far worse. For that western town has not been an independent state, sending its consuls to other cities, maintaining its nationality at all odds against a foreign invasion to which it is now compelled to submit. Nor are the Norwegians of a different race from the established citizens, with a new experimental government just called into being from the camp of their enemies' armies.

The situation in Fiume seemed intolerable not because

feeling ran high on both sides of the river but because the armies of occupation, the British, the French and the Americans, were in open sympathy with the Jugoslavs and hostile to Italy. To the Italians this meant playing the game of Austria, their enemy, against Italy who had left as many dead on the battlefields of the Allies as England and ten times as many as America. It meant that those who were trying to reconstruct Austria-Hungary under a Slavic domination were treated as friends, while Italy, who had destroyed Austria, was treated as an enemy. This espousing of the cause of Jugoslavia in the disputed territory puzzled us at first. We understood the reason later: and when we had talked in Paris with Americans in full sympathy with Mr. Wilson and his open letter we knew how far-reaching were the misconceptions in regard to the Italian people, to their part and purpose in the war, and to their national aspirations. It seemed to us that while we had been watching the growth in Italy of a strong friendship for America there had been erected in America a wall of misunderstanding against Italy which could not easily be overthrown.

To the Italians, shocked into distrust by the action of the French in aiding the Jugoslavs to seize and hold the Austrian fleet, the reason for the unfriendly attitude of their allies was not far to seek. "The chance to exploit oriental Europe," they said, "is worth a fifteenth point which annuls the others." They blamed France and England most of all and not without justification. "All of the Slav markets" writes Charles Rivet of the Paris *Temps* in a recent book on Jugoslavia that is filled with bitterness toward Italy,—"all of the Slav markets are for us to take. We can furnish them everything. They wait for us—they even beg us to come. Croatia and all of the Balkans will hail our traveling merchant as a Messiah." The *Shipbuilding and Shipping Record,* an organ of the English merchantmen, has declared that the question of Fiume is of international importance, and that it is especially to the interest of British traffic that Fiume should not belong to Italy. It is the port which best serves the movement of emigration for the importation into South America of European workmen capable of working under a hot sun.

Contract labor! Foreign markets! The Italians had not thought of these things when they marched out singing

toward that mountain frontier from which the enemy, as their officers told them, could vomit fire as from a ten-story building. The citizens of Fiume did not think of these things when they placed themselves under the protection of "America, mother of Liberty," quoting Mr. Wilson's words, "Our goal is the revindication of the principles of peace and justice in the life of the world against the powers of autocracy and egoism."

The French and English press have constantly belittled the victories of Italy. Yet in the dark spring of 1918 the opinion was general that to weaken Austria was a vital necessity and that, although the fostering of internal dissension would help, nothing but a blow at her military power could dismember the Empire. In the following June, at the Battle of the Piave, Italy struck that blow.

It is not that, because Italy destroyed Austria, she should be given the fruits of her victory. On the contrary, what we should like to make clear is that Fiume is not to be looked upon as fruits of the victory, as the gratification of Italian imperialism, as a "childish demand," as a "crying for the moon" (in Clemenceau's words), as the equivalent, in Wilson's witticism, to the claiming of New York because 400,000 Italians live there. We should like to correct the impression so apparent in the liberal press of America that the struggle between Orlando and Wilson was the struggle between the old era and the new, between the old spoils system in national affairs and the new international democracy. The very opposite is the truth. It is entirely the will of the people that Fiume should follow her national destiny: —of a people whose sympathies were all with Wilson until he reverted to the principles of the Congress of Vienna, while Orlando, in his defense of Fiume if on no other occasion, was true to the doctrines of the Conference of Paris, Bissolati, the independent socialist and advocate of the League of Nations,—he who had called Wilson "*our* president, the president of the international democracy"—while opposing Italy's claim to the Tyrol and to a part of Dalmatia, has consistently maintained that Fiume belongs to Italy. About other "aspirations" there is difference of opinion, but it is by the will of the people of all parties that Fiume is claimed for Italy. It is a national conviction that goes back far into the history of the *Risorgimento,* to the days of the secret plots when, in the popular movement

for the liberation of Italy, Fiume was included with Trent and Trieste in the territory of the nation. And Mazzini, the prophet of international unity, declared in no uncertain terms, "Fiume is ours."

The rights of small nations has always been the ideal nearest to the heart of the Italian. The effort of the Dalmatian Tommaseo, Manin's colleague in '49, to realize that ideal by an alliance between the Slavs and the Italians, and the continuation of that effort by liberal Italians down to the Conference of Rome in 1918 is an interesting story. When Italian sentiment was converging toward war, the strongest of all motives in the minds of the people was the desire to avenge the wrongs of Belgium and Serbia. What followed when the champion of small nations refused to acknowledge the auto-decision of Fiume was not disappointment, it was dissillusionment: it was not anger, it was loss of faith. The cause they had fought for was being forgotten in Paris: now it was trampled in the dust. "All sense of justice," said one of them, "seems to be buried deeper than the deepest grave of our dead." "Our four years of struggle," said another, "of moral enthusiasm, of agony! Does it all count for nothing?"

Fiume has become, in the language of the Italian press, "the title of a magnificent canto in the poem of the *Risorgimento,* a canto in which is condensed its most noble ideals, its hopes, its griefs, its ardor, its sacrifice, all subordinated to a single motive, the desire of a people to possess a fatherland; a canto of which every strophe ends with 'Italy or death'."

The Allied Council has decided that this canto shall not yet be closed. How it will end none can say. It is for the interest of Western Europe that Italy and not Austria should be strong. Meanwhile the disillusionment of Italy and her lack of confidence cannot be disregarded. Out of these things wars are made. And by these things the League of Nations must be tested.

GERTRUDE SLAUGHTER.

JAPAN'S ACTS IN CHINA

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

IN the fall of 1915 I published in a New York review an article advancing the view that Japan committed a diplomatic blunder in declaring war upon the Central Powers at the very beginning of the great conflict. From the point of view of military strategy, that move was unquestionably a good stroke. Viewed in the light of diplomacy, however, it was a serious mistake, calculated to raise many obstacles in Japan's own way.

When the conflagration started in Europe, England lost no time in inviting Japan to declare war upon Germany. On August 3, 1914, the day before England entered into the conflict, Sir Conyngham Greene, the British Ambassador to Tokyo, asked Baron Kato, the Japanese Foreign Minister, whether his Government could count upon Japan's aid in safeguarding British interests in the Far East. On August 7, Sir Conyngham had another interview with Baron Kato, and told the latter that his country was desirous of Japan's immediate entrance into the war. On August 15, Japan accordingly delivered an ultimatum to Germany which was followed, on August 23, by a declaration of war.

In taking this measure, Japan acted in perfect conformity with the treaty of alliance with England, though she was partly actuated by a desire to remove German menace from the Far East. Viewed in this light, Japan's entrance into the war was not only irreproachable but commendable.

And yet the moment Japan began to play a role in the war, she encountered a storm of criticisms in foreign countries, especially America and England. At bottom these criticisms were naught but an echo of the familiar cry of

the "Yellow Peril," an ingenious invention of the Kaiser. To the Western peoples the war was a "White Men's War," in which the yellow race had no place. In America the tone of the press was so averse to the Japanese campaign against Kiauchow that the sympathizers of Germany openly contended that the tide of public opinion turned in Germany's favor as soon as England induced Japan to enter the war. Even in England, severe censure was directed against Downing Street for having solicited Japanese aid.

There is reason to believe that even Downing Street viewed with apprehension, at first at least, Japan's military operations against the German territory in China. Intimations to that effect were not lacking in the press of both Japan and England. That the British Government solicited Japanese cooperation goes without saying, but it is doubtful whether it extended its hearty endorsement to Japan's plan to capture Kiauchow. Still unable to foresee the gravity of the situation that was in store for her, England, it is quite conceivable, was not enthusiastic over the Japanese plan, which she feared might have the effect of extending Japanese influence in China. Be that as it may, it was rumored in Tokyo in that fateful August of 1914 that Downing Street asked Japan to employ only her men-of-war for the maintenance of peace in Chinese waters, especially in the neighborhood of Hongkong and the straits settlement. From the strategical point of view, this proposal was impracticable. Even a novice in military affairs should know that it was impossible for Japan to maintain peace in the Far East, when Germany was permitted to maintain at Kiauchow a splendid base for military and naval operation.

The outbreak of the war in the summer of 1914 found Germany strongly entrenched in China. Kiauchow, her territory in China, was not only a base of political and commercial operation, but also a formidable military and naval base, its fortifications garrisoned by 4,000 men trained in the Prussian school, its land-locked bay capable of harboring a large fleet of warships. Assisted by the Shantung railway, the German power and influence symbolized in this base extended far into the interior. Even as early as 1907, the far-reaching significance of this German territory was forecast by an English authority in these words:

For the German programme (in China) is as clear as the light of day. In a few years another naval base somewhere in the region of Swatow will be required, and then, linked by a system of German railways, a huge slice of Northern, Central, and Southern China will be practically ruled from Berlin. It may seem nebulous and vague to those who sit in the darkness of blissful ignorance far away, but it is patent to those whose business it is to follow audacious Empire plans. Tientsin will mark the extreme Northern limit of these ambitions; Kaifengfu the Northwestern; Hankow the Central West; and Swatow the extreme South. Including, therefore, great portions of nine or ten provinces of China, the German programme is so framed that it clashes directly with no other Power in the world excepting England.

Between the time the above warning was voiced and the outbreak of the war, seven years intervened. In that interval German prestige in China made signal strides. When, therefore, the curtain rose upon the horrible scene in Europe, Germany was well prepared to impress China with the greatness of her prowess and influence.

Now let us glance at China's internal condition at the beginning of the war. The revolution of 1911 had brought in its train a state of chaos throughout the country. The republican regime, which was to have dawned in its wake, had proven a farce. The ambitious Yuan Shi-kai had, in November, 1913, resorted to a *coup d'etat,* and made himself a dictator. This high-handed measure only added fuel to the fire of internal dissension.

German diplomats and propagandists took advantage of this unstable condition, and did everything to keep Yuan Shi-kai on their side. Himself a dictator coveting imperial glories, Yuan was well disposed to lend ear to the flatteries, entreaties, cajolings and arguments of German agents. Had Japan failed promptly to throw the weight of her army and navy on the British side of the scale, there was no doubt but that Yuan Shi-kai would have been coaxed to maintain friendly relations with the Germans. The brilliant successes of German arms in the first stage of the war impressed him and other Chinese statesmen so profoundly that they had no heart to fall out with the Kaiser.

Had Japan decided to remain neutral in the first year or two of the war, it was more than conceivable that the Germans would have induced the Chinese Government to

declare war upon the Entente Powers. In the state of disorganization in which China found herself at that time, who can say that such a turn of events was impossible? In the meantime, German cruisers and submarines, with Kiauchow Bay as their base, would have, with impunity, marauded in the Pacific and Indian oceans, making it wellnigh impossible to transport Australian and Indian forces to the various fronts of war. With Japan declining to enter into the conflict at the first flush of battle in Europe, Russia, France and England would have each had to keep large forces in Eastern Asia and to maintain a strong fleet in Eastern waters. With the situation thus developing favorably to Germany, at least in the early periods of the war, China might have irrevocably cast her fortune with the Central Powers.

To a keen observer, it was patent that such developments were in store for the Far East. Had Japan waited a little, the time would surely have arrived when the Entente Powers would implore her to take care of the Eastern situation, without the slightest disposition to impose restrictions upon her activities. Had Japan entered into the war at such a stage, her task would, of course, have been much harder, for the German position in the Far East, aided by China, would have become much stronger. But Japan would have been backed wholeheartedly by public opinion in Europe and America, and no one, but the Germans, would have raised the cry of the "Yellow Peril." Under such circumstances, affairs in Shantung and South Manchuria would have been adjusted favorably to Japan without recourse on her part to such objectionable means as the "Twenty-one Demands" which created a furor in America and England. Japan, nearsighted and tactless, did not wait for the psychological moment that was bound to come her way, but hopped into the war almost at the first roar of cannon, thus inviting the suspicion and fear which she did not deserve. The troubles and difficulties which Japan has since had to contend within China are mainly due to this hasty action—an action which, though right and necessary, failed to be fully appreciated even by her ally, let alone prejudiced critics in other countries.

Due to her premature entrance into the war, Japan's

military operations against Kiauchow provoked many adverse criticisms, some of them obviously petty. The first contingent of the Japanese expeditionary force landed at Lungkow, about 150 miles north of Tsingtao, and outside the German leased territory. This move, apparently in violation of Chinese neutrality, was inevitable and justifiable from geographical and strategical considerations, and was agreed upon between the Japanese and the British commanders. Laoshan Bay, another landing point, is in the leased territory. Here the Japanese disembarked on September 18, followed five days later by the British contingent. He talks without sense who insinuates that the British observed China's neutrality, while the Japanese, without British concurrence, violated it.

It must be observed that in addition to the leased territory, 200 square miles in area, China conceded to Germany a sort of military right over a zone of fifty kilometers surrounding the Bay of Kiauchow. In this zone China agreed to "permit the free passage of German troops at any time, and to abstain from taking any measures, or issuing any ordinances, without the previous consent of the German Government."

This concession created a condition making it extremely difficult for China to maintain strict neutrality against possible belligerent acts on the part of Germany, not only in the fifty kilometer zone but in the regions contiguous to it. The Japanese and British commanders agreed that, in order to secure the landing of troops within the leased territory, the hinterland must first be cleared.

Previous to the landing of Japanese troops at Lungkow, the Foreign Office at Peking unmistakably intimated to the Japanese Legation that, while it might formally protest against the violation of Chinese neutrality resulting from that landing, such protests would be made not for the purpose of obstructing Japan's effective military operations, but with a view to absolving itself from all responsibility to Germany. In other words, China, in order to forestall German pressure, publicly protested against Japan, but in reality she endorsed the steps taken by the Japanese and British commanders. To emphasize that endorsement the Chinese Government had notified the Japanese Government that, in order to facilitate Japan's military operations,

all Chinese troops would be withdrawn from the region adjoining the landing point.

It has been asserted that, when Japan was about to send an armed expedition to Kiauchow, the Chinese Government expressed a desire to participate in the contemplated action. I can conclusively state that the Japanese Government never received at that time any communication from the Peking Government on this matter.

It is true that in November, 1915, President Yuan Shi-kai wished to enter into the war. A year had elapsed after the reduction of Kiauchow; Japan had broken German power in China; her navy, in cooperation with British fleets, had cleared the Pacific and Indian oceans of German men-of-war; while in Europe it had become evident that German arms could not have their own way. So the astute Chinese dictator felt sure that, by joining the Entente Powers at that stage, he would run no risk, but could drive a good bargain. By the *coup d'etat* of November, 1913, he had practically put an end to the republic; by entering into the war he had hoped to secure the endorsement of the Entente Powers for his scheme to restore an imperial regime, crowning himself as emperor.

With this end in view, Yuan Shi-kai secretly conferred with England, France and Italy, and virtually secured their consent. But Japan could not see her way to endorse this plan, as she was convinced that the restoration of the imperial regime would plunge the country into the most deplorable state of political chaos. China had for five years been suffering from a continuous state of internal dissension. To allow Yuan Shi-kai to enthrone himself at the price of his entrance into the war was to inflict a greater misery upon the already suffering multitude, while the Allies would derive no material benefit from China's declaration of war which could be aught but nominal. The correctness of this Japanese interpretation of China's internal political situation has been fully proved by the events which have developed since China's entrance into the war in the summer of 1917, as we shall presently see.

Towards the end of 1916 the political situation in China changed considerably. The imperialistic Yuan Shi-kai had died in June of that year, and the danger of China's internal trouble arising out of an attempt to restore

an imperial government apparently ceased to exist. The provisional constitution suspended by Yuan Shi-kai had again come into effect, and the parliament suppressed by the dictator had reassembled in Peking. Moreover, the United States, in the early spring of 1917, severed diplomatic relations with Germany and advised China to follow suit. In view of the changed political conditions in China, Japan entertained no objection to China's entrance into the war at that time. On the contrary she, along with her ally and associates, advised China to declare war upon Germany.

But the moment the Cabinet at Peking took steps in that direction, the threatening cloud of internal dissension descended upon the agitated scene, to be soon followed by the storm of revolt and uprising. The turmoil in Peking in the summer of 1917, and the revolt, which is still harrassing the Southern provinces, were directly caused by the war measure adopted by the Peking Cabinet in accordance with the advice tendered by the Entente Powers, including Japan. One cannot help thinking that China might have been better off had Japan stood firm upon her original ground and exercised her influence against China's entrance into the war, which was certain to add impetus to the chronic revolt in the South.

Fortunately or unfortunately for China, Japan, in the beginning of 1917 altered her attitude toward China's proposed declaration of war. Let those Americans, who have been beguiled by insiduous Chinese propaganda, read an illuminating analysis of China's domestic politics in an article written by a Chinese statesman, Mr. Liang Chi-chao, who has filled various Cabinet positions. The article was originally published in Chinese newspapers, and was translated into English by the *Japan Advertiser,* an American paper in Tokyo, as follows:

> I urged Premier Tuan to lose no time in following the example set by America, and I am glad to say now that the Prime Minister accepted all my views, and treated me as an intimate friend. On account of this, the so-called "heroes" of the people's party (meaning Southern Republicans) treated me as their enemy, and all sorts of rumors were circulated against me, because at that time the dispute between the Presidential office and the Cabinet was very intense, and both sides wanted to get my views to support their own opinions in this important national affair.
>
> When I was in Peking, I received representatives of the various

legations and prominent members of the two Houses of Parliament, and I did my best to assist Premier Tuan to put through his decision. Fortunately the bill, favoring the severance of diplomatic relations with the central powers, passed through Parliament by a majority; but unfortunately, on account of the continued disputes between the Presidential Office and the Cabinet, Tang Shaoyi and Kang Yu-wei strongly opposed the bill declaring war on Germany and Austria-Hungary.

The followers of these so-called "heroes" of China used very offensive language against me, while Mr. Kang Yu-wei called me a madman who would be executed in Peking after the entry of the German army in the capital of China through Siberia!

General Hsu Shu-Chen, who was the most trusted supporter of Premier Tuan at that moment, also expressed his disbelief in the wisdom of China's declaration of war on Germany; but as Premier Tuan was a man of principle and decision, who never wavers once he has formed his own policy in state matters, he did not lend his ear to Hsu's words. The chief reason of the subsequent great upheaval in Chinese politics was due chiefly to the fact that on account of his honesty and simple-mindedness, President Li Yuan-Hung was utilized by the members of Kuomintang Party (Southern Republicans) in the two Houses of Parliament as their tool in opposing the policy of the Cabinet. The best weapons used by the Kuomintang politicians against the declaration of war were that the United States would never dare to go to war with Germany, that Russia must sign a separate peace with Germany, that the German army would occupy Paris within one month and that England would be starved by German submarines into capitulation.

Just at this time, the Russian Revolution broke out, so that, those who first favored war with Germany became so alarmed and frightened that they changed their own belief and opposed the war bill. Especially was this the attitude of those Kuomintang Cabinet Ministers, who quoted many precedents in which countries severed diplomatic relations without declaring war.

It is highly regrettable that certain propagandists, in their zeal to serve China, have been following reprehensible methods. From Paris, where they turned heaven and earth to put Japan in a hole, have come grotesque reports to the effect that Japan, in November, 1918, entered into a secret understanding with Germany; that in 1915 Viscount Ishii, then Foreign Minister, told the representatives of certain foreign Powers that Japan could not view without uneasiness "a moral awakening of 400,000,000 Chinese". From Paris, also, has come the report that certain diplomatic documents belonging to the Chinese Peace Delegation were stolen by Japanese agents. These insinuations require no refutation. Their absurdity is their own refutation.

The interpretation of the Lansing-Ishii note has of late been a topic of much discussion. The salient part of that note reads:

> The United States and Japan recognize that territorial propinquity creates special relations between countries, and consequently, the Government of the United States recognizes that Japan has special interest in China, particularly in the part in which her possessions are continuous.

The significance or insignificance of this note hinges upon the interpretation of the phrase "special interest." I do not know, perhaps no one knows, what that phrase means. If it simply means that Japan and China have special geographical relations, the note is the most ridiculous and meaningless diplomatic document that has ever been written, because it states a physical condition which requires no explanation. I cannot believe that diplomats of Mr. Lansing's and Viscount Ishii's acumen would deliberately sit down and ceremoniously sign a note which meant nothing.

However that may be, the fact must be made clear to the American public that the Japanese Government has never taken advantage of the ambiguity of the phraseology, and never attempted to read into it a meaning contrary to the intentions of the signatories. The Japanese, or rather Chinese, characters used in the Japanese text of the note to denote the phrase "special interest" read "Toku-Shu-no-Riken." Even a high school boy knows that these characters do not mean "vested interest", or "paramount influence", or "proprietorship" or "suzerainty". Their correct and recognized translation is "special interest." I would advise Americans, who essay to discuss this matter, to study the Japanese language before they bring absurd charges against the Japanese Government. When they declare that Japan "tricked the State Department by publishing the agreement (Lansing-Ishii) in Peking in the Chinese press before the time agreed upon to have it given out simultaneously in Tokio and Washington"—when they make such statements, they deceive themselves as well as the public. The source of information for the Chinese press was the American Legation at Peking, which probably thought it proper to warn the Chinese of what was forthcoming from Ishii's visit to America.

In his recent statement before the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, Secretary Lansing tells us that Viscount Ishii, during his visit in Washington as special Envoy, suggested to him that "there should be a Monroe Doctrine for the Far East." If Ishii made such a suggestion he did not know what he was talking about. A Monroe Doctrine could be proclaimed and enforced only by a great and powerful nation such as the United States. It is preposterous for such a small and resourceless nation as Japan to emulate America and adopt an Eastern counterpart of President Monroe's famous doctrine, because such a doctrine is effective only when backed by the prestige, influence, economic resources, and perhaps military power, actual or potential, of a great country. It would, of course, be a good thing to have a Monroe Doctrine in the Far East, but Japan certainly is in no position to enforce such a Doctrine. Furthermore, the international relations of China have become so complicated that it seems no longer practicable to apply such a doctrine to that country. Ever since China opened her doors, her territory has been regarded as a "happy hunting ground" by foreign Powers. Her inefficiency, her impotency, and the general disorganization of her administrative system have been such as to invite a veritable scramble for concessions and territories on the part of interested Powers. This regrettable state of affairs had been prevailing for several decades before little Japan awakened at the eleventh hour. By the time Japan became a factor to be reckoned with in the adjustment of Eastern affairs, the Western Powers had already firmly entrenched themselves in China, obtaining territories, and establishing spheres of influence. How can a Monroe Doctrine be applied to such a country? Confronted by this condition Japan had no alternative but to play the game as the West had been playing it. In the days when the idea of the League of Nations had not dawned upon the world, it seemed certain to the Japanese that, unless they took the necessary precaution to protect her position, the whole provinces of China would sooner or later be held in the grip of Western interests. I am willing to concede that the "Twenty-one Demands," objectionable as they were, had their inception in these circumstances. If there be any similarity between the Monroe Doctrine of America and the Monroe

Doctrine that Japan may wish to adopt, the similarity must perforce be only apparent. How can it be otherwise when the foreign relations of China are so totally different from those of Central and South America.

The Monroe Doctrine of America, as applied to the Japanese, seems to have become a doctrine totally foreign to what President Monroe meant it to be. The illustrious President had in mind only the prevention of foreign political influence from establishing itself in Central and South America. In these latter days, however, the advocates of that doctrine seem to invest it with new meanings. This is especially the case when American publicists want to apply it to Japanese enterprises. It seems as though there is absolutely nothing that the Japanese can do in Mexico, for instance, without treading upon the sensitive toes of the advocates of the Monroe Doctrine. If a Japanese secures a fishing privilege along the Mexican coast, he is held to be encroaching upon the Monroe Doctrine. If a Japanese gets a mining concession there, the same principle stands ready to expel him. If a handful of Japanese farmers manage to get into Sonora or Lower California, down comes the Monroe Doctrine to denounce them. If a Japanese business firm sells arms to the Mexican Government, that is in violation of the Doctrine. What, indeed, would the Monroe Doctrine say, if a Japanese *entrepreneur* proposed to build a railway in Mexico?

On the other hand, America has more than once proposed to build railways and work mines in Manchuria. She has no hesitation in recognizing the right of her financial interests to advance funds to the Chinese Government, or build railways and exploit mineral resources in any part of China or Siberia. I believe, as do many Japanese, that Japan should encourage and welcome American enterprises on the Asian continent. Japan would be most foolish if she were to play the dog in the manger in the Orient. To the fair minded observer it would also seem peculiar that America, insisting upon her right to expand in the Orient, should put an injunction upon Japanese enterprises on this side.

True to her promise given to her associates at the Peace Congress, Japan, as soon as the Peace Treaty is ratified,

will enter into conference with China and dispose of German rights in Shantung in an equitable manner.

Japan is to return Kiauchow, the German leased territory, to China. German right over this territory was nothing less than sovereignty, for China agreed, in a treaty with Germany, to "abstain from exercising sovereignty in the ceded territory."

In restoring Kiauchow to China, Japan, in the interest of all nations, asks only one thing, namely, that the territory be open to international trade. As a corollary of this proposal Japan also desires to establish an international settlement in the city of Tsingtao. In the Chino-Japanese agreement of 1915, a Japanese settlement was to have been established in addition to an international one, but the Japanese Foreign Department declared on August 6 last, that Japan was contemplating the relinquishment of the right to establish a Japanese settlement.

The Shantung railway of 270 miles will be owned and operated, not by Japan, but by a China-Japanese joint corporation, in which China and Japan will be represented not only in capital but in personnel. Under the German regime the railway was owned exclusively by the Germans. There was no Chinese capital invested in it, and no Chinese admitted into its management. Japan proposes to reverse that condition in the interest of China.

Japan will withdraw all her troops from the railway zone and Tsingtao. After the restoration of Kiauchow to China not a single Japanese soldier will be left anywhere in Shantung. Japan will also withdraw her police force, and entrust the Chinese authorities with the policing of the railway zone.

There remains to be considered only the question of the railway loan which China contracted with Japanese bankers. In September, 1918, the Chinese Government, on its own initiative, proposed to raise a loan in Japan for the purpose of constructing two railways in Shantung province. The Japanese Government accepted this proposal, and induced a number of bankers to advance ten million dollars to the Chinese Government as the first installment of the loan. The proposal was, of course, to build Chinese, not Japanese, railways. Japan's only part in the enterprise was to induce her bankers to advance the necessary funds

to the Chinese Government. Since this agreement was made there has been organized in Paris an international consortium whose purpose is to readjust China's financial affairs. In view of this fact Japan is likely to transfer the Shantung railway loan agreement to this new international organization.

In short, Japan's interest in Shantung will be purely economic. And in maintaining economic privileges there, she imposes upon China no such conditions as were imposed by Germany, but will restore to China rights and advantages that were denied her under German rule. Japan, small in area, congested with popuulation, devoid of natural resources, possessing no colony, yet deprived of the common freedom of emigration, finds it imperative and inevitable to solve some of her economic difficulties with the aid of the eastern section of the Asian continent, which contains vast stores of such materials as iron and coal, the lack of which has been a great impediment to the development of her industry. If it is America's will to block the way of the Japanese, even in that direction, obstruct them at every turn, and condemn Japan to a state of inanition, it should be the part of charity for her to say it in the plainest language. For the Japanese might at least be allowed the liberty of facing the future with no illusion.

K. K. KAWAKAMI.

PROFITEERING IN ENGLAND

BY LINCOLN WILBAR

IN estimating the extent to which profiteering has been carried on in England since the beginning of the war and the effect it has had on the people, the American reader must bear in mind the cardinal fact that normal values in Great Britain are, or, rather were, considerably below those obtaining in the United States, and that, in consequence, profiteering begins on a much lower level, and to English eyes looks outrageous, at a figure which in America would probably be blazoned in Sunday editions as the special attraction of a bargain sale.

Unless this distinction is fully taken into consideration, the citizen of the United States, accustomed to pay higher prices for almost everything as one of the penalties of the normal economic conditions under which he lives, will be pretty sure to do the British profiteer the injustice of presuming him to be lacking in imagination and daring. A two hundred per cent increase of profit that puts the retail price of an article in London level with the average price of a similar article in New York, is not likely to impress the American fancy with its true enormity, unless the original difference in values is first allowed for. When that is done, however, the initiative and brazen effrontery of British profiteering should become at once apparent, even to a people habituated to the payment, as a matter of course, of prices approximating to those created by the genius of the British profiteer.

It was not to be expected that the British profiteer, handicapped from the outset by the limitations imposed by a lower economic basis, would be able to produce really striking results in comparison with the achievements of his contemporaries in some other countries. He had the will

and the skill, but they had all that, and the additional initial advantage of a higher standard of values. And as there is always something more crudely spectacular in the American method of doubling the price of a ten-cent article than in the British system of adding 100 per cent to the cost of a similar article sold at a penny, it will require a considerable effort of the imagination on the part of the man on the ten-cent basis to realize the significance of 100 per cent profiteering to the man who lives under the penny standard.

Considered in a detached and sympathetic spirit, however, and without reference to the amount involved, 100 per cent is 100 per cent the world over, and a matter of no little consequence, especially to those who have to pay it. To those who make 100 per cent it doubtless appears, in the light of their opportunities, as a very inadequate achievement; but in the case of the British profiteer, dissatisfaction with the amount of the average has been considerably modified by the immoral gratification of creating some peculiarly unjustifiable extremes. Onions at 600 per cent, for example. It will be a long time before the odour of onions and the odour of the British profiteer cease to identify each other in the nostrils of the British housewife.

In the sophisticated philosophy of that estimable lady, butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers have ever been much alike the world over—a tribe of greedy, conscienceless profiteers, one and all, severally and collectively, susceptible to something in the atmosphere of trade which causes them to see the difference between cost price and selling price as a very much narrower margin than it appears to her. Convinced that the shopkeeper is eternally on the lookout for an excuse to put up his prices, she is equally convinced that he is eternally on the lookout for an excuse not to lower them. And when a vast number of persons living by trade are suspected by a vaster number of being affected with that spirit, there is certain to be more or less friction, on occasion, between the party of the buying part and the party of the selling.

This antagonism of the unorganized and incoherent, but by no means silent, majority to a powerful and plausible minority has, however, never had any other effect on the trading class in England than to stimulate ingenuity in

the manufacture of excuses that would look right from the visual angle of a sorely vexed purchaser. And in war times it has not even been potent to achieve that result. The British war profiteer wears a hide as thick as a dragon's, and the heat of public opinion, which at times would have burnt holes in the more sensitive skin of a salamander, merely warmed him to greater efforts. So, the various Controllers being no very effective substitute for St. George, the greedy dragon of British profiteering has waxed exceedingly fat on the blood and substance of—the British profiteer.

I mean just that. Human nature is human nature the world over, and remains the same whether it sells or buys. It merely shifts its point of view to embrace the field of its own immediate individual interests. With few exceptions, every man Jack and every maid Jill in England is at heart a profiteer, whose greed is limited only as the opportunity to gratify it is limited. The personal pose of philanthropic and patriotic virtue which distinguished the British tradesman "carrying on" during the war in the interests of society and the State, was only a variant of the composite pose of the community. Everyone was out to make all he could, and what he made was the sum of his ability and opportunity. And everyone was obviously growing rich, while professing to be on the highway to ruin.

I do not pretend to say how it was done. But the "ruined" Peckham Rye butcher who admitted in the bankruptcy court that his profits had trebled during the war is a case in point. And all the other "ruined" tradesmen were virtuous illustrations of the same paradox. The butcher, the baker, the candlestick-maker aforesaid, the grocer, the milkman—these and their fellow tradesmen, little and big, were all whining the same whine and all profiteering prodigiously.

To have taken them out and hanged them, individually, to the nearest lamppost for rascally profiteers and impostors would, of course, have been a satisfaction with a moral reaction. But it would have been a dangerous precedent. In justice, it would have been necessary to hang the community. For if in the length and breadth of England there was anyone who was not making an outrageous profit during the war, it was because he or she couldn't, not because

neither wished to. There were no bright and shining profit-scorning saints in this land of profiteering sinners, but rather a vast number of men, women, and children, comprising the bulk of the population, each with his or her hand shamelessly in the next man's pocket, and each doing his level best to extract therefrom as large a percentage as possible of the profits that came cascading downward through a long series of pockets from the capacious purse of that foolish old spendthrift, John Bull.

Yet I do not remember to have met anywhere between Land's End and John O'Groat's a single individual during the whole course of the war (and certainly not since the armistice) who did not gabble about the other fellow's ungodly profiteering. It was a pose of Pharisaism so universal as to suggest a desire to save one's countenance by camouflage. But in reality this moral subterfuge imposed on nobody, least of all, I suspect, on the individual Pharisee. Still, there is a certain amount of virtue in pretending to be virtuous—the pretence, at any rate, proves the existence of a rudimentary conscience—and, in the absence of effectual control, one would not like to say to what extremes profiteering might have gone in England had there been no restraint imposed on its development by the need of the individual to pretend a condition of splendid moral isolation.

The English owe a great deal to their genius for moral hypocrisy. Since the days of the Druids it has, in one way and another, been a powerful factor in their national growth. But in no relation has it had happier results than in the check it put on war-time profiteering. Without its aid the various Controllers would have controlled nothing —a little less, in fact, than they did. By its subtle influence, however, greed was restrained. Though the real spirit of this essentially commercial people was to devise means whereby to extract blood from stones (even the stones saturated with the blood of the race) the Pharisaism of the Anglo-Saxon prevented, or, rather, modified, the national purpose.

Had this not happened, the indications are that, under the stimulus of war's opportunities (the British being by nature and training opportunists of an aggressive type), John Bull's native rocks would speedily have been drained

of their "blood" to the point of porosity. The national personification, slightly reduced by war diet, might then safely have gone floating away on his little island across the sea to greet the German Kaiser, for all the world like a modern instance of Peter Dass, voyaging on a millstone over the waters on a visit to the King of Denmark.

So the scandalized howl of the profiteer, calling down anathema on those that profiteered against him, was not sheer waste of breath. It produced, collectively, a beneficial general effect. But, of course, the individual howler was not affected by his own howling, being much too "keen on the make" to be "personally conducted" in the morality of profiteering. Profiteering is one of the flagrant vices of the other fellow. It is a Christian virtue in ourself. The howl of the individual howler, therefore, had no real moral significance. He howled at the profiteering of others not because they were a whit keener or more voracious than himself, but because they were more successful. Hence, since it was due to no virtue of his that he was not making half a million a year out of the blood of his country, it is difficult to see on what moral grounds he shouted at the top of his voice for someone in authority to muzzle those sharks, when to all intents he was as great a shark on his own account.

But shout he did, and the louder the farther away he was from the source of supply. The little man at the end of the line, who was only doubling his pennies, yelled very loudly indeed. But Authority was not out to muzzle sharks, only to ensure that the big sharks left the little sharks enough to keep them alive, the duty of Authority everywhere being to maintain an adequate supply of little sharks for the big sharks to feed on. Simply the old story of the world, you see, phased to fit the conditions and requirements of war times.

There was never any question in England of muzzling. If there had been—well, forty-odd millions of people in muzzles would have looked funny, wouldn't they? Without being particular as to trade or profession, it is safe to assume that if at any time since the war began an Englishman was not making an outrageous profit in a small way or an outrageous profit in a large way, or wishing he could (which amounts to the same thing in principle), he was

either extremely young or extremely old, or else insane.

Take the case of the British dairyman—a shark that in the process of gorging itself is supposed to destroy annually thousands of immature prospective sharks, too small to appreciate the divine right and necessity of profit-making. Or consider the grocer, or the draper, or the tradesman of any kind, or the professional man or crossing-sweeper—consider anyone, for that matter, but the out and out lunatic. It really signifies nothing which you choose, the same inevitable, incontrovertible fact stands forth clearly, that the object of your consideration loved profiteering less only because he loved profit-making more,—the profiteering, needless to say, being the other man's iniquitous greed, the profit-making his own lawful and virtuous gains.

The unfortunate circumstance that a man's 100 per cent profit is in fractions of pence instead of in multiples of pounds leaves his moral responsibility for the 100 per cent unaffected. The British milkman, who kills a baby or two daily by impoverished or contaminated milk for the sake of an additional unjustifiable profit of a penny a quart, stands today on exactly the same plane of ethics as the man who made £50,000 a year in the manufacture of munitions, and would have had the war continue indefinitely on that account. The only difference is that the smaller greed appears more despicable than the greater. There is a certain dignity in robbery on a grand scale, which is lacking in petty larceny. And one always rather looks down on baby-killers, be they Hun or dairymen.

Cynical? Oh, dear, no! I am not being cynical. The cynic is a disagreeable creature who sees no virtue in anyone but himself, whereas I see much virtue in everybody. Even a war-time or post war-time British profiteer is a great improvement on the man of the stone age, whose profits, made with a club, generally absorbed the other fellow's entire capital,—profiteering, in those days, being usually an affair of force rather than of finance.

The methods of the British war profiteer (and by "war profiteer," I mean not only the man who profiteered during the war, but the one who profiteers today as a post-war privilege)—the methods of these gentry have never been so violent. Individually, no doubt, the profiteer has often rebelled in spirit against the decree of public opinion that no man,

or body of men of like interests, shall profiteer beyond a certain per cent, in any particular direction against the community, until the community, as a whole, has been able to effect a counterbalance by profiteering to an equal extent in some other direction; but after a brief struggle early in the war, he bowed gracefully to the inevitable, and instead of taking 100 per cent at a jump, as his original purpose had been, he assumed an attitude of virtuous patriotism and philanthropy, very deceptive to the public, and presently managed to arrive at an even higher figure by a series of artfully graduated hops.

Thus although the final result to the profiteer was much the same, the effect on the public was happily eased. Nobody really suffered directly by the process but John Bull himself, out of whose corporate pocket came the grossly inflated national currency wherewith to pay the grossly inflated national bills.

In normal circumstances, and in a country producing up to the limit of its undepleted powers, an arbitrary addition of an average of 150 per cent to the cost of living, and a countervailing arbitrary increase of anything up to 150 per cent in the scale of wages, might not be a matter of grave import—possibly the reverse. But in a country persisting in producing, as it were, nothing but waste, the effect of these purely artificial increases is to aggravate to a dangerous degree the internal ill-health of the nation. Great Britain, being still in the spendthrift glamour of war, drunk with the irresponsible intoxication of living on her capital, has not yet begun to realize, as a general conception, just how ill she has been made internally by the greed of her people; but the dawn of popular understanding cannot be obscured forever by the smoke of recent hostilities, and, soon or late, the time must come when the British public will have to take off its coat in the broad light of day and set about the weary task of reaping the harvest of its profiteering.

LINCOLN WILBAR.

THE ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL

BY WILLIAM BOYCE THOMPSON

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was so great a man, so wide in his range of sympathies, so all-embracing in his activities, that discussion of a memorial to him soon developed among his friends and followers the fact that it would be extremely difficult to select a means of transmitting to future generations the message of his life, the inspiration that his ideals had been to his contemporaries. Suggestions by the score, all of merit, came from his devoted followers, but since they came from individuals or groups having special interest in certain phases of his career, most of them were scarcely calculated to commemorate broadly the influence of this remarkable man.

It was the desire of the Roosevelt Memorial Association to erect to him a memorial as characteristic, as distinctive, as individual as was his personality—one which would be not merely a monument to a great man but a monument to Theodore Roosevelt, expressing for all time the flaming spirit which was his, giving to all future Americans the stimulus to right living and profound patriotism which emanated from him. For that reason the committee decided on two memorials, or, rather, a two-fold memorial: a national memorial at Washington, the seat of the Government and the scene of his labors for many years; and a park at Oyster Bay. To this end the Roosevelt Memorial Association has decided upon an immediate plan of work as follows:

First, a nation-wide ceremony that will enable the people of America to give voice to their reverence for the great American we have lost, and to their belief in and loyalty to the doctrines of patriotism for which he stood throughout his life.

Second, the development or building of permanent memorials that will perpetuate his memory and interpret to future generations his indomitable Americanism.

For the first, there will be held in every city of the United States, on Theodore Roosevelt's birthday, October 27th, a meeting to which the public will be invited, and at which prominent speakers will tell the story of his career.

For the second, the week of October 20-27th will be devoted to the receipt of gifts of money from the American people, to be used for the permanent memorials to Theodore Roosevelt. Every contributor, no matter what his gift, will be enrolled as a member of the Roosevelt Memorial Association.

The features of this programme may be considered aesthetic and inspirational. The memorial at Washington will be—must be, in order to be worthy of him and of its purpose—a great and lasting work of art. Time changes practical conditions, even the life of the people. But Art endures. A great work of art stands for all time, carrying into the life of those who view it the serenity, the beauty, the uplifting of spirit and the ennobling of nature which is the mission of true Art. To my notion it is only by means of such a work of art that the spirit, the ideals of so great and many-sided a man as Theodore Roosevelt can adequately be sent down the ages, conveying to future generations of Americans, according to their ability to receive it, a message of the great character and noble, unselfish qualities for which he was loved by his contemporaries.

It is fitting that such a memorial be erected in Washington. To the capital of their country all good Americans, at some time or other in their lives, endeavor to travel. That city alone belongs to all the people. There, above all other places, should be the monument to the Roosevelt who was servant of all the people, their guide and leader.

The park at Oyster Bay will serve to commemorate another phase of his nature. During his lifetime he labored to obtain such a park as a local improvement, but various difficulties prevented the accomplishment of his project. Now it takes on a far larger aspect. The creation of a park, with all that a park means in the way of rest, recreation and upbuilding of mind and body for humankind, and the fostering of the feathered friends in which Theodore

Roosevelt was so keenly interested, is a plan which would have met his approval at any time. A park at Oyster Bay, so near to the spot where he lies buried, will become a place of pilgrimage as Mount Vernon and President Lincoln's home have become.

I believe such memorials, infused with his spirit of public service, are bound to be a powerful influence on the life of this country for years ahead, and so, on the future of the world. He himself said, "Our nation is that one among all the nations of the earth which holds in its hands the fate of the coming years." And he also said, "We shall never be successful over the dangers that confront us; we shall never achieve true greatness, nor reach the lofty ideal which the founders and preservers of our mighty Federal Republic have set before us, unless we are Americans in heart and soul, in spirit and purpose, keenly alive to the responsibility implied in the very name of American, and proud beyond measure of the glorious privilege of bearing it."

Roosevelt was the spirit of America incarnate. His acts and sayings constituted a code which, if lived up to and applied, would make this land a glorious place even for its humblest citizens. It is the hope of those of us in the Roosevelt Memorial Association to keep the Roosevelt torch burning, perpetuating in the boys and young men of America his influence for righteousness.

This will be as Theodore Roosevelt would have wanted it. No better tribute could be paid to any great leader by his devoted followers than the carrying on of the work in which he labored; and no great leader better deserves such a tribute than he, both because of his own splendid qualities and the high and noble character of the service to which he devoted himself unselfishly and unswervingly. We of this generation who were privileged to be associated with him knew and loved the man and revered the great public servant. The inspiration of his life cannot die. It is the purpose of the memorials which have been planned to transmit that inspiration to future generations as fully as lies within the powers of great Art and a man-built organization to do so.

WILLIAM BOYCE THOMPSON.

THE ARMY WE NEED

BY MAJOR RICHARD STOCKTON, JR.

AMONG all the confusing problems which confront our legislators in the readjustment of our national affairs to the new peace time conditions, none presents greater difference of honest opinion than does the question of our national defense.

That such should be the case is possible only owing to the extreme indifference of the public to things military, and to the lack of military appreciation of civilian thought. Only a failure to comprehend certain absolute facts permits any question as to the nature of the land forces which our nation must have, and until these truths are understood, any laws which may be passed in regard to our army or citizen soldiers will probably be unsatisfactory, inadequate and possibly harmful from both the civil and the military viewpoint.

Among the basic principles upon which we must base our future military organization are these ten:

1. With or without a League of Nations, the day of war has not passed.

2. The United States is unalterably opposed to a large standing army, but, nevertheless, desires reasonable and adequate preparation.

3. The American citizen desires to secure a maximum of military protection but to give a minimum of military service.

4. To fight a powerful nation when we are ready, after a year of preparation during which strong allies engage the enemy's full attention, is very different from fighting such a nation alone.

5. Hence, our army, whatever its form, must be able to take the field immediately that war is declared, not several months or a year thereafter, and must be able to give us adequate protection during the period in which such additional forces as are needed are being made ready.

6. In any given science the amateur, who devotes only a small

part of his time thereto, as a class is not as well versed or as efficient as the professional who makes the science his life study.

7. The first essential of a good army is teamwork, system and unity of standards and command.

8. The interjection of half a hundred semi-independent States, State legislatures and governors in an army for national defense tends to destroy unity, teamwork and command, multiplies the probability of undesirable political influence, and in the case of citizen soldiers adds to the handicap placed upon their efficiency by their civil interests and lack of time for military training.

9. Soldiers must be trained before going into battle.

10. As long as our officers' pay, rank and ability to live well and support their families depend on the size of the Army and the various branches thereof, it is unreasonable to expect these human beings to regard military legislation from an absolutely unprejudiced viewpoint.

From these facts it will be found that there is but one general military policy to be deduced.

The day of the peace fanatic, who eloquently assured us that it was "impossible for another great war to take place" ended in August, 1914, and will be revived only when those of us have passed away who recall how utterly ridiculous the claims of these theorists became at that time. The staunchest supporter of the League of Nations does not claim that it will do away with war. President Wilson himself makes no such claim, and his opposing political party takes the attitude that it will indeed serve as a cause for war. As we have learned in our civil governments, power alone can enforce law. As civil wars and revolutions constantly prove, even a well organized government, with volumes of written laws, cannot prevent war when there arises a strong enough opposing sentiment. If, then, a well organized government is not able to prevent interior strife, we certainly must expect that a rather weakly bound league will prevent strife only as long as there is no sufficiently powerful party which disagrees with its mandates.

The conclusive proof of the past four years as to the impracticability and absurdity of the theories of the ultra-pacifists makes it absolutely unnecessary to argue further that the day of universal peace is not yet at hand. Hence, as there will be war, we must realize that our country may again be involved therein, and must be ready to meet the issue when it is forced upon us.

The opposition to a large standing army, but the desire for protection, with a minimum of service, is so universally accepted in the United States as to require no supporting word whatever. It is only necessary to consider the effect upon our military policy. If public sentiment is so opposed to a large standing army, by elimination, our legislation must provide for a small one. What, then, governs its size? What are the peace time necessities for professional soldiers? Briefly, they are as follows: The Regular Army must be large enough to (a) garrison our colonies, (b) protect our southern border, (c) furnish small expeditional forces for minor campaigns, (d) guard and care for our military property and equipment, and (e) do such training and administration of other forces as cannot be handled by the officers of those forces.

An army of a size adequate only for the above mentioned duties manifestly will not be large enough to give the nation the preparation for war that it desires. It must be supplemented by some other force—and there is only one other kind of force known—a citizen soldiery. Fortunately, moreover, a citizen soldiery is the one force that meets the requirement of preparedness with a minimum of service. In consequence, we can reach only one conclusion—that our military legislation must provide for a small standing army, supplemented by a large, efficient citizen soldiery.

It is characteristic of the American pubilc to see effects, rather than causes. It sees, today, that we raised an army of over 3,000,000 men, trained them, equipped them, transported a large proportion of them to Europe and with them added the strength that turned German victory into defeat. Because we did this with apparent success, and without undue effort or sacrifice the public has a tendency to think that in any war that may come, we can raise an army from our untrained or partially trained citizens, put them in the field and win the war. They overlook the fact that three powerful Allies, and many minor ones, were doing our fighting for us, while we spent a year in getting our army ready to put into the field. Had we alone been compelled to fight a powerful nation like Germany at the same time that we were building great cantonments, selecting and drafting men, training officers, and manufacturing ma-

terial, we would have learned a very sad lesson. Should we have been invaded by a strong army during our year of preparation, the very preparation would have been almost impossible and defeat would have stared us in the face.

We may not always have powerful allies to fight while we are getting ready, and, therefore, we must be able to put a force into the field immediately on the opening of hostilities. It is thought that few who know of the marvelous mobilizations of Europe will question the statement that we should have at the very least 500,000 combatant troops ready to mobilize in a period that would be counted in hours after declaration of war—and that we should have another 500,000 men able to be mobilized in a period of days thereafter.

At first thought this may seem impracticable if we are to have a small standing army, but, as a matter of fact there is one, and just one, sure way in which it may be accomplished, i. e., by making the Regular Army a small, quickly expandable, skeletonized unit at peace strength, with a carefully planned and tried out system of instantaneous conversion to a completely equipped and trained war strength.

In order that we may have a force of at least 500,000 men ready to move immediately on the outbreak of war, one of the first essentials is that we maintain the divisional organization in peace. To keep the standing army small, these divisions may be maintained at a peace strength of from one-third to one-half of the war strength, with both officers and men of a trained citizen soldiery actually assigned to regiments and companies or corresponding units, ready to join the colors the instant that the necessity should arise. Not only must these citizen soldiers be trained and assigned to organized units *before* an emergency arises, but their arms, clothing, equipment and all the *impedimenta* of war must be with the unit, only awaiting the arrival of the citizen soldier who is to use them.

Under that system, we can have a small Regular Army and yet be ready to meet an enemy on the outbreak of war. Assuming that the Regular Army strength be fixed at from 200,000 to 275,000 men, organized into from 15 to 20 skeleton divisions, when war should be declared, presto!—we almost equal the dreams of William Jennings Bryan.

Overnight sufficient trained officers and men to give us the same number of divisions at war strength, change their clothes, pick up their arms and march off with the "outfits" in which they have been inactive members for sometime.

How these citizen-soldiers would be trained will be considered later. Nor is it overlooked that such a plan would require a thorough, decentralized system of paper work, some time and effort on the part of the officers charged therewith, and probably the localization of units, i. e., the securing of all men for any certain organization from the same locality. We cannot carry any plan for adequate preparedness to success without thought and work and careful preparation and practice in peace. That such a plan can be carried out, however, is an actual proven fact. Moreover, it is the only way in which we can meet the popular demand for a small standing army combined with the ability to protect ourselves at the outset of war.

The millions of men mobilized by Germany and by the Allies, and in fact the three million which it became necessary for the United States alone to put into the field, are ample indication that the 500,000 men above provided as our immediately available force would not be sufficient for our needs. In a short time any powerful enemy would be increasing the forces sent against us, and we would be compelled to meet the increase. If we keep the Regular Army around the quarter million mark in peace, even when brought to war strength it will not be sufficient to meet our needs. For the next 500,000 or so men which we must have we can turn to the National Guard—but to a very different Guard from that of the past. The war proved two things about the Guard, namely that some of the finest fighting material in the country belonged thereto and, second, that owing to its impossible and faulty system, the Guard contained a very large proportion of inefficients, as to officers, as to men and as to units.

Other things being equal, it is absurd to expect an amateur soldier, on part time and with many civil interests, to become as efficient as a professional one. There are numerous exceptions to this rule, in the form of men who love the work so much that they devote most of their time thereto, and who make up in enthusiasm what they lose

through lack of time. These exceptions, however, are not numerous enough to make it advisable to rely on a National Guard whose required training consists solely of some fifty evening drills per year and a week or ten days in summer camp. No citizen soldiery so trained can be counted upon to furnish our second 500,000 men within a reasonably short time after the outbreak of war.

That fact, however, does not prevent us from finding in the National Guard the very force that we are looking for. At the present day a large number of both the officers and men of the Guard are soldiers trained in war. In the future our Guard must be composed entirely of men who have had good previous training, which may have been secured in the late war, or under the training system hereinafter mentioned. The basic fact is that while we cannot train soldiers in the time which is available for the Guardsman, we can keep previously trained men in condition with that amount of work. Hence, in the new National Guard, it must be a requirement for either commission or enlistment that the applicants had a previous thorough military training.

It is a well recognized military principle that a force composed of the armies of a single nation has the advantage over the forces of two or more allies. This old principle was proven once again in the past war. In that fact lies much of the impossibility of placing reliance on a National Guard which is controlled largely or in part by some half a hundred different States. Such control increases the disadvantages of a small number of allies, and increases it manyfold. In fact, under the opposing whims of two score and ten governors, State legislatures and adjutant generals, the National Guard is an absolute impossibility as an efficient military force.

It is beside the question to argue that the War Department and the Regular Army have done this or that wrong. If the War Department has done wrong there is hope that its errors may be corrected, but there is no hope of correcting the errors of fifty little war departments, in fifty States, under fifty semi-independent governments.

We must have but one army—*the army*—and it must be controlled by but one government, the United

States Government. In that army there is plenty of need for all *good* officers and men, whether they be Regulars, Guardsmen or Training Camp officers, and there is no reason why all should not be members thereof, and be well treated therein.

We would not for a moment consider crossing the ocean on a ship whose officers and crew were composed of cowboys who had never before seen the ocean. We would not travel on a railroad manned by chorus men. We would not send our loved ones to a butcher when they required a serious operation. By all means then, we should not trust ourselves or our youths in the most dangerous of all pursuits under untrained officers and supported by untrained companions. If even we are careless as to the additional deaths which such a policy must result in, we must consider the fact that an army composed of untrained men is likely to fail in its purpose of victory and be useless as a means of preparedness. When our soldiers go into battle they must know the art of war, and, to be ready to protect us at the outset of hostilities, they must be trained in time of peace.

It will have been noted that the entire army which has been planned herein has depended upon the "trained citizen-soldier." The men who are to bring our small regular force from peace to war strength are "trained citizen-soldiers." The men who are to furnish the officers and enlisted personnel for the new Guard are "trained citizen-soldiers." From whence are these to come?

Needless to state, to secure a sufficient flow of trained citizens for these purposes we must have universal compulsory training of all male citizens on their reaching a certain age. All the opposing branches of our service agree that we must have such training if we are to have any reasonably efficient preparedness. Furthermore about 4,000,000 young men, and a like number of families of young men will attest the fact that military training is not only valuable for the purpose of preparedness, but also is of inestimable value to the individual in his civil life and, in consequence, to the nation.

On reaching a certain age, which the General Staff has set at nineteen years, all male citizens not exempted for good reasons, should be required to undergo a period of

intensive training. No one has suggested that the period required for this purpose should be less than three months, and it is believed that three months was selected as a concession on the part of the military authorities and not because any officer seriously considered that it would be adequate for an untrained man to become a trained private soldier. However, assuming that three months will suffice, each year we would train about 650,000 young men. At the conclusion of this training these men would be enrolled in one of three forces, (a) as an inactive member of the Regular Army, (b) as a member of the National Guard, or (c) as a member of the general, unorganized reserve. It is in this manner that the enlisted men of the trained citizen-soldiery would be secured.

Not only do men require training, however, but so, also, do units and the officers who must command units. Furthermore, these units and their officers must have practice at war strength, and must have manoeuvers of large tactical organizations under conditions approximating those of war. This is absolutely necessary if our army is to function properly as a fighting force when war is suddenly thrust upon it. The only way that such practice in handling war strength units could be secured under a skeleton army policy would be to have the citizen soldier take his individual training during his first year, and, when enrolled as an inactive member of the Regular Army, or as a member of the National Guard, to require that he join the colors for a short period of manoeuvering and large unit training in the following year. In this way, not only would the officers be practiced in handling their units at war strength, but the army would actually be mobilized at stated intervals, and there would be removed all obstacles to a smooth and rapid mobilization in time of war.

There remains the problem of securing and training the officers. In the initial plans for the organization of the single army which this nation should have, use should be made of all officers of the Regular Army, the National Guard or the Reserve Corps who have demonstrated, or who can demonstrate that they are fitted to act in the rank which they may hold. Thereafter, we could rely upon the remaining sources of officers, i. e., West Point, the private military schools, the ranks of the Regular Army, and to these

we could add those young men who after completing their period of compulsory training, volunteer, and are found fit for additional training as officer candidates.

For years the infantry, cavalry and artillery have fought each other, each trying to show the need for increases in its arm, for the simple reason that an increase in the arm meant a corresponding increase in the number of officers, and therefore promotion for those concerned. In the same way the Regular has always contended that the Army must be a closed corporation as to commissions, and that no other kind of officers, no matter how worthy, should be permitted to be commissioned in the army except in the lowest grade—because every outsider placed other than in the lowest grade would mean that those under him were just that much further from promotion. Finally, the army always has, and always will be a strong supporter of a large standing force, not only because such a force means preparedness, but because it means more officers, and more rank for those already in the service.

These facts do not reflect upon the army officer, but rather on the nation. The truth is that these increases of troops not only mean promotion to the officer, but they determine his rate of pay. Unfortunately, moreover, the rate of pay to an officer of the army is so low compared with that of men of corresponding attainment in civil life, that, in duty to himself and his family, every question which is likely to affect his pay becomes a vital and a paramount one. At the present time the army officer is miserably underpaid and the question of the army's size has become a question which will determine whether or not he can give his family the bare necessities of their station of life. Naturally, then, we must expect the Regular Army man to be prejudiced in favor of a large army. It may not be conscious, but it cannot possibly be other than so.

The solution of this lies in two very simple changes. First, we should make the pay of our officers equal to that of civilians in corresponding stations of life, so that at the lowest rate they could meet their obligations and support their families, and, second, we should make the rate of pay dependent on the length of service of the officer, and not upon his rank or upon the size of the army or any arm thereof. Then only the hollow honor of the insignia worn

upon the shoulder would depend upon the increase or decrease of any arm or upon the size of the standing forces. The welfare of all those persons whom an officer holds dear would be assured, and would no longer prejudice him in his thought toward the military policy of the nation.

Again, the Guardsman and the Training Camp Officer have resented the distinctions made between the officers of these various branches of the service. If our officers are to have the unity and teamwork that is essential to a good military force, not only must we have but one army, but all its officers must be commissioned in but one army.

Today there are thousands of temporary officers—Guardsmen, National Army men and Reservists—who are very anxious to get into the Regular Army and to have permanent service, and there are also a large number of Regular officers who desire to try their luck in civil life. At present it seems doubtful whether or not there will be a place for the temporary officer in the Regular service, On the other hand, the Regular hesitates to try civil life because he feels that, should it not be a success, he will be unable to get back into the army. To overcome this situation, to make our officers stop their partisan quarrels and to secure unity in the military service, every competent officer, be he Regular, Guardsman or Reservist, who so desires, should be commissioned an officer of the United States Army, on exactly equal terms. Then each officer should be given the privilege of applying for either active or inactive status, in accordance with their individual desires, providing, of course, that no officer now on active status (Regular Army) would be placed on the inactive list unless he so desired and *vice versa.* Thereafter, officers should have the privilege of making such application at will, and their requests should be granted where compatible with the best interests of the service. In such a manner, the Regular Army officer who desires to try his fortunes in civil life would be able to do so, with a chance of being able to get back to active duty should later events make it necessary, and the temporary officer would be able to assume an active status and remain thereon should there be any need for his services. Congress, of course, would limit the total number of officers on active status, by its annual appropriations for the support of the army.

Several military bills are now before Congress, but none of them can meet our national requirements. Where they give preparedness, they are contrary to our national sentiments—where they meet our national sentiments, they fail to give us a military force that is ready to protect us at the outbreak of war.

For instance, take the "General Staff" bill. It provides for a large standing Army which is contrary to our national traditions, and almost impossible of enactment. Again, while it provides for universal training it does not provide for any enrollment of those trained in a manner that would make them available to march the instant that war is declared. On the contrary, it leaves the question of selecting those to fight, of assigning them to units, their mobilization, their equipment and all the various details of forming the army, to be done after the emergency has arisen. In a word, it is a "Big Army" bill yet falls short of a "preparedness" measure.

The ten facts which have been given as affecting our military legislation are hardly subject to question. From them we can evolve only one military policy for the United States; viz.,

First: We must have Universal Military Training.

Second: Our standing army must be a small force, organized by divisions, at Peace strength.

Third: The Standing forces must be capable of instant conversion to a war strength of at least half a million men, by the addition of previously trained, enrolled and assigned citizens.

Fourth: As a second line, available very shortly after the emergency arises, we must have a National Guard, under absolute Federal Control, and composed of officers and men who have been trained previous to their enrollment in this force.

Fifth: The question of an officer's livelihood must be separated from dependence on the size of the army or its branches.

Sixth: The source of friction between officers of the Regular Army, the National Guard, and the Reserve, must be reduced by commissioning them all in one army.

RICHARD STOCKTON, JR.

ZIONISM AND ANTI-SEMITISM

BY PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN

THE increasing prominence of Jews in world affairs at a time of great upheaval and social evolution challenges the attention. Unless one happens to be an Anti-Semite, he finds nothing strange in the prominence of Jews in art, literature, finance, and all other branches of human interest. What cannot fail to impress all thoughtful observers, however, is the conspicuous role now being played by Jews as critics of the existing order of things.

The question naturally arises whether this is due to superior intellectual abilities, to a finer idealism, to a rational discontent, or to some other distinctive characteristic. The increase of anti-Semitism in Europe, and the danger of *pogroms* on a large scale should arouse one's apprehensions and compel one to ponder carefully the part now being played by Jews in this critical period of the history of civilization. It is a problem which is causing the Jews themselves serious concern. It is a problem which ought to preoccupy the attention of their friends. The writer, who is conscious of no prejudices on the subject, has been compelled to give it earnest consideration in the course of his wanderings the past year and a half in the Near East, and in Central Europe, particularly in Hungary, where the problem has of late become acute.

It is of particular interest to understand the aims and activities of Zionism, now that it has attained practical significance since the liberation of Palestine by the British, and the Balfour Declaration of December, 1918, promising the country to the Jews as a "national home." This Declaration had a dramatic effect on all Jews throughout the world. To many it was a second emancipation proclamation; to others, it was the fulfillment of Bible proph-

ecy; and it was the realization of the fondest dreams of those consecrated Zionists who from the time of Herzl had devoted themselves to the great cause.

No time was lost in following up the conquest of Palestine with a special Zionist Mission sent with the official approval of the British Government and accompanied by representatives of the Foreign Office.

This Mission occupied itself with thorough investigations of all sorts; with the distribution of aid to needy Jews; with the political organization of local communities; with negotiations with the Arabs; with questions raised by the British military authorities in the occupied territory; and, in fact, with all problems affecting Jewish interests. For example, the question of the ownership of land in Palestine gave a good deal of concern, owing to the opposition of Moslems and Christians to the sale of any property to the Jews. Future boundaries and ports, and political relations with contiguous peoples were considered by the Mission. The foundation of a great Jewish University on the Mount of Olives where instruction is to be entirely in Hebrew was the object of special attention.

With regard to the political aims of Zionists there is some divergence of opinion. It is evident, of course, that Zionists have always sought to establish an asylum for persecuted Jews. But the Balfour Declaration spoke of a "*national* home" for the race. This has been interpreted by leading Zionists as having no political significance, but meaning merely a "cultural center." They deny any pretensions for the establishment of an independent Jewish State, and ask only an opportunity for free development under a liberal régime.

This definition of their aims and the attempt to denature the meaning of the term *national* do not harmonize with the more casual and natural utterances of Zionists concerning their hopes and aims. When they speak of the "historic rights" of Jews to Palestine, of the future boundaries of the country, and of the fulfillment of Biblical prophecies, there is no doubt whatever that they have in mind the ultimate creation of a Jewish State. When Zionists disclaim any such intentions, they may not be open to the charge of insincerity, but they certainly are unable to accept the logic of their own implications.

As to the religious aims of the Zionists, though there are some who deny any religious motive whatever, it is quite evident that the restoration of Zion is not regarded by them merely as an historic reparation, but as the fulfillment of prophecy. A prominent Zionist said to the writer in Jerusalem that Zionism could have no justification unless the religious motive were predominant. Another Zionist stated that they desired a political order where it would be possible once again to apply the municipal ordinances of Moses. That a theocratic State is contemplated by many Jews is quite apparent. It is the very reason, in fact, why some Jews are strong Anti-Zionists.

On the other hand the most vigorous opposition to Zionism comes from the so-called "Rabbinical School" composed of those orthodox Jews who believe that Jehovah will restore Zion to His chosen people only by spiritual agencies—through the literal fulfillment of Messianic prophecy. Great pressure has been brought to bear on these objectors to overcome their scruples. Arguments were actually adduced to demonstrate that the British might properly be considered as the realization of Messianic hopes! Whatever the viewpoint of individual Zionists, it would be quite impossible to deny a strong religious character to the whole movement for the re-establishment of a "national home."

Another motive animates some Zionists, as evinced by the "Pittsburg programme," adopted recently by American Zionists, which has been said to suggest "both the communism of the ancient Hebrew theocracy and the social radicalism to which many modern Jews take kindly." This programme provides for "the ownership and control of the land and of all natural resources, and of all public utilities by the whole people"; and for the application of the "co-operative principle . . . in the organization of all agricultural, industrial, commercial, and financial undertakings."

Whatever the special motives of individual Jews for supporting Zionism, whether humanitarian, religious, economic, Socialistic, political, or otherwise, they are practically all united in one supreme, compelling motive, namely, the preservation of the solidarity of the Jewish race. Throughout the arguments and utterances of Zion-

ists one constantly finds recurring the idea that a Jewish State would serve as a rallying point, and arrest the process of assimilation of Jews in certain liberal countries. It is curious to note that while Zionists naturally are greatly concerned over the persecutions of Jews in illiberal countries, they are seriously alarmed over this danger of assimilation, this definite secession from Jewry of many members of their race. Persecution strengthens racial solidarity: tolerance undermines it.

On the other hand a considerable number of Jews seem to resent any attempt to coerce them morally into the support of a Jewish State in order to restrain them from losing their racial identity. Knowing how distrusted and hated have been those hybrid citizens owing a double allegiance, or those pacifists, or vague internationalists without a country, or—worse still—those Socialistic agitators who recognize the compulsion of no local allegiance, such Jewish anti-Zionists are naturally most alarmed over what seems to them a dangerous tendency in the Zionist movement. They are willing to help generously and sympathetically their oppressed brethren, but they are too loyal to the countries of their adoption to be willing to divide their patriotic devotion. Furthermore, they realize—many of them—how powerfully this racial compulsion, with its rigid hostility to intermarriage between Jew and Gentile, operates as a barrier to assimilation, and as a deep-seated cause of anti-Semitism. Few non-Jews seem to realize the force of this sense of racial solidarity. It is the driving force of Zionism.

As regarding the results attained by the Zionists, it is interesting—first of all—to note that in spite of Turkish opposition, the agricultural colonies established in various parts of Palestine have proved on the whole a decided success. The "Talmudic peasant" has become a reality. Wonderful orange groves, vineyards, and fields of growing crops testify to the ability of the Jew to become a farmer. He has revealed also the potentialities of Palestine through scientific methods of agriculture, irrigation, and afforestration, though it is doubtful whether the country could ever support more than two million inhabitants.

The Zionists have organized politically a number of communities, such as the one at Jaffa known as *Tel Aviv,*

which have their own administration and local ordinances, subject naturally to the sovereign jurisdiction of Great Britain. These communities are exclusive in character and tend to widen the gulf between Jews on the one side, and Moslems and Christians on the other.

The Zionists, as has been indicated, carried on formal political negotiations with the Arabs of the Hedjaz, and have tried to make provisions for the future relations of the Jewish State with its neighbors. As these negotiations were secret it is impossible to state with any certainty what precise results were attained. The mere fact that they were entered into is of significance.

There is no denying that the Zionist movement has aroused serious apprehensions and fierce prejudices among the Moslems and Christians. The Zionist Mission endeavored in vain to reassure them that no political aims were entertained, and gave every guarantee for the inviolability of their privileges and rights. The publicity and the thorough organization of the Zionist propaganda had served only to alarm Christians and Moslems alike. They united together in a mutual determination to prevent the acquisition of land by the Zionists. A storm of fury was awakened in Jerusalem by the efforts of the Jewish community to acquire property in the neighborhood of the well known "wailing place" adjoining the sacred Temple Area. Individual Jews, moreover, in their natural exultation over British recognition and promises, made the situation worse by foolish boastings as to what would happen when the Jewish State would be established.

The Grand Mufti, the Moslem judge in Jerusalem, stated to the writer that no one could have said a word in opposition if the Zionists had merely asked the privilege of settling down in Palestine under a liberal régime such as the British might institute. But he went on to state that the formidable character of the Zionist propaganda as evinced by the activities of the special Mission had awakened great fear, and stirred up prejudices long quiescent. This is undeniably and lamentably true. The Near East has long been a haven for the Jew, but Zionism has evoked a spirit of distrust and hostility greatly to be deplored. It has already caused the British authorities considerable embarrassment.

Unless the Zionists are prepared to recognize this situation and to moderate their aims and pretensions, this wave of anti-Semitism is bound to increase in strength. Their basic mistake is to assume that Palestine is primarily a Jewish problem. They would appear to ignore nearly two thousand years crowded full of history which has made of Palestine a true Holy Land for Moslems and Christians alike, as well as for the Jews. They do not seem to realize the depth of sentiment which from the time of the Empress Helena down through the Crusade and to the present day has endeared Palestine to Christendom with blood and tears. They do not appear to sense the fierce anger that surges up when it is suggested in a disguised form to give the Jews the predominant interest and control in the Holy Land. They do not realize that their very assurances of guarantees for the sanctity of the "holy places" are most offensive to Christians and Moslems. There exists an instinctive religious resentment towards the Jews which they would do well never to excite.

Such being the regrettable though quite logical situation, the only answer to the Zionists would seem to be that they should cease to speak of "historic rights"; should ask for no special privileges; but should recognize the insurmountable fact that Palestine, like ancient Elis, has become a sacred international precinct. It is a place so full of sentiment that political aspirations must be subordinated to respect for religious traditions and attachments. There must be a unity of aim between Moslems, Jews, and Christians. They must effectively safeguard and cherish the interests of all. The object in view must not be a "national home" for the Jews, but an *international* home for all who hold Palestine dear. In this age of internationalism, here, at least, is the place above all others to *internationalize*. Here is the place for the healing of the nations, for the possible realization of a unity of faith that shall draw all men together in one true brotherhood.

To revert to the problem propounded at the outset, the prominence of the Jew in modern reform movements, particularly in Socialistic and Bolshevistic attempts to overthrow the existing order of things, is not easy to explain. Granted his rare intellectual powers, his warmth of imagination, his natural radicalism, all this would not seem suffi-

cient to explain his conspicuous activity at this time. Not that he is playing consciously an ulterior or sinister role: far from it! But one is led to believe that the Jew is restless, and by nature detached from most nationalistic interests because of his sense of racial solidarity that militates against his taking deep root in any community. He feels himself truly an Ishmaelite. He does not stand in the midst of growing grain, or with his sheep on mountain slopes and say "all this is mine, these fields, these loved valleys, and rough crags." He has not actually become assimilated as a race in any country. This thing we term Christian civilization is something alien to him. He would readily welcome a new social order with enthusiasm and erect a new altar to an "unknown God." His spirit is restless; his intellect wrestles with fresh problems; his imagination leads him to pursue wonderful visions.

This may explain in large measure the prominence of so many Jews in the great social evolution now going on. And this too may explain the reason for the alarming recrudescence of the spirit of anti-Semitism in such countries as Russia and Hungary where Jews have unfortunately been conspicuous among the Bolshevists.

And this is why the Zionists at this critical period, it seems to the writer, should do all in their power to avoid awakening the spirit of anti-Semitism where it has long been ignored and where it never should be permitted to have a foothold. This is no time to advance Jewish nationalistic or special rights: it is a time to insist on common interests, sufferings, hopes, and aspirations. With such a spirit the Jews may find in Palestine the opportunity to play their supreme role in history as the mediators among men of all races and nations.

PHILIP MARSHALL BROWN.

CHAPTERS OF ROOSEVELT'S LIFE—V

BY WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER

PROMETHEUS UNBOUND

DURING the winter of 1917-18, Roosevelt never relaxed his criticism of President Wilson's dilatory and evasive policy, or his efforts to arouse the American people to a sense of their duty to civilization. By this time the President himself felt that it was safe for him to speak up in behalf of Americanism. The year before, Roosevelt having been assured that it would be dangerous to make American and pro-Ally speeches in the Middle West, went straight to the so-called German cities, and was most enthusiastically received where it had been predicted he would be hooted and even mobbed. President Wilson ventured to follow him some time later, and suffered no harm. By the summer of 1916 he became almost reckless, as it seemed, in his utterances. He said to the graduating cadets at West Point: "My conception of America is a conception of infinite dignity, along with quiet, unquestionable power. I ask you, gentlemen, to join with me in that conception, and let us all in our several spheres be soldiers together to realize it."[1] Once he declared that he too came of fighting blood. Meanwhile, however, the German submarines went on sinking ships; Bernstorff made his frequent calls of studied impudence at the White House; German agents blew up munitions factories and the warehouses where shells were stored before shipment; and the process of spreading Prussian gangrene throughout our country went on still longer unchecked.

Worse than this, the military situation in Europe was almost disheartening. Imperial Russia had disappeared

[1] July 14, 1916.

and the Germans were preparing to carve up the vast amorphous Russian carcass. Having driven their way through the Balkans to Constantinople they were on the point of opening their boasted direct route from Berlin to Bagdad. England, France and Italy, began to feel war-weary. The German submarines threatened to cut off their supplies of food, and unless the Allied countries could be succored they might be starved into making peace. When they looked across the Atlantic they beheld this mighty Republic leaving them in the lurch, too busy piling up millions of dollars drawn from the Allies in their distress to heed that distress, and drugging their compunctions, if they had any, by saying to themselves that a nation may be "too proud to fight," and that they had the best authority for remembering that they must remain "neutral even in thought."

I need not describe in detail what Roosevelt thought of this. He himself expressed his scorn for making war by rhetoric. He knew that a man may boast of coming of fighting blood, and come so late that all the fighting quality in the blood has evaporated. Could not many of the Pacifists trace back to Revolutionary and to Puritan ancestors, who fought as they prayed, without hesitation or doubt, for the Lord of Hosts? They could, and their present attitude simply made their shame the greater. The Colonel had said very early in the conflict: "I do not believe that the firm assertion of our rights means war, but in any event, it is well to remember there are things worse than war." In 1917 he declared: "For two years after the *Lusitania* was sunk, we continued to fawn on the blood-stained murderers of our people, we were false to ourselves and we were false to the cause of right and of liberty and democracy throughout the world." He kept hammering at our need of preparation. He told a great audience at Detroit:[1] "We first hysterically announced that we would not prepare because we were afraid that preparation might make us lose our vantage-ground as a peace-loving people. Then we became frightened and announced loudly that we ought to prepare; that the world was on fire; that our national structure was in danger of catching aflame; and that we must immediately make ready. Then we turned

[1] May 19, 1916.

another somersault and abandoned all talk of preparedness; and we never did anything more than talk."

At last, at the beginning of 1917, the German truculence became too great even for President Wilson to palliate. The Kaiser, whose atrocious submarine policy had already failed, decided that it could be made to succeed by increasing its horror. He proposed to sink indiscriminately all ships, whether neutral or enemy; but out of his Imperial generosity he would allow the Americans to send one ship a week to Falmouth, England, provided it followed a certain line marked out by him on the chart, flew a certain flag, and was painted a color which he specified. As late as December 18, 1916, the President had put forth a message only less startling than his "too-proud-to-fight" dictum, in which he announced that the warring world must plan for a "peace without victory" if it would hope to end the war at all. "Peace without victory" would mean, of course, a peace favorable to Germany. But the Germans, with characteristic stupidity, instead of using even a specious courtesy towards the President who had been long-suffering in their favor, immediately sent out their "Once-a-week-to-Falmouth" order. Perhaps they thought that Mr. Wilson would consent even to that.

President Wilson's friends have assured us that he devotes himself to finding out what the American people wants and then in doing it. He soon learned what the American people wanted, after it understood the purport of the "Once-a-week-to-Falmouth" order. And after the interchange of two or three more notes, he broke off relations with Germany on April 6, 1917. At last, at the eleventh hour, the United States by President Wilson's consent joined the great alliance of free nations in their life-and-death struggle to make the world safe for Democracy.

Now the President *had* to prepare for war, and prepare in haste, which rendered careful plans and economy impossible. At the start, there was much debate over the employment of Volunteers, the rating of Regulars, and the carrying out of a selective draft.

True to his policy of timidity and evasion President Wilson did not openly declare war on Germany, but allowed us to drift into a state of war; so executives who do not wish either to sign or veto a bill let it become a law

without their signatures. His Secretary of War, Lindley M. Garrison, the only member of his Cabinet who had marked ability, had resigned the year before, having apparently found the official atmosphere uncongenial. At the Plattsburg camp, commanded by General Leonard Wood, Colonel Roosevelt made a speech of ringing patriotism and of unveiled criticism of the lack of energy in the Administration. It was not a politic thing to do, although there seems to have been some confusion between what the Colonel said to the Volunteers in camp, and what he said that same evening to a gathering of civilians in the town. The indiscretion, however, gave the Administration the opportunity it had been waiting for; but, being unable to punish Roosevelt, it severely reprimanded General Wood, who had not been aware of what the Colonel intended to say. Indeed, the offensive remarks seem to have been extemporaneous, because, as it was too dark for him to read his prepared speech, he spoke impromptu. In any event, Secretary Garrison had due notice that Roosevelt was to speak, and if he had had any doubts he should have sent word to General Wood to cancel the engagement. The Administration made as much as it could out of this impropriety, but the public saw the humor of it, because it knew that Secretary Garrison agreed with Roosevelt and Wood in their crusade for preparedness. Later, when Mr. Garrison resigned, President Wilson put Mr. Newton D. Baker, a Pacifist, in his place, and after war came the military preparation and direction of the United States were entrusted to him.

But it does not belong to this biographical sketch to narrate the story of the American conduct of the war under the Wilson Administration.

To Roosevelt, the vital fact was that war was at hand, the great object for which he had striven during two years and eight months, the participation in the war which would redeem the honor of the United States, call forth the courage of its citizens, make Americans alone dominant in America and so purge this Republic of the taints of pro-Germanism, of commercial greed, and of ignoble worship of material safety, that it could take its part again at the head of the democracies of the world. He thanked God that his country could stand out again untarnished. And

then a great exultation came over him, as he believed that at last he himself having put on his sword, would be allowed to join the American army bound overseas, share its dangers and glories in the field, and, if Fate so willed it, pay with his body the debt of patriotism which nothing else could pay. He wrote immediately to the War Department, offering his services and agreeing to raise a division or more of Volunteers, to be sent to the front with the briefest delay. But Secretary Baker replied that without authorization by Congress, he could not accept such bodies of Volunteers. On being pressed further, Mr. Baker replied that the War College Division of the General Staff wished the officers of the Regular Army to be kept at home, in order to train new men, and then to lead the first contingents which might go abroad.[1]

Meanwhile, at the first suggestion that Roosevelt might head a body of troops himself, letters poured upon him from every State in the Union, from men of all classes eager to serve under him, and eager, in this way, to wipe out the shame which they felt the Administration, by its delays and supineness, had put upon the nation. Then Congress passed the Draft Law, and, on May 18, Roosevelt appealed again, this time directly to President Wilson, offering to raise four divisions. The President, in a public statement, declared that purely military reasons caused him to reject the plan. In a telegram to Colonel Roosevelt he said that his action was "based entirely upon imperative considerations of public policy, and not upon personal or private choice." Roosevelt summed up the contention with this flat contradiction: "President Wilson's reasons for refusing my offer had nothing to do either with military considerations or with public needs."

Roosevelt issued an announcement to the men who had applied for service under him—they were said already to number over 300,000—regretting that they could not all go together on their country's errand, and brushing aside the insinuation of his enemies that he was merely seeking political and selfish ends. That is a charge, of course, to which all of our statesmen, from Washington down, have been exposed. Its final refutation comes from examining the entire public career and the character of the person

[1] The entire correspondence between Roosevelt and President Wilson and Secretary Baker is given in *The Foes of Our Own Household*, by Theodore Roosevelt, pp. 304-47.

accused. To any one who knew what Roosevelt's life had been, and who knew how poignantly he felt the national dangers and humiliation of the past three years, the idea that he was playing politics, and merely pretending to be terribly in earnest as a patriot, is grotesque. And I believe that no greater disappointment ever came to him than when he was prohibited from going out to battle in 1917.

Mr. Wilson and the obsolescent members of the General Staff had obviously a plausible reason when they said that the European War was not an affair for amateurs; that no troops, however brave and willing, could, like the Rough Riders in the Spanish War, be fitted for action in a month. Only by long drill and by the coördination of all branches of the service, organized on a vaster scale than the world had ever seen before, and commanded by experts, could an army enter the field with any hope of holding its own against the veteran armies of Europe.

We may accept this plea, but the fact remains that President Wilson refused to make the very obvious use of Roosevelt which he might have made. Roosevelt was known throughout the world as the incarnation of Americanism. If he had been sent to Europe in April, 1917, when he first requested, with only a corporal's guard to attend him, he would have been a visible proof to the masses in England, in France, and in Italy, that the United States had actually joined the Allies. He would have been the forerunner of the armies that were to follow, and his presence would have heartened immensely the then sorely perplexed, if not discouraged, populations which the Hun seemed sure to overwhelm.

But President Wilson had shown no desire to employ any American on any task where he might get credit which the President coveted for himself. In his Cabinet, his rule was to appoint only mediocre or third-class persons, whose opinions he did not think it necessary to consult. It was quite unlikely, therefore, that he would give Roosevelt any chance to shine in the service of the country, for Roosevelt was not only his political opponent, but his most formidable critic, who had laid bare the weakness of the Wilson régime. When Cavour was assembling all the elements in Italy to undertake the great struggle for Italian liberty and independence, he adroitly secured the coöp-

eration of Garibaldi and his followers, although Garibaldi had declared himself the personal enemy of Cavour. Personal enemy or not, Cavour would have him as a symbol, and Garibaldi's concurrence proved of immense value to Italy. So would that of Roosevelt have proved to the Allies if he had been officially accredited by President Wilson. But Cavour was a statesman, who looked far ahead, a patriot uninfluenced by personal likes and dislikes.

Roosevelt felt his own deprivation mightily, but the shutting out of General Leonard Wood roused his anger—all injustice roused his anger. As the motive for General Wood's exclusion was not frankly avowed, the public naturally drew its own inferences. To him, more than to any other American, we owed what little preparation for war existed when we entered the war. He founded the Plattsburg Camp; he preached very solemnly our needs and our dangers; and he did these things at the very period when President Wilson was assuring the country that we ought not to think of preparing. Doubtless, in 1919, Mr. Wilson would be glad to have those sayings of his, and many others—including the "too-proud to fight," the laudation of German "humanity and justice," the "war-mad Europe," whose ravings did not concern us, the "peace without victory" forgotten; but that cannot be, and they rise to accuse him now. Macbeth did not welcome the inopportune visit of the Murderers and of Banquo's Ghost at his banquet.

General Wood had to be disciplined for allowing Colonel Roosevelt to make his impolitic speech to the Plattsburg Volunteers; he was accordingly removed from his New York headquarters to the South and then to Camp Funston in Kansas. It was even proposed to relegate him to the Philippines. When our troops began to go to France, he earnestly hoped to accompany them. There were whispers that he was physically unfit for the stress of active war: but the most diligent physical examination by Army surgeons who would have overlooked no defects, showed him to be a man of astonishing health and vigor, as sound as hickory. On the technical side, the best military experts regarded him as the best general officer in the American army. Nevertheless, in spite of his physical and military qualifications, President Wilson rejected him. Why? The

unsympathetic asserted that Mr. Wilson took care to assign no conspicuous officer to service abroad who might win laurels which would bring him forward as a Presidential possibility in 1920. On the other hand, cynics, remembering the immemorial jealousy between the Regulars and Volunteers in both the Army and Navy, declared that an outsider like General Wood, who had not come into the Army through West Point, could expect no fairer treatment from the Staff which his achievements and irregular promotion had incensed. History may be trusted to judge equitably on whom to place the blame. But as Americans recede from the event, their amazement will increase that any personal pique or class jealousy should have deprived the United States from using the soldier best equipped for war at the point where war was raging.[1]

While Roosevelt could not denounce the Administration for disbarring himself from military service abroad, he could, and did, attack it for its treatment of General Wood, treatment which both did injustice to a brave and very competent soldier and deprived our Army in its need of a precious source of strength. Perhaps he drew some grim amusement from the banal utterances of the Honorable Newton D. Baker, Secretary of War, whom he frequently referred to with appropriate comment. Two months after we entered the war, Mr. Baker issued an official bulletin in which he admitted the "difficulty, disorder, and confusion in getting things started, but," he said, "it is a happy confusion. I delight in the fact that when we entered this war we were not, like our adversary, ready for it, anxious for it, prepared for it, and inviting it. Accustomed to peace, we were not ready."[2] Could any one, except a very young child at a soap-bubble party in the nursery, have spoken thus? But Mr. Baker was not a very young child, he was a Pacifist; he did not write from a nursery, but from the War Department of the United States. In the following October he announced with undis-

[1] In June, 1918, Colonel Paul Azan, who came to this country to command the French officers who taught American Volunteers at Harvard, and subsequently was commissioned by the French Government to oversee the work of all the French officers in the United States, told me that the Camp and Division commanded by General Wood were easily the best in the country and that General Wood was the only General we had who in knowledge and efficiency came up to the highest French standard. Colonel Azan added that he was suggesting to the French War Department to invite the United States Government to send General Wood to France, but this request, if ever made, was not followed.

[2] Official War Bulletin, June 7, 1917.

guised self-satisfaction: "We are well on the way to the battle-field." This was too much for Roosevelt, who wrote: "For comparison with this kind of military activity we must go back to the days of Tiglath-Pileser, Nebuchadnezzar and Pharoah. The United States should adopt the standard of speed in war which belongs to the twentieth century A.D.; we should not be content with, and still less boast about, standards which were obsolete in the seventeenth century B.C."

Roosevelt had now made a contract with the *Metropolitan Magazine* to furnish to it a monthly article on any topic he chose, and he was also writing for the Kansas City *Star* frequent, and often daily, editorial articles. Through these he gave vent to his passionate patriotism, and the reader who wishes to measure both the variety and the vigor of his polemics at this time should look through the files of those journals. But this work by no means limited his activity. As occasion stirred him, he dispatched his communications to other journals. He wrote letters, which were really elaborated arguments, to chance correspondents, and he made frequent addresses. The necessity of hurrying on the preparation of our Army and of backing up our troops with undivided enthusiasm were his main themes.

But he delivered himself on other subjects almost equally important. He paid his respects to the "Conscientious Objector," and he insisted at all times that "Murder is not debatable." "Murder is murder," he wrote Professor Felix Frankfurter, "and it is rather more evil when committed in the name of a professed social movement."[1] Mr. Frankfurter was then acting, by appointment of President Wilson, as counsel to a Mediation Commission, which was dealing with recent crimes of the Industrial Workers of the World. Anarchists, when arrested, had a suspicious way of professing that they espoused anarchism only as a "philosophical" theory. Roosevelt branded several of the palliators of these—"the Hearsts and La Follettes and Bergers and Hillquits," and others—as reactionaries, as the "Bolsheviki of America," who directly abetted the violent criminals by pleading for leniency for them on the

[1] December 19, 1917. Letter printed in full in the Boston *Herald*, June 4, 1919.

ground that they were really only "philosophical" theorists. Roosevelt was not fooled by any such plea. "When you," he told Mr. Frankfurter, "as representing President Wilson, find yourself obliged to champion men of this stamp [the "philosophical" criminals], you ought by unequivocal affirmative action to make it evident that you are sternly against their general and habitual line of conduct."

So Roosevelt pursued, without resting, his campaign to stimulate the patriotic zeal of his countrymen and to rebuke the delays and blunders of the Administration. If any one had said that he was making rhetoric a substitute for warfare — the accusation with which he charged President Wilson — he would have replied that Wilson condemned him to use the pen instead of the sword. Forbidden to go himself, he felt supreme satisfaction in the going of all his four sons, and of his son-in-law, Dr. Richard Derby. They did honor to the Roosevelt name. Theodore, Jr., became a Lieutenant-Colonel, Kermit and Archibald became Captains; and Quentin, the youngest, a Lieutenant of Aviation, was killed in an air battle.

Roosevelt was prevented from fighting in France, indeed, but he was gratified to learn from good authority that his efforts in the spring of 1917 to secure a commission and lead troops overseas were the immediate cause of the sending of any American troops. President Wilson it was reported had no intention, when we went to war, of risking American lives over there, and the leisurely plans which he made for creating and training an army seemed to confirm this report. But Roosevelt's insistence and the great mass of volunteers who begged to be allowed to join his divisions, if they were organized, awakened the President to the fact that the American people expected our country to give valid military support to the Allies, at death-grapple with the Hun. The visit in May, 1917, of a French Mission with Marshal Joffre at its head, and of an English Mission under Mr. Arthur Balfour, and their plain revelation of the dire distress of the French and British armies, forced Mr. Wilson to promise immediate help; for Joffre and Balfour made him understand that unless help came soon, it would come too late. So President Wilson, who hoped to go down in history as the Peacemaker of the World War,

and as the organizer of an American Army, which, without shedding a drop of blood, had brought peace about, was compelled to send the only too willing American soldiers, by the hundred thousand and the million, to join the Allied veterans in France.

Persons who do not penetrate beneath the flickering surfaces of life, regard these last years of Roosevelt's as an anticlimax which he passed in eclipse; as if they were the eight lean and overshadowed years, following the splendid decade in which as Governor and President he had the world's admiration and consent. But this view wholly misconceives him. It takes a man who had proved himself to be the greatest moral force in the public life of the world, and drops him when he steps down from the seat of power. Now, of course, Theodore Roosevelt did not require to walk on a high platform or to sit in the equivalent of a throne in order to be Roosevelt; and if we would read the true meaning of his life we must understand that the years which followed 1910 were the culmination and crown of all that went before.

He was a fighter from the days when, as a little boy, he fought the disease which threatened to make his existence puny and crippled. He was a fighter, and from his vantage-ground as President, he fought so valiantly that the world took notice and he brought new ideals into the hearts of the American people. He was just as brave and resourceful and tenacious a fighter when he led the forlorn hope, as when he marched at the head of the Nation in his campaigns against corruption and the mercenaries of Mammon. During these later years he gave up everything — his ease, his probable restoration to power, the friendships that were very dear to him, even his party which no longer, as he thought, followed the path of righteousness, or desired righteous ends — for the Cause to which he had been dedicated since youth. Analyze his acts at any period, and you will find that they were determined by his loyalty to that Cause.

And how could so great a soul exercise itself to the full, except by grappling with adversity? The prosperous days seemed to fit him like a skin, but only in these days of apparent thwarting and disappointment could he show him-

self equal to any blows of Fate. At first he struggled magnificently against crushing odds, asking no allowances and no favors. He founded and led the Progressive Party and, in 1912, received the most amazing popular tribute in our history. And he would have pushed on his work for that party had not the coming of the World War changed his perspective. Thenceforth, he devoted himself to saving civilization from the reptilian and atrocious Hun; that was a task, in comparison with which the fortune of a political party sank out of sight.

His work demanded of him to rouse his countrymen from the apathy and indifference which a timid Administration breathed upon it, and from the lethargic slumber into which the pro-Germans drugged it. During four years, his was the one voice in the United States which could not be silenced. He was listened to everywhere. Men might agree with him or not, but they listened to him, and they trusted him. Never for a moment did they suspect that he was slyly working for the enemy, or for special interests here or abroad.

He, the supreme American, spoke for America and for the civilization which he believed America fulfilled. His attacks on the delays and the incompetence, on the faintheartedness and contradictions of the Administration had no selfish object. His heart was wrenched by the humiliation into which the honor of the United States had been dragged. The greatest patriotic service which he could render was to lift it out of that slough, and he did. The best evidence that he was right lies in the fact that President Wilson, tardily, reluctantly, adopted, one by one, Roosevelt's demands. He rejected Preparedness, when it could have been attained with comparative leisure; he accepted it, when it had to be driven through at top speed. And so of the other vitally necessary things. He ceased to warn Americans that they must be neutral "even in thought"; he ceased to comfort them by the assurance that a nation may be "too proud to fight"; he ceased to extol the "justice and humanity of the Germans." That he suffered these changes was owing to the fact that American public opinion, largely influenced by Roosevelt's word and example, would not tolerate them any more. And President Wilson, when he can, follows public opinion.

Roosevelt took personal pleasure in the bridging of the chasm which had opened between him and his former party intimates. On neither side was there recantation, but they could unite again on the question of the War and America's duty towards it, which swallowed up partisan grievances. Many of the old-time Republicans who had broken politically from Roosevelt in 1912, remained devoted personal friends, and they tried to reunite him and the discordant fragments. One of these friends was Colonel Robert Bacon, whom every one loved and trusted, a born conciliator. He it was who brought Roosevelt and Senator Root together, after more than five years' estrangement. He gave a luncheon, at which they and General Leonard Wood met, and they all soon fell into the old-time familiarity. Roosevelt urged vehemently his desire to go to France, and said that he would go as a private if he could not lead a regiment; that he was willing to die in France for the Cause. At which Mr. Root, with his characteristic wit, said: "Theodore, if you will promise to die there, Wilson will give you any commission you want, tomorrow."

Roosevelt never fully recovered from the infection which the fever he caught in Brazil left in his system. It manfested itself in different ways and the one thing certain was that it could not be cured. He paid little attention to it except when it actually sent him to bed. In the winter of 1918, it caused so serious an inflammation of the mastoid that he was taken to the hospital and had to undergo an operation. For several days his life hung by a thread. But, on his recovery, he went about as usual, and the public was scarcely aware of his lowered condition. He wrote and spoke, and seemed to be acting with his customary vigor. That summer, however, on July 14th, his youngest son, Quentin, First Lieutenant in the 95th American Aero Squadron, was killed in an air battle near Chambray, France. The lost child is the dearest. Roosevelt said nothing, but he never got over Quentin's loss. No doubt he often asked, in silence, why he, whose sands were nearly run, had not been taken and the youth, who had a lifetime to look forward to, had not been spared. The day after the news came, the New York State Republican Convention met at Saratoga. Roosevelt was to address it, and he walked up the aisle without hesitating, and spoke from the platform

as if he had no thoughts in his heart, except the political and patriotic exhortation which he poured out.

He passed a part of the summer with his daughter, Mrs. Derby, on the coast of Maine; and in the early autumn, at Carnegie Hall, he made his last public speech, in behalf of Governor Whitman's candidacy. A little after this, he appeared for the last time in public at a meeting in honor of a Negro hospital unit. In a few days another outbreak of the old infection caused his removal to the Roosevelt Hospital. The date was November 11th,—the day when the Armistice was signed. He remained at the hospital until Christmas Eve, often suffering acutely from inflammatory rheumatism, the name the physicians gave to the new form the infection took. He saw his friends for short intervals, he followed the news, and even dictated letters on public subjects, but his family understood that his marvelous physical strength was being sadly exhausted. He longed to be taken home to Sagamore Hill, and when his doctors allowed him to go home, he was greatly cheered.

To spend Christmas there, with his family, even though he had to spend it very quietly, delighted him. For ten days he seemed to be gaining, he read much, and dictated a good deal. On January 5th, he reviewed a book on pheasants and wrote also a little message to be read at the meeting of the American Defense Society, which he was unable to attend. That evening, he spent with the family, going to bed at eleven o'clock. "Put out the light, please," he said to his attendant, James Amos, and no one heard his voice again. A little after four o'clock the next morning, Amos, noticing that he breathed strangely, called the nurse, and when they reached his bedside, Roosevelt was dead. A blood clot in his heart had killed him. Death had unbound Prometheus.

By noon on that day, the 6th of January, 1919, the whole world knew of his death, and as the news sank in, the sense of an unspeakable void was felt everywhere. He was buried on January 8th, on a knoll in the small country graveyard, which he and Mrs. Roosevelt had long before selected, overlooking Oyster Bay and the waters of the Sound. His family and relatives and dear friends, and a few persons who represented State and Nation, the Rough Riders, and learned societies, attended the services in the

little church. Just as the coffin was being borne in, the sun came out and streamed through the stained-glass windows. "The services were most impressive in their simplicity, in their sense of intimacy, in the sentiment that filled the hour and the place of personal loss and of pride of possession of a priceless memory." The bearers took the coffin through the grove, with its bare trees and light sifting of snow, to the grave; and as it was committed, there were many sobs and tears of old and young. Rough Riders, who had fought by his side, cabinet ministers who had served with him, companions of his work and of his play-time, were all mourners now, and some of those men of affairs, who had done their utmost to wreck him eight years before, now knew that they had loved him, and they grieved as they realized what America and the world had lost. "Death had to take him sleeping," said Vice-President Marshall; "for if Roosevelt had been awake, there would have been a fight."

WILLIAM ROSCOE THAYER.

THE END

THE FAITH OF A NATURALIST

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

To say that man is as good as God would to most persons seem like blasphemy; but to say that man is as good as Nature would disturb no one. Man is a part of Nature, or a phase of Nature, and shares in what we call her imperfections. But what is Nature a part of, or a phase of? Is it not true that this earth which is so familiar to us is as good as yonder morning or evening star and made of the same stuff?—just as much in the heavens, just as truly a celestial abode as they are? Venus seems to us like a great jewel in the crown of Night or Morning. From Venus the Earth would seem like a still larger jewel. The heavens seem afar off and free from all stains and impurities of Earth; we lift our eyes and our hearts to them as to the face of the Eternal, but our science reveals no body or place there so suitable for human abode and human happiness as this Earth. In fact, this planet is the only desirable heaven of which we have any clew. Innumerable other worlds exist in the abysses of space which may be the abodes of beings superior, and of beings inferior, to ourselves. We place our gods afar off so as to dehumanize them, never suspecting that when we do so we discount their divinity. The more human we are—remembering that to err is human—the nearer God we are. Of course good and bad are human concepts and are a verdict upon created things as they stand related to us, promoting or hindering our well-being. In the councils of the Eternal there is apparently no such distinction.

Man is not only as good as God, some men are a good deal better, that is, from our point of view; they attain a degree of excellence of which there is no hint in Nature—moral excellence. It is not until we treat man as a part of Nature—as a product of the earth as literally as are the

trees—that we can reconcile these contradictions. If we could build up a composite man out of all the peoples of the earth he would represent fairly well the God of Nature.

Communing with God is communing with our own hearts, our own best selves, not with something foreign and accidental. Saints and devotees have gone into the wilderness to find God; of course they took God with them, and the silence and detachment enabled them to hear the still small voice of their own souls, as one hears the ticking of his own watch in the stillness of the night. We are not cut off, we are not isolated points; the great currents flow through us and over us and around us, and unite us to the whole of Nature. Moses saw God in the burning bush, saw him with the eyes of early man whose divinities were clothed in the extraordinary, the fearful, or the terrible; we see him in the meanest weed that grows, and hear him in the gentle murmur of our own heart's blood. The language of devotion and religious conviction is only the language of soberness and truth written large and aflame with emotion.

Man goes away from home searching for the gods he carries with him always. Man can know and feel and love only man. There is a vast deal of sound psychology in the new religion called Christian Science—in that part which emphasizes the power of the mind over the body, and the fact that the world is largely what we make it, that evil is only the shadow of good—old truths reburnished. This helps us to understand the hold it has taken upon such a large number of admirable persons. Good and evil are relative terms, but evil is only the shadow of good. Disease is a reality, but not in the same sense that health is a reality. Positive and negative electricity are both facts, but positive and negative good belong to a different order. Christian Science will not keep the distemper out of the house if the sewer gas gets in; inoculation will do more to prevent typhoid and diphtheria than "declaring the truth," or saying your prayers, or counting your beads. In its therapeutical value experimental science is the only safe guide in dealing with human corporeal ailments.

We need not fear alienation from God. I feed him when I feed a beggar. I serve him when I serve my neighbor. I love him when I love my friend. I praise him when I praise the wise and good of any race or any time.

I shun him when I shun the leper. I forgive him when I forgive my enemies. I wound him when I wound a human being. I forget him when I forget my duty to others. If I am cruel or unjust or resentful or envious or inhospitable toward any man, woman, or child, I am guilty of all these things toward God: "Inasmuch as ye do it unto the least of these, ye do it unto me."

I am persuaded that a man without religion falls short of the proper human ideal. Religion, as I use the term, is a spiritual flowering, and the man who has it not is like a plant that never blooms. The mind that does not open and unfold its religious sensibilities in the sunshine of this infinite and spiritual universe, is to be pitied. Men of science do well enough with no other religion than the love of truth, for this is indirectly a love of God. The astronomer, the geologist, the biologist, tracing the footsteps of the Creative Energy throughout the universe—what needs he of any formal, patent-right religion? Were not Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, and Lyall, and all other seekers and verifiers of natural truth, among the most truly religious of men? Any of these men would have gone to hell for the truth, not the truth of creeds and rituals, but the truth as it exists in the councils of the Eternal, and as it is written in the laws of matter and of life.

For my part I had a thousand times rather have Huxley's religion than that of the bishops who sought to discredit him, or Bruno's than that of the Church that burnt him. The religion of a man that has no other aim than his own personal safety from some real or imaginary future calamity, is of the selfish, ignoble kind.

Amid the decay of creeds, love of nature has high religious value. This has saved many persons in this world —saved them from Mammon worship, and from the frivolity and insincerity of the crowd, including the crowd of church-goers. It has made their lives placid and sweet. It has given them an inexhaustible field for inquiry, for enjoyment, for the exercise of all their powers, and in the end has not left them soured and dissatisfied. It has made them contented and at home wherever they are in Nature —in the house not made with hands. This house is their church, and the rocks and the hills are the altars, and the creed is written in the leaves of the trees and in the flowers of the field, and in the sands of the shore. A new creed

every day and new preachers, and Sunday all the week through. Every walk to the woods is a religious rite, and every bath in the stream is a saving ordinance. Communion service is at all hours, and the bread and wine are from the heart and marrow of Mother Earth. There are no heretics in Nature's church, all are believers, all are communicants. The beauty of natural religion is that you have it all the time, you do not have to seek it afar off in myths and legends, in catacombs, in garbled texts, in miracles of dead saints. It is of today, it is now and here, it is everywhere. The crickets chirp it, the birds sing it, the breezes chant it, the thunder proclaims it, the streams murmur it, the unaffected man lives it. Its incense rises from the plowed fields, it is on the morning breeze, it is in the forest breath, and in the spray of the wave. The frosts write it in exquisite characters, the dews impearl it, and the rainbow paints it on the cloud. It is not an insurance policy underwritten by a bishop or a priest, it is not even a faith, it is a love, an enthusiasm, a consecration to natural truth.

The God of sunshine and of storms speaks a less equivocal language than the God of revelation.

Our fathers had their religion and their fathers had theirs, but they were not ours, and could not be in these days and under these conditions. But their religions lifted them above themselves, they healed their wounds, they consoled them for many of the failures and disappointments of this world, they developed character, they tempered the steel in their nature. How childish to us seems the plan of salvation, as our fathers found it in the fervid and, I freely say, inspired utterances of St. Paul! But it saved them, it built character, it made life serious, it was a heroic creed which has lost credence in our more knowing and more frivolous age. We see how impossible it is, but we do not see the great natural truths upon which it rests.

A man is not saved by the truth of the things he believes, but by the truth of his belief—its sincerity, its harmony with his character. The absurdities of the popular religions do not matter; what matters is the luke-warm belief, the empty forms, the shallow conceptions of life and duty. We are prone to think that if the creed is false, the religion is false. Religion is an emotion, an inspiration, a feeling of

the Infinite, and may have its root in any creed, or in no creed. The Japanese-Chinese religion of ancestor worship, sincerely and devoutly held, is better than the veneer of much of our fashionable well-dressed religion.

Guided by appearances alone how surely we would come to look upon the sun as a mere appendage of the earth, as much so as is the moon. How near it seems at sunrise and sunset, and as if these phenomena directly involved the sun, extending to it and modifying its light and heat! We do not realize that these are merely terrestrial phenomena, and that the sun, so to speak, knows them not.

Viewed from the sun the earth is a mere speck in the sky, and the amount of the total light and heat from the sun that is received on the earth is so small that the mind can hardly grasp it. Yet for all practical purposes the sun shines for us alone. Our relations to it could not be any more direct and sustaining if it were created for that purpose. It is imminent in the life of the globe. It is the source of all our energy and therefore of our life. Its bounties are universal. The other planets find it is their sun also. It is as special and private to them as to us. We think the sun paints the bow on the cloud, but the bow follows from the laws of optics. The sun knows it not.

It is the same with what we call God. His bounty is of the same universal, impersonal kind, and yet for all practical purposes it exists especially for us, it is imminent every moment in our lives. There is no special providence. Nature sends the rain upon the just and the unjust, upon the sea as upon the land. We are here and find life good because Providence is general and not special. The conditions are not too easy, the struggle has made men of us. The bitter has tempered the sweet. Evil has put us on our guard and keeps us so. We pay for what we get.

That wise old Roman, Marcus Aurelius, says, "Nothing is evil which is according to nature." At that moment he is thinking especially of death which, when it comes in the course of nature, is not an evil, unless life itself is also an evil. After the lamp of life is all burned out, death is not an evil, rather is it a good. But premature death, death by accident or disease, before a man has done his work or used up his capital of vitality, is an evil. Disease itself is an evil, but if we lived according to nature there would be no disease, we should die the natural, painless death of

old age. Of course there is no such thing as absolute evil, or absolute good. Evil is that which is against our well-being, and good is that which promotes it. We always postulate the existence of life when we speak of good and evil. Fire and flood, tornadoes, earthquakes, excesses in nature, are evil to us because they bring destruction and death in their train. They are disharmonies in the scheme of things, because they frustrate and bring to naught. The war which Marcus Aurelius was waging when he wrote those passages was an evil in itself, though good might come out of it.

Everything in organic nature,—trees, grasses, flowers, insects, fishes, mammals—is beset by evil of some kind. The natural order is good because it brought us here and keeps us here, but evil has always dogged our footsteps. Leaf-blight is an evil to the tree, smallpox is an evil to man, frost is an evil to the insects, flood an evil to the fishes.

Moral evil—hatred, envy, greed, lying, cruelty, cheating—is of another order. These vices have no existence below the human sphere. We call them evils because they are disharmonies, they are inimical to the highest standard of human happiness and well being. They make a man less a man, they work discord and develop needless friction. Sand in the engine of your car and water in the gasoline are evils, and malice and jealousy and selfishness in your heart are analogous evils.

In our day we read the problem of Nature and God in a new light, the light of science, or of emancipated human reason, and the old myths mean little to us. We accept Nature as we find it, and do not crave the intervention of a God that sits behind and is superior to it. The self-activity of the cosmos suffices. We accept the tornadoes and earthquakes and world wars, and do not lose faith. We arm ourselves against them as best we can. We accept the bounty of the rain, the sunshine, the soil, the changing seasons, and the vast armory of non-living forces, and from them equip or teach ourselves to escape, endure, modify, or ward off the destructive forces that beset our way.

The unreasoning, unforeseeing animals suffer more from the accidents of Nature—drought, flood, lightning—than man does, but man suffers more from evils of his own making—war, intemperance, pestilence—so that the development in both lines goes on, and life is still at the flood.

We say that Nature cares nothing for the individual, but only for the race or the species. The whole organic world is at war with the inorganic, and as in human wars the individuals are sacrificed that the army, the whole, may live; so in the strife and competition of Nature, the separate units fall that the mass may prosper.

In early summer comes the June drop of apples. The trees start with more fruit than they can carry, and if they are in vigorous health, they will drop the surplus. It is a striking illustration of Nature's methods. The tree does its own thinning. But if not at the top of its condition, it fails to do this. It takes health and strength simply to let go; only a living tree drops its fruit or its leaves; only a growing man drops his outgrown opinions.

If we put ourselves in the place of the dropped apples, we must look upon our fate as unmixed evil. If we put ourselves in the place of the tree and of the apples that remain on it, the June drop would appear an unmixed good—finer fruit, and a healthier, longer-lived tree results. Nature does not work so much to specific as to universal ends. The individual may go, but the type must remain. The ranks may be decimated, but the army and its cause must triumph.

Go into the woods and behold the evil the trees have to contend with—all allegorical of the evil we have to contend with—too crowded in places, one tree crushing another by its fall, specimens on every hand whose term of life might be lengthened by a little wise surgery—borers, blight, disease, insect pests, storm—wreckage, thunder-bolt scars, or destruction—evil in a hundred forms besetting every tree, and sooner or later leaving its mark. A few escape—oaks, maples, pines, elms—and reach a greater age than the others, but they fail at last, and when they have rounded out their green century, or ten centuries, and go down in a gale, or in the stillness of a summer night, how often younger trees are marred or crushed by their fall! But come back after many long years, and their places are filled, and all the scars are healed.

The new generation of trees is feeding upon the accumulations of the old. Evil is turned to good. The destruction of the cyclone, the ravages of fire, the wreckage of the ice storm, are all obliterated and the forest-spirit is rank and full again.

There is no wholesale exemption from this rule of

waste and struggle in this world, and probably in no other. We have life on these terms. The organic world develops under pressure from within and from without. The rain brings the perils of rain, the fire brings the perils of fire, power brings the perils of power. The great laws go our way, but they will break us or rend us if we fail to keep step with them.

The trees in the woods, the plants in the fields run the gauntlet of hostile forces the year through, storms crash or overthrow them, visible and invisible enemies prey upon them, yet are the fields clothed in verdure and the hills and plains mantled with superb forests. Nature's hap-hazard planting and sowing and her wasteful weeding and trimming do not result in failure, as these methods do with us. A failure of hers with one form or species, results in the success of some other form. All successes are hers. Allow time enough and the forest returns in the path of the tornado, but there may be other species of trees. The birds and squirrels plant oaks and chestnuts amid the pines and the winds plant pines amid the oaks and chestnuts. The robins and the cedar birds sow the red cedar broadcast over the landscape, and plant the Virginia creeper and the poison ivy by every stub and fence-post. The poison ivy is a triumph of Nature as truly as is the grape-vine, or the morning glory. All are Hers. Man specializes, he selects this or that, selects the wheat and rejects the tares, but Nature generalizes; she has the artist's disinterestedness; all is good; all are parts of her scheme. She nourishes the foul-smelling cat-brier as carefully as she does the rose. Each creature, with man at the head, says, "The world is mine; it was created for me." Evidently it was created for all, at least all forms are at home here. Nature's system of checks and balances preserves her working equilibrium.

If a species of forest worm under some exceptionally favoring conditions gets such a start that it threatens to destroy our beech and maple forests, presently a parasite, stimulated by this turn in its favor, appears and restores the balance. For two or three seasons the beech woods in my native town were ravaged by some kind of worm or beetle; in midsummer the sunlight came into them as if the roof had been taken off; later they swarmed with white millers. But the scourge was suddenly checked—some

parasite, probably a species of ichneumon fly, was on hand to curtail the dangerous excess.

I am only trying to say that after we have painted Nature as black as the case will allow, after we have depicted her as a savage beast, a devastating storm, a scorching desert, a consuming fire, an all-engulfing earthquake, or as war, pestilence, famine, we have only depicted her from our limited human point of view. But even from that point of view, the favoring conditions of life are so many, living bodies are so adaptive, the lift of the evolutionary impulse is so unconquerable, the elemental laws and forces are so overwhelmingly on our side, that our position in the universe is still an enviable one. "Though he slay me, yet will I trust him." Slain, I shall nourish some other form of life, and the books will still balance—not my books, but the vast ledgers of the Eternal.

In the old times we accounted for creation in the simple terms of the Hebrew Scriptures—"In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." We even saw no discrepancy in the tradition that the creation took place in the spring. But when we attempt to account for creation in the terms of science or naturalism, the problem is far from being so simple. We have not so tangible a point to start from. It is as if we were trying to find the end or the beginning of the circle. Round and round we go, caught in the endless and beginningless currents of the creative energy; no fixity or finality anywhere; rest and motion; great and small; up and down; life and death perpetually playing into each other's hands; perpetual change and transformation on every hand; every day a day of creation, every night a revelation of unspeakable grandeur; suns and systems forming in the cyclones of stardust; the whole starry host of heaven flowing like a meadow brook, but where, or whence, who can tell? The center everywhere, the circumference no where, pain and pleasure, good and evil inextricably mixed; the fall of man a daily and hourly occurrence; the redemption of man, the same! Heaven or hell waiting by every door-step, boundless, beginningless, unfathomable, immeasurable—what wonder that we seek a short cut through this wilderness and appeal to the supernatural?

When I look forth upon the world and see how, regardless of man and his well-being, the operations of Nature go

on—how the winds and the storms wreck him or destroy him, how the drought or the floods bring to naught his industries, how not the least force in heaven or earth turns aside for him, or makes any exception to him: in short, how all forms of life are perpetually ground between the upper and the nether mill stones of the contending and clashing natural material forces—I ask myself, "Is there nothing, then, under the sun, or beyond the sun, that has a stake in our well-being? Is life purely a game of chance, and is it all luck that we are here in a world so richly endowed to meet all our requirements?" Serene Reason answers, "No, it is not luck as in a lottery. It is the good fortune of the whole. It was inherent in the constitution of the whole, and it continues because of its adaptability; life is here because it fits itself into the scheme of things; it is flexible and compromising." We find the world good to be in because we are adapted to it, and not it to us. The vegetable growths upon the rocks where the sea is forever pounding is a type of life; the waves favor its growth and development. Life takes advantage of turbulence as well as of quietude, of drought as well as of floods, of deserts as well as of marshes, of the sea bottom as well as of the mountain tops. Both animal and vegetable life trim their sails to the forces that beat upon them. The image of the sail is a good one. Life avails itself of the half-contrary winds; it captures and imprisons their push in its sails; by yielding a little, it makes headway in the teeth of the gale; it gives and takes; without struggle, without opposition, life would not be life. The sands of the shore do not struggle with the waves, nor the waves with the sands; the buffeting ends where it began. But trees struggle with the wind, fish struggle with the flood, man struggles with his environment, all draw energy from the forces that oppose them. Life gains as it spends, its waste is an investment. Not so with purely material bodies. They are like the clock, they must be perpetually wound from without. A living body is a clock, perpetually self-wound from within.

The faith and composure of the naturalist or naturist are proof against the worst that Nature can do. He sees the cosmic forces only; he sees nothing directly mindful of man but man himself; he sees the intelligence and beneficence of the universe flowering in man; he sees life as a

mysterious issue of the warring element; he sees human consciousness and our sense of right and wrong, of truth and justice, as arising in the evolutionary sequence, and turning and sitting in judgment upon all things; he sees that there can be no life without pain and death, that there can be no harmony without discord, that opposites go hand in hand, that good and evil are inextricably mingled, that the sun and blue sky are still there behind the clouds, unmindful of them, and that all is right with the world if we extend our vision deep enough; that the ways of Nature are the ways of God if we do not make God in our own image, and make our comfort and well-being the prime object of Nature. Our comfort and well-being are provided for in the constitution of the world, but we may say that they are not guaranteed; they are contingent upon many things, but the chances are upon our side. He that would save his life, shall lose it—lose it in forgetting that the universe is not a close corporation, or a patented article, and that it exists for other ends than our own. But he who can lose his life in the larger life of the whole, shall save it in a deeper, truer sense.

JOHN BURROUGHS

INVOCATION OF REASON

BY JOSEPH S. AUERBACH

Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultra quam satis est virtutem si petat ipsam.
* * * * * * * *
Virtutem verba putas et
Lucum ligna?

—HORACE.

If poignant plaint of heart the mind efface
And tear's emotion wisdom's plea displace,
How shall we learn to minister to pain
Whose spoil is not the body but the brain?

Heed we alone contention of debate,
Of judgment's cause fail to be advocate,
We may not shun those devastating ills
The bitterness whereof the spirit kills?

Flout we the husbandry of golden mean,
Desolate we leave that sovereign terrene
Where lords are toiling slaves to feed the mind,
Their recompense of us life's paltry rind.

Proffer of outstretched arm unto the weak
And shelter's boon for the defenceless meek,
With understanding that from grudging palms
There is a pride which dies, accepting alms.

Indulgent to just labor be the wage
And not its portion mendicant old age,
Though oft in rivalry with hand that pays
Be unrestrained the bounteous word of praise.

Nor keep God's righteous poor from their desire,
Yet not blind be to that consuming fire,
Whose insatiate tongue licks up the life
Of virtue that has faltered in the strife.

Be not of blatant altruist ally,
Nor dare with scribe and Pharisee to vie,
Braving betimes base cavil for the worth
Of siding with faint children of the earth.

Grant valor tribute for chivalric quest,
With laurels of renown its brow invest,
Would we have hope that to the anxious State
Sacrificial, saving deed be dedicate.

Plan for exceeding fame fair memory's tomb
Yet not deny it welcome's hearth and home.
Unwilling, till its mighty voice be dead,
It have of life not where to lay its head.

Rear splendor's temple to the soul's desire,
The walls of reason wrought, of faith the spire,
Through portals proudly arched for such abode
Have doubt pass to deliverance and God;

On glories, may the windowed radiance stream,
Of consecration, lore and poet's dream,
And for the reverent knee of age and youth
Be altars imaged as eternal truth.

JOSEPH S. AUERBACH.

ROBERTO BRACCO

BY LANDER MacCLINTOCK

ROBERTO BRACCO is perhaps the most widely and most favorably known dramatist in the Italy of to-day. This is entirely consistent with the statement that as a literary artist his reputation cannot approach that of D'Annunzio; and is not inconsistent with the statement that in verse plays he is being pushed hard by Sem Benelli, whose fame is steadily augmenting. It is in prose drama—the actable drama of the theatre—that Bracco has made his success, a success not achieved by any other dramatist since Giacosa.

It should go without saying in Bracco's case,—since it has to be said of every dramatist of the present era,—that he learned much of technique from Ibsen and from the great Frenchmen, Dumas fils, Porto-Riche, Becque and DeCurel; yet to all he may have learned from them he adds these differentiating elements—the flavour of Italian culture and the imprint of his own salient personality. His period of pupilage was short: like Ibsen he saw quickly and keenly the social needs and weaknesses of his native land—the narrowing, hampering effect of convention; the oppression of women by the social code; the injustice in the relation of employer and employed. He has no Utopia to offer; he does not even adumbrate, even indicate by contrast, the higher things toward which men should be led,—such is not the way of the Italian temperament, whose more or less tacit creed is something like this: Man is to be pitied rather than cured—he is born to trouble as the sparks fly upward, we are all damned; let us, then, be good to one another and understand all one another's reasons for being damned. This creed Bracco shares with many of his compatriots, literary and lay.

Roberto Bracco was born in Naples in 1862 and is still living and writing. He grew up in Naples, obtaining his education there, and at the age of seventeen was a clerk in the Customs. In spite of this uncongenial employment his gift for letters declared itself, and he began to write, publishing poems and sketches in the journals of Naples, writing several one-act curtain-raisers for contemporary actors, serving as dramatic critic for the newspaper on which he was employed.

These little *saynètes* are quite obviously the work of a very young dramatist, but they exhibit a robust dramatic talent, and a very genuine sense of fun. In *Do Not Unto Others (Non fare ad altri,* 1886), in *He, Her, He! (Lui, Lei, Lui!* 1887), in *A Traveling Adventure* (*Un Avventura di viaggio,* 1887), one can detect the preliminary and practicing flourishes of a master preparing for his art, the feints and poises of an athlete stretching his muscles.

In the plays that he wrote during the years 1886-'93, Bracco was adding to his native gift those other things so essential in the dramatist's equipment—habits of observation, knowledge of many sciences as well as of literary technic and practical stagecraft. In one of these plays, *A Woman* (*Una Donna,* 1912), Bracco declared his adherence to the new "Theatre of ideas." He takes the old neo-romantic theme of the courtesan reformed by love, so familiar as the theme of Dumas fils' *La Dame aux Camelias,* and inevitably, there is much in *A Woman* reminiscent of Dumas.

The *"théâtre d'idées"* has not easily become acclimated in Italy. Italians felt when this genre appeared, and they still feel, that the *"pièce à thèse"* had no legitimate place in the playhouse. Upon the publication of these first plays of Bracco's, Luigi Capuana wrote to him: "Why do you not content yourself with interesting and diverting the public? Why do you insist on trying to teach? Dramatic art is one thing, sociology, philosophy and science are other things." But Bracco is quite prepared to answer these questions. He declares, in a courteous but firm reply, that sociology, philosophy and science can very well furnish the subject matter for drama, provided only the dramatist knows enough of his trade to give to these ideas an interesting and diverting form. So far as the interest and diversion go, it is not

a matter so much of what the playwright is saying as of how he is saying it,—the dramatist may as well say things that are worth saying in an interesting way as things that are not worth saying; and he cites as example and justifications Aristophanes, Shakespeare and Ibsen.

Masks (Maschere, 1893) forsakes France for Norway, —indeed it is more "Ibsene" than anything Butti, the acknowledged Ibsenite, gave us, proposing an Ibsenite dilemma and offering an Ibsen solution. It unites the grim tragic terror of the North with the burning passion of Naples.

The nature of Bracco's plays invites a study of them in groups rather than in chronological order. They fall naturally into four classes, as distinct as the work of a modern realistic dramatist can be—comedies, plays of social and economic problems, psychological plays, dealing chiefly with the complexes of the feminine soul and with the suffering of women under social wrongs, and the pure tragedies, dramas of incurable suffering.

Bracco could never be characterized as a comic artist, though he has produced some dozen comedies. After the first few youthful sketches, his comedies may be regarded not as the outpourings of a gay spirit, but as the occasional diversions of a bitter soul primarily concerned with the sorrows of existence. His recent successful *Madame President (La Presidentessa,* 1915) displays his maturer comedy method. It was a novel adapted by Washington Borg for the stage. Like all his later comedies it teems with wit, with play on words, with irony and sarcasm, with those surface brilliancies which are often sharp and bitter, but never rich and genial. These plays are keen, satirical, caustic, concealing unplumbed depths of suffering. Leaving out the one-act trifles, the comedies are, *The Unfaithful Woman (L'Infedele,* 1895), *The Triumph, (Il trionfo,* 1895), *The End of Love,* (*La Fine dell' amore,* 1896), *The Bitter Fruit, (Il Frutto acerbo,* 1910), and *The Perfect Love, (Il Perfetto amore,* 1910).

The Unfaithful Woman was the play that established Bracco's reputation, and it has maintained its popularity ever since. It has been successfully given in Paris by Réjane, and in America by Nazimova, when it was called *The Countess Coquette.* It is in the high-life tone of Gian-

nino Antona-Traversi. The countess Clara has cajoled her husband into agreeing to a compact the terms of which are that no matter what she does he will not be jealous. She gathers about her, fortified by this promise, a host of admirers. She makes a rendezvous with one of these, known as the most unscrupulous of the group, Gino Ricciardi. The scene at the apartments of this modern Don Juan is a masterpiece; Clara plumps herself down and says, "Well! here I am. Seduce me!" The expert, Don Juan, is baffled by the willingness of the victim; his technic requires sentiment, reluctance, weakness; the coming-on disposition of this worldly Rosalind makes him ridiculous. Here matters stand when—enter the husband! "I'm going to kill you," he whispers to her fiercely. "Not here," she whispers back, "it would not be polite. Wait till we get home." In the last act the husband and wife patch it up, and Ricciardi comes in just in time to hear the laughter of the reconciled pair in the next room. It is a delightful comedy through which, nevertheless, runs the strain of bitterness to be found in all his work. Like the kindred comedies of Giannino Antona-Traversi it displays leisured society given over to a semi-criminal frivolity—a group of fools "snapped" in their folly. *The Unfaithful Woman* is never really unfaithful—she is too cynical and *ennuiée* for that —all possible lovers bore her. She returns to her husband because, as she tells him, "I have looked and looked for the right man and in spite of myself I've been obliged to choose you."

His other important comedy, *The Triumph,* savours of the same fatigued disillusionment. This play is Bracco's counter-thrust at the Norwegian and German ideal love, the platonic union of souls, the ideal of Hauptmann's terrible psychological tragedy *Lonely Lives.* In Hauptmann's play the philosopher, Johannes Vockerat, married to a wife he feels is unworthy of him, finds true friendship and consolation in his pupil, Anna Mahr. They are soul-mates in a real sense. They give themselves over to philosophical discussion and to colloquies in which they reconstruct society, where their "sister souls" come into communion. They dream of a union higher and nobler than marriage, "a new union between men and women, in which the sex element will no longer take the first place and in which

animal will no longer be united to animal but rather human being to human being."

Lucio Seppi in *The Triumph* has exactly this idea. He feels this ideal love, he thinks, for a young woman, Nora, who has nursed him through a long illness. Nora shares his views, and the two live together in perfect purity; they have never even kissed,—"My mouth has never deflowered her mouth," says Lucio. A good ecclesiastic, a believer in *la bonne loi naturelle,* proposing to cure them, invites them to spend a vacation with him in his mountain parish.

Here during the warm summer nights, with the perfume of the flowers in her nostrils, Nora hears the voices of Nature, and one languorous day she gives herself to the painter, Giovanni, forgetting Lucio and the "emptiness of desire." In the atrocious pain that he feels at her defection, Lucio discovers his real feeling, jealousy; little by little he comes not only to excuse but even to approve Nora. So thoroughly does he come to understand her conduct that he himself tries to make an assignation with the niece of the curé.

The play has been called "a witty long-nose made by voluptuous Naples at Puritan Christiania." We may well believe that it had some special inspiration because the general trend of Bracco's work is in the other direction—toward idealism and continence rather than toward voluptuousness and license. His characters as a rule move in a loftier psychological sphere than do these persons of *The Triumph.*

These two are his best comedies; though it is hard to resist a word of analysis and comment on *The End of Love* and *The Bitter Fruit,* both quite distinctive and quite interesting. Other comedies are *The Honorable Lover,* (*Uno degli onesti,* 1900), played in New York; *Concealed Weapons,* (*Ad arme corte*), and *Three* (an adaptation by Gilbert Cannan) also played in English.

The Right to Live (*Il diritto di vivera,* 1900), is Bracco's only play on an economic question. He is not primarily a social thinker and seems to have little knowledge of the industrial questions of the day and little appreciation of their merits. Like most Latins he is more intimate with the individual than with the community; the

field of affairs is foreign to him, and the drama he succeeds in producing is empty, scattered, discursive and to use the fatal word, tiresome. The characters are as ill-defined as the situations. The play does not "bite." But it is full of rhetorical diatribes against society, capital, the law, wealth and the family. It lacks convincing detail and these touches of actuality which might have made it interesting as a document in Italian culture history. Made on the model of *The Weavers,* it lacks the force because it lacks the sincerity and first-hand knowledge of the German masterpiece.

To find Bracco at his best we must go on to the psychological play involving a personal problem. He is above all the student and the doctor,—the specialist—in the feminine soul. Close follower as he is of the Northern masters, he realizes the anomaly of woman's place in Italian society. Bracco, bearing as he does the banner of individualism, insisting on the inviolability of the soul and the essential right to the determination of one's destiny, calls for these privileges for women. The protagonists of what are probably his most important plays are women who are either the victims of convention or rebels against it. Caterina Nemi in *Tragedies of the Soul, (Trageide dell 'Anima,* 1899), and Claudia di Montefranco of *Maternity, (Maternita,* 1903), rebel against their destiny; Giulia Artunni of *Phantasms, (I Fantasmi,* 1906), and Teresah Baldi of *The Hidden Spring, (La Piccola fonte,* 1905), are passive victims. Life reduces itself essentially to a struggle between the sexes in which the woman is invariably the sufferer and the victim. Man is armed with all the rights of the law, and woman's only defense or weapon is her astuteness, her coquetry and her powers of seduction. If a woman is too great-souled or too honorable or too virtuous to resort to this means of making life tolerable, she is certain to perish, a sacrifice to the pleasure or the power of her oppressor.

Caterina Nemi in *Tragedies of the Soul* has, in a moment of weakness, of inexplicable sensuality, given herself (her husband having been away from home for a long time) to a man she does not love. To the honest, straightforward soul of Caterina, the constant deception and lying is too much, and one day, unable to endure

any longer, she finds the courage to pour out the terrible truth to her husband. Ludovico, though he is a humanitarian and liberal-minded thinker, is so smitten in his tenderest feelings, his most cherished ambitions, that he cannot forgive; he cannot tolerate her presence except conditionally—she must choose between him and the child—either he himself will leave, or she must rid him of the reminder of his shame. Caterina, though she adores her husband and longs to live with him, cannot make the sacrifice and Ludovico goes away.

The child is doomed by his inheritance and the doctor tells Caterina that he cannot live. A terrible doubt creeps into her mind and oppresses her spirit—does she really want the little creature to go in order that she may return to Ludovico? This analysis involves the really fine psychological touches of *Tragedies of the Soul.* When at last the baby dies, Caterina, raising her eyes and her arms to Heaven, cries "God! God! My God! Grant that no good may come to me from the death of my little angel; grant that the sorrow which possesses me may remain forever closely joined to his memory. Grant that I may carry it closed in my heart forever; that I may feel it and suffer from it without rest and without consolation." The idea that any happiness which came to her would be a "happiness inexorably coming from *his* death," fills her with horror and revulsion.

Nevertheless, time exerts its healing influence and her love for Ludovico overcomes her desire to retain inviolate the memory of her child. She finally throws herself into his arms—"I did not know I loved you so much, I did not know I loved life so much."

There is a naked simplicity, a close-knit texture, a feeling of inexorableness about *Tragedies of the Soul* which impresses us as do the greatest works of art. The Tragedies are not one but three-fold, for not only Caterina, but the two men as well are tragic victims. Her transgression is only the spark which sets off a whole train of disastrous events in which each situation arises inevitably and inevitably gives rise to its successor.

Claudia di Montefranco, the protagonist of *Maternity,* is likewise the victim of tragic circumstances. After having been childless for the first ten years of her marriage,

having waited anxiously and longed intensely for motherhood, she at last realizes that her hope is to be fulfilled.

She retires to the country to await in peace the coming of the child in whom now are centered all her hopes. Maternity appears to her now as the supreme aim of her life. She feels for this unborn bit of life all the desire and love she is capable of. But disaster is near. Her husband arrives, ostensibly to look after her, really to bring bad news. Her doctor has told him that she has a heart malady and that the child cannot be born except at the expense of her life, that an immediate operation is necessary to save her. She cannot bear to sacrifice her child to save her own life; in a scene of the highest tragedy she resolves that they shall be united forever in death. "My disease must help me," she cries, and with desperate resolution induces an attack of the trouble which had condemned her. She writhes violently on the floor until her over-burdened heart fails and death takes her and the child together.

One of Bracco's critics, Jean Dornis, has pointed out very keenly that the drama loses in logic and consequently in effect, when Bracco makes the obstacle to the fulfillment of Claudia's desires a purely physical one. As it is, Bracco rouses pity, but not terror, and for this reason *Maternity* fails of final dramatic greatness.

Bracco himself has interpreted *The Hidden Spring* for us in a letter to the critic and novelist, Matilda Serao, which is prefixed to the definitive edition of the play. Teresah Baldi herself is *The Hidden Spring,* the source of life and inspiration for all around her. She is a gentle little woman, not very distinguished, but good as gold and giving freely of herself and her powers to any who need. She is so humble and modest that sacrifice seems her normal function in life. She adores her husband, Stefano, who is one of those minor poets whose heads are turned by adulation; he is intoxicated by the glances of the women of the world he meets in the fashionable salons; in contrast with whom his wife begins to look drab to him, to assume the aspect of an impediment in his path to success, a drag on him.

Only after he has driven her mad by his cruelty and indifference comes the hour of expiation for Stefano, and with it the great revelation. Deprived of his wife's influ-

ence and care he comes to see what she has meant to him. It was she who had sustained and inspired him; her sweet and tender care, her gentle voice, her very presence had called forth his best efforts. And now that he has lost her his *Hidden Spring* is dry, his inspiration dead.

Bracco's own interpretation of the play in his letter to Matilda Serao is this:

> You recognized in Stefano Baldi one of those pygmies who contemplate themselves under a magnifying glass, one of those who enlarge their ambition, cruelty, the right of conquest. You, remaining within the limits of my conception, did not occupy yourself with the character of Stefano, except in relation to Teresah. You wrote, Signorina, that all the psychological truth, which forms the kernel of the drama, emanates from Teresah, "from this pathetic creature anxious to do good even by her death." You have written that the moral beauty of my work is enclosed in this woman's soul. You have been able to see that around her, around *The Hidden Spring,* press, in harmony or in antithesis, all the other people of the drama. You did not doubt that from this Hidden Spring there flowed the beneficial waters whose influence Stefano did not know.

The fourth of the studies of women, is *Phantasms,* whose heroine is Giulia Artunni. She is the wife of a famous professor who is dying of consumption. Though she has been a model wife, he has been unreasoningly jealous of her. After his death Giulia is courted by Luciano, a young scientist; but oppressed by the thought of her husband, his jealousy, his sickness, his death, she refuses to see him. Though the irresistible impulses of youth and life rise in her, though she realizes that she could begin life over with Luciano, something holds her back. Luciano's mother comes to her to say that her son has lost all hope, and is going on a dangerous scientific mission, one which in fact means certain death; that Giulia can save him by consenting to be his. Pity, fear, doubt, loyalty and desire struggle for mastery in Giulia. She feels that she has begun to love this man who through every trial and discouragement had loved her. But "the other is still there"; Giulia temporizes. In a lonely vigil in the throes of a terrific struggle she wrestles with her problem. She seems to herself to have reached a decision; she will go to Luciano; she puts out the light and starts for the door, but in the middle of the darkened room she stops; she shudders; she feels in all her senses the presence of an obstacle—some impassable barrier between her and Luciano; she throws up her arms as if to ward off an evil thing,

and sobs, "I cannot, I cannot." The *Phantasms,* the memories, the habits, the fear of her old life have triumphed, the dead hand has never relaxed its grip.

These four plays constitute Bracco's most distinguished contribution to the world's great repertory of problem dramas and the real core of his dramatic work. He has written some pure tragedies that call for discussion. *Masks* was mentioned in another connection. *Don Pietro Caruso* (1895) might be a chapter from Matilda Serao's *Ventre di Napoli,* so full is it of tragic reality. Don Caruso, a Neopolitan, a shyster lawyer, a hanger-on of the law courts, a go-between for corrupt politicians, doing all the dirty work for the local machine. He is a man better than his occupation, tragi-comic, "who keeps in his worst moments a kind of chivalric dignity, who possesses every courage in the face of every shame . . . but who cannot really work for his living." He has a daughter, the apple of his eye, a lovely creature, for whom he has made every effort; but in spite of his care she has fallen in love and has given herself to her lover,—her father's employer, a young nobleman. When the father discovers the situation he goes to the seducer to make him marry the girl. But "One does not marry Don Pietro's daughter." The lover offers the girl a sum of money and she, loving him devotedly, is willing to consent to any arrangement he proposes. Then the wretched father understands that he has nothing further to live for, the now lost honor and happiness of his daughter having been his only hope and his only dream. He puts a revolver in his pocket and goes out, humming a bit of Verdi in his rich baritone. The peculiar charm and flavor of Naples in this little gem is entirely lost in this or any analysis. *Don Pietro Caruso* was played in New York in 1914.

Nights of Snow (Notte di neve, 1908) was also played recently in America. It is the tragedy of the woman who once fallen sinks to the utmost depths and is forced to drain the last drop in the cup of humiliation.

Of the longer plays of pure tragedy the best is *Lost in the Darkness, (Sperduti nel buio,* 1902), which contains some of Bracco's best work, particularly in the first and third acts. The scene is again Naples, the characters Neopolitans of the lower class. The play opens in a low café-

concert where drovers, artisans and poorer workmen congregate. The music is furnished by a blind fiddler, Nunzio, a stepson of the proprietor. Into this den of iniquity wanders the orphan girl Paolina, she too one of the submerged, a waif who knows of herself only that she is the daughter of a wealthy father who abandoned her mother. Bracco knows his Naples, so that the scene in the café is life itself; the characters and types and the bouyant life of Naples by night are copied from actuality.

Presently Paolina, the waif, and Nunzio, the blind fiddler, strike up a friendship, and resolve to go away together. "Are you ugly, Paolina?" he asks. "Yes," she replies, "Ugly." He trembles with delight, for he feels that if she had been pretty she would the more easily fall into temptation and leave him. But Paolina had lied, she is beautiful.

The second act, a sort of ironic interlude, is in the house of the Duke of Vallenza, the father of Paolina. He is dying and wants to find his illegitimate daughter and provide for her. But he is circumvented by his mistress, Livia Blanchart, in whose hands he is as wax. She has no desire to help him, wanting only to keep him alive long enough to acquire his property, and when she has accomplished this she lets him die. As he lies moribund she issues invitations for a dinner party to celebrate her good fortune.

The last act returns to Paolina and Nunzio. They have been living together in perfect purity. But Nunzio fears for her. He asks her if she ever leaves him not to warn him, but only to blow out the candle before the image of the Virgin that he may know merely by missing the warmth of the little flame. Paolina has been tempted by a Megæra with the old-new argument—why live in poverty when life is so short, when she can have everything merely by the sale of her body. She gives way at last and while Nunzio is practicing a plaintive air on his violin she tiptoes in, dressed in finery which proclaims only too clearly her downfall. Silently crossing to the image, she blows out the candle and as silently tiptoes out again. The sorrowful melody goes on.

Like the hero of Björnsen's *Beyond Human Power,* Fiorenzo, the protagonist of *The Little Saint* (*Il Piccolo santo,* 1908), has the power of performing cures—faith-

cures, perhaps, which have earned him the title. His is a powerful mind given to mysticism. Disappointed in love he has turned with passionate fervor and singleness of heart to the work of the church, and in his little country parish is regarded as a saint. One man in particular, his servant, whose life he has saved, adores him.

To him come two people, his brother Giulio, a roué, and the girl Amita, daughter of his former love. He loves in her what he had loved in her mother and acquires great ascendency over her. The two young people, Giulio and Amita, fall in love and marry. But Amita, under the influence of her teacher, the priest, cannot give herself entirely, and the young pair resolve to go away where she may be free of this ascetic influence. Don Fiorenzo is desperate, seeing in their leaving him the death of his new hopes and joys; their mere presence had given him happiness and he felt that he must be near to guard the girl against a possible return of his brother's old habits. The devoted servant is broken-hearted at his master's sorrow. The young pair start off, but have gone but a little way when a distant voice calls—"Help! Giulio has fallen over the cliff." The servant runs into the room with a terrible sneer on his face. Don Fiorenzo divines what he has done. "Murderer!" he screams at the wretch. But the man casts himself at his master's feet. "It was for you—for you."

The analysis of Don Fiorenzo like the analysis of the woman is masterly—his asceticism, his reborn hope, his adoration of his old love in Amita, his scorn of the dissolute brother to whom nevertheless he must give up his beloved Amita, the last terrible blow revealing to him all his worst impulses executed by his misguided devotee,—all these make of the priest a fine tragic figure.

One more serious play has been brought out since *The Little Saint—Not Even a Kiss* (*Nemmeno un bacio,* 1913) another story of illicit and unhappy love, which adds nothing to Bracco's reputation. He has written also a "dialogue in three acts," *The Perfect Love* (*Il Perfetto amore,* 1910) a serious comedy.

A word must be given to a side of Bracco's work not often discussed by the critics—the true comedies; not the satirical pieces like *The Unfaithful Woman* but gay little sketches bordering on the farcical, in the style of Eugène

Labiche, such as *Photography without . . .* (*Fotografia senza . . .*, 1904) a piece of fooling written for Tina di Lorenzo and her husband; *Do not unto others . . .* (*Non fare ad altri . . .* 1886) in which a magistrate attempting to confound his wife by confronting her with the photograph of her lover, pulls from his pocket the picture of their servant-maid with an amourous inscription written on it; *The Travelling Adventure* and the delightful child's monologue *The Chatterer* (*La chiachierinda*). *One of the Honest Ones* (*Uno degli onesti,* 1900) has been acted in America as *The Honorable Lover.* His pure comedies are few in number, and it is to be regretted that he has not given us many more, for he has a delicate and constant play of drollery and a keen eye for ironic fun.

If the work of Roberto Bracco leaves a final impression of profound pessimism—it is partly because he has chosen for presentation social ills for which no remedy has yet been found, difficulties which are as yet barely on the road to solution; and partly because partaking of the Italian temperament, he is naturally a destructive rather than a constructive critic. He sees women as having mean opportunities, stifled in a narrow social sphere, economically enslaved, victims of a man-made system; kept in the status of children by false education and lack of responsibility; forced to trade upon their only commodity—sex, so that in their partnership with men they cannot make a free gift of their love, but must all too often barter it for a livelihood. He sees men as caught in the cogs of the world-machine, driven by hostile destiny, brotherhood forgotten, justice dismissed from the affairs of men. And concerning all this he seems only to say, " Is it not a pity? Is it not even a hopeless tragedy? " and there he stops, lingering in the pity-charity stage of social consciousness. The only atmosphere possible for the plays is of profound pessimism.

The action of the plays is of the inner psychic type. Things do not happen that call for activity, and there are no situations dramatic in the theatrical sense of the word—which implies a striking amount of externality. The story is invariably simple, to be told in a few words. The inner nature and inner experiences of his characters are, however, complex and interesting. He is at his best in conveying emotional crises. He has a technic remarkably well adapted

to the tracing and display of gradual progressive character-changes—from the elementary psychic experience of Paolina to the complicated emotional drama of Don Fiorenzo he passes delicately but firmly.

He is curiously free of all classes of society, passing up and down the social scale in his characterizations. He finds his people in the underworld of Naples, in the Universities, in the bourgeois milieu of commerce, in the upper aristocratic circles, and with his keen Italian eye discovers in each his peculiarity, his mental or physical tie setting him off from his fellows.

With all his knowledge of stagecraft he falls at times into the old pitfalls. He resorts to expedients which are now considered *vieux jeux*—overheard conversations, gentlemen in ladies' bedrooms and *vice versa,* hidings behind curtains and things of like nature. Add to this an occasional passage of stilted dialogue, of forced and unnatural expression and you have the sum of his technical faults. His virtues are many. Perhaps the greatest of these is the fine sobriety and nakedness of his style. From the moment the curtain rises the action is under way and moves without pause, without side-track, to a fine cumulative effect at the end. He thinks of his plays as wholes. He is without doubt the finest technician now writing for the Italian stage.

Though Bracco is the best of the Italian prose dramatists his reputation in Italy is not even yet commensurate with his merits. Luigi Tonelli writes, "Our greatest dramatist, this artist who has always labored for his art, far from all personal interest for himself or for his managers, is to-day neglected. While the stars seek only to fill their coffers by representing the most lurid and stupid things produced in France, in which noted actresses get themselves applauded by showing their legs, the dramas of Roberto Bracco are forgotten, and perhaps he is contented that it should be so. To see the filthy French atrocities together with *Tragedies of the Soul,* with *Lost in the Darkness,* with *The Hidden Spring* would be repugnant to his spirit." But Bracco has had considerable reputation outside of Italy. Dario Niccodemi is the only dramatist that can rival him in point of mere numbers of plays produced. Paris, Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, New York, London and Budapest have all seen his plays. He has had some influence in Germany. It is said

that Hermann Bahr owes much to him. In English speaking countries two of his dramas have had commercial success, an adaptation by Gilbert Cannan called *Three,* played in London in 1913 and *The Countess Coquette,* a translation on *The Unfaithful Woman* played with Alla Nazimova in the star part in America in 1907.

He does not display the jewel-like precision of D'Annunzio, the gorgeous scarlet passion of Benelli, the wide humanity of Giacosa—he does not essay any of these effects. But in his own field, the field of the drama of ideas—Roberto Bracco is the hope of Italy—because, though he does not venture to offer solutions, as indeed, it does not behoove the artist to do, he is looking forward and not backward, he is trying to make vocal and eloquent in the modern theatre the fundamental ideas of the modern world.

LANDER MACCLINTOCK.

THE POETRY QUIBBLE

BY MAXWELL BODENHEIM

If every man could permanently attain a life in which all of his secret longings were released in action, very little poetry would be written: it would be lived instead. A man of aesthetic impulses and nimble mind would shape his personal poems in speech and activity, and his impersonal ones would be loth to leave that contemplation which gave them birth. Written poetry exists because of the elements seeking to mutilate and suppress it.

The poet's primary aim is never communication to his fellow men: that is a surface glow—the effect of a glass of wine taken after work. He shapes an inner sphere on which reality can only dwell after making concessions to the outraged loneliness of his spirit. This last statement, of course, indirectly hinges upon what constitutes poetry.

In the past, clear-cut and sustained rhythm has been the only actually determining factor. Verlaine and parts of the Bible are both considered poetry, although a universe of interwoven essence, style and content separates them. Men of different aesthetic fibres have ever insisted that poetry is this or that: the truth is that there has existed no definite poetry. At present, instead of moulding an elastic and broad starting-point for poetry, critics still proudly display their tiny poetic dogmas to each other. Among the younger set of these critics, two dominating schools exist. The first insists that the hazy label of poetry must indicate a "vigorous grappling with reality," must "sing of things having their roots in the soil," must "ring with an earthly exaltation." The second claims that "poetry is the statement of overwhelming emotional values" and that

"all the rest is a matter of cuisine, of art." This credo states that "a passage is poetic or unpoetic in two respects:

(a) the degree in which the emotional element inheres
(b) the justness of the evaluation."

The final, inflexible assertion of this credo is that "good art is an expression of emotional values which do not give way to the intellect. Bad art is merely an emotional creation which intellect and common sense knocks into a cocked hat."

Since poetry has never crystallized into a definite art, and has been a rhythm courted by many suitors, these opposing critics have an equally valid basis for their definitions of true verse. They seek to shape the misty name of poetry into firm manifestoes, each violently contradicting the other. One welcomes this attempt to create a foundation for verse, thus elevating it to a sustained art; but one marvels at the smallness and curt finality of this effort. In a sense all criticism must be dogmatic, if only to attain forward motion: each stride of the critic must be athletic and linger a moment, even though another stride quickly follow it. But, alas, the critic usually wears iron boots which make him weary of too much motion! A colorless impartiality would render him equally sterile and fixed; but are we always to choose, in literary criticism, between these two extremes? When will critics possessing aesthetic force, use many convictions as walking canes, to be swung along a tortuous road, instead of selecting one belief and making it a permanent arm-chair?

These questions rise from the two poetic manifestoes previously mentioned; manifestoes which dominate large bands of poets and their critical followers, at present. The first "strength over all" announcement rebels at the sentimental, staidly pretty stuff that has been known, in the past, as poetry, and that attained a recent climax in the Victorian Age. But, first of all, this rebellion suffers from blind rage. The revolters are determined to crush and minimize delicacy; to rail at subtle shades of emotion and call them gossamer trinkets; to raise crude exaltation above simple and even involved grace; to glorify only the undercurrents of daily existence and cling rigidly to an unadorned interpretation of human fundamentals. These

men cannot distinguish prettiness from delicate strength. Their blindness makes one wonder where they divide poetry from prose and whether they are not unconsciously making a loose and obscure rhythm the only test of prose. For, what has been known as prose fulfills the items of their poetic credo, and if one accepts their definition of poetry, clear-cut and sustained rhythm still remains as the only distinction poetry can possess.

Again, when one turns to the manifesto of the opposing school, the line between a possible poetry and prose is equally clouded. This credo considers intellectuality to be a test of the validity and coherence of emotion and claims that poetry is " the adroit statement of overwhelming emotional values." The first part of this view-point brings to mind the picture of a man, without his sense of smell, picking up flowers and rating them according to their colors and forms. Reverse the picture, making the man blind, and you will have emotion judging the intellect as another basis for poetry. Regarding the second part of this manifesto, one discovers a skillful statement of overwhelming emotional values in much of what hitherto has been considered prose; in passages from the novels of Anatole France, Dostoevsky, Huysmann, and others. Where should one draw the line: must rhythm once more act as weary rescuer?

Poetry will crystallize into a definite shade of art when enough men make it a combined emotional and mental refuge by means of which they will discover their inner differences and mould reality to the dictates of these differences. This applies also to that poetry which sings of inanimate things, since they contain no inherent qualities but are colored and outlined by the eyes viewing them. The poet must make outward reality subservient to a passionate seeking for knowledge of himself and other men, if he is to avoid those broadly narrative and descriptive shades which alone separate prose content from poetic content. There is nothing new in this statement, since poetry of this kind has existed in so-called prose as well as in more regular rhythms. And when it is concentrated into an accepted and sustained trend, moulded by intense rhythms, poetry will emerge to a definite shade of art.

MAXWELL BODENHEIM.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

EDUCATION BY VIOLENCE. By Henry Seidel Canby, Ph. D. New York: the Macmillan Company.

It is the opinion of Professor Canby that while we have had plenty of narrative, description, poetry, and philosophy, occasioned by the war, we have not as yet got the benefit of "that inner burning thought forced upon reflective minds by danger and horror and waste and splendid bravery." Now that the war is over, he continues, "let us open our minds and allow no left-over scruples of anxious patriotism to suppress the best of all patriotism, which is the truth born of devotion to one's fellow man."

The sentiment is admirable, and yet one must confess oneself somewhat puzzled as to Professor Canby's intention in saying just this. Clearly, the literature of the war, be it narrative, poetry, philosophy, or whatever else, shows strong effort on the part of many to express a certain kind of inner, burning thought forced upon reflective minds by the great ordeal. What kind of truth is it, then, that we may be tempted to suppress in the interests of an over-anxious patriotism? Our real views about war, perhaps; or the facts about the conduct of this war; or criticisms of our Government or our institutions; or the truth concerning the labor problem—Professor Canby does not tell us. Yet one who has said so much, ought, it would seem, to say more. A kind of ethical awakening is generally felt; the danger is of the misdirection of the newly developed moral energy. Our minds are "open," as hardly ever before—perhaps rather too open to certain proposals! Under these circumstances, when we are urged to have open minds and not to suppress the truth, the queries, What sort of truth? and Open in what directions? become rather pertinent.

Upon these questions Professor Canby's essays throw very little, if any, light. They contain, indeed, scarcely anything that might conceivably have been suppressed by "left-over scruples of over-anxious patriotism." The author's general aim seems to be simply to describe, as fully as a rather wide range of experience and observation may enable him to do, the difference in the general state of mind that the war has caused—a sufficiently important subject.

With no little of his accustomed acuteness and charm, Professor Canby analyzes some of the moral or psychological factors in our present world; but the result, it must be said, is a little unsatisfying. Professor Canby is above all things, an essayist. He knows how to conduct readers gently and considerately through the briar-patch of educational

controversy, and by means of a pleasant jest, proffered in a catholic spirit, he is able to recommend troublesome problems to the interest of persons habitually bored or mystified by the intricacies and uncertainties of academic theory and academic propaganda.

Professor Canby has written both wisely and entertainingly on education. It is a subject to which the essayist's tentative wisdom and humane philosophy fittingly apply: it is a subject that has suffered much from dogma. Dogma is the polite essayist's aversion: the golden mean between futile argumentation and equally futile commonplace is what he seeks.

But in reading about our changed and changing life of today, one experiences an actual craving for something thorough and positive; one wants, even at the risk of being offended by dogma or wearied by academic theory, something broader and bolder than the essayist's habitual view, something blunter than his habitual manner. One feels the need of thinkers who will shoulder the whole of a problem; one desires that a man shall give, for better or worse, the whole of his thought on a subject, and give it, with all its implications, in concise and elementary form. It is a fault in an essayist to say too much—to exhaust the subject and the reader at the same time. But, to speak frankly, the trouble with Professor Canby's essays about war-reactions is that they do not say half enough—that they are neither exhaustive, nor (since the discussion of vital truth ought to be strenuous) sufficiently exhausting.

Professor Canby has discovered that American endeavor toward uplift, while perhaps not so well thought out as the British endeavor, has a "fire and universality" which makes it resemble "a natural religion more than a movement for social reform." Behind the eagerness of the Americans in the war, "lay a sense of right and duty as vague as the Indian's Great Spirit," but none the less impressive and effectual. Great Britain, too, has found new moral energy—an energy which "springs from sources too little explored in our old industrial system, from the innate, perhaps the inherited, desire of the gregarious animal to work for larger issues than his own food and his master's pocket-book." Englishmen and Americans are a great deal alike in essentials, and despite superficial differences the two peoples are beginning to feel their kinship of civilization. The ex-soldier "has been made simple, and he will demand simplicity in the life to which he is returning."

These things are true. They may be perceived in the army, in the schools, in the war literature, in the air. The tone of the conversation in a corner grocery store, where a returned soldier is the center of an interested group, reveals a new earnestness, a new simplicity and directness—and a new modesty. But what is the meaning of all this?

Involved and more or less hidden in Professor Canby's discussion are two real questions. The first is, How are we to adjust ourselves to the presumably new moral conditions of the after-the-war period. Granting that a strong impulse has come to us from overseas or from somewhere, how can we best get in line with it, how best avoid mal-adjustment and friction. The second is, What new thing can we ourselves do to express, to canalize, and to perpetuate the hopeful moral tend-

ency of the times?—a question that presses upon the educator and the writer, the architect and the musician, quite as much as upon the statesman.

In regard to the first question—the adjustment of our minds to a new situation—the best suggestion that Professor Canby makes is one in regard to the Irish problem. The author sees the Irish difficulty as chiefly a psychological affair. The trouble is that the Irish nature has been suppressed. "We as a nation, and England as a nation, want an orderly, progressive, productive state. The Irish wish a happy one, which might conceivably be disorderly, unprogressive, and just productive enough to keep the citizens going, and almost certainly would not be efficient according to our ideas of efficiency." Ireland has never had what she wanted, and there is no use in trying to satisfy her simply by removing old abuses and by giving her what you think she ought to want. "We cannot make a plodding and sensible community —a Holland or a Pennsylvania—out of a national personality which, whether by harsh circumstance or native tendency, is now part genius, part fanatic, and part hard-headed materialist." There is no remedy except to let the Irish fight out, so far as possible by themselves, the conflict between their long-suppressed wish for a turbulent freedom, an impulsive happiness, and the hard realities of universal experience. Probably it is best that they should fight it out under Home Rule conditions.

All this seems penetrating and sensible. It is advice for the English, however, rather than for us. With regard to America, the points the author makes chiefly memorable are the vagueness of the ex-soldier's moral enthusiasm, the inefficacy of discipline to solve problems, the danger that the man from overseas may favor simplicist solutions of old and complex difficulties. In regard to which, it may be said, first, that returned soldiers, especially of the class likely to be most influential, show in general an increased humility, born of contact with reality, and an increased willingness to submit to instruction—dispositions that do not suggest the cutting of Gordian Knots. And, secondly, it may be asked whether in regard to a large range of our difficulties, the simplicist solution is not just what we need. Isn't there abundant room, in the shop, in the office, in the church, and in the school, for greater moral earnestness, however vague, for greater honesty, for that discipline that is a discipline of the heart? And will not these influences, if we stay-at-homes only coöperate with them, work without upsetting decorum or the customary order? The ex-soldier knows all about camouflage, and he has no use for insincere propaganda. Would it not be a boon, if, with his aid, we could somewhat diminish the public craving for the vast supply of pseudo-logical advertisement that floods our country? Would it not be a blessing if his straightforward demand for reality should result in a little less theological imbecility in the pulpit and a little less futile effort in the church? Perhaps these particular suggestions ought to be answered with a sharp negative. However that may be, the writer who should show us in moderate detail how to coöperate with the new impulse, which all say exists, would deserve our gratitude.

In regard to the second question—what new thing shall we do?—

Professor Canby makes at least one pregnant suggestion. Let us adopt the British idea of education as a personal relation between teacher and pupil; let us stop worrying about the curriculum and try to educate the *mind*. And let us, moreover, try for an education that will make *uncommon* men. "Hitherto education for the masses has consisted largely of training the common people to be common; and what we planned we got." But the germs of uncommonness, if not of genius, exist in the common man along with those "emotional qualities of human nature" which were so splendidly demonstrated in the fighting. "If we assume, as we well may, after this war, that the child of the masses has latent within him qualities of heroism, of nobility, of dogged persistence equal to the best and hitherto slighted; if we believe, as we well may, that unless his heredity is vicious, much at least can be made of him; perhaps we shall begin to educate with the conscious purpose of making all capable minds uncommon."

This is excellent. Yet one lays down the volume with the regretful feeling that on the whole, Professor Canby has fallen short of what might be expected of him in the way of constructive suggestion, energetic meliorism.

AN ADOPTED HUSBAND. A Translation from the Japanese of Futabatei. By Buhachiro Mitsui and Gregg M. Sinclair. New York: Alfred A. Knopf.

Modern Japanese fiction is, like many other things in modern Japan, not so much original as intelligently imitative. And so we need not look for any particularly exotic quality in it. Japanese romance of the old type was extravagant enough; the Japanese realism that has grown up since native scholars began to translate Dostoievsky, Turgenief, de Maupassant, seems to be simply realism.

Futabatei, who died in 1909, is regarded as the leading figure among Japanese novelists of the modern realistic or naturalistic school. He was himself a translator of Turgenief. *An Adopted Husband* is said to be his most mature and characteristic work.

The story deals with a peculiar Japanese institution: it tells how a respectable, well-meaning man was brought to ruin as a result of the false position in which he was placed by adoption into a family as the husband of the elder daughter.

Tetsuya became the son of Mr. Reizo Ono, who had no son of his own, and he assumed the name Ono. The Ono family paid his expenses in school and college, and in due time he married Ono's daughter, Toki-Ko. A little before this, Reizo Ono had died.

Toki-Ko is extravagant and unsympathetic; her mother is ignorant, narrow, disagreeable. The two neglect Tetsuya, and do about as they please, showing him none of the customary deference due to the head of the family. He feels acutely the want of attentions and courtesies that to a Japanese are as needful for self-respect as for comfort. But he is helpless. He is under an obligation to his wife's family, and he knows that he is regarded as a poor investment. Humiliation makes him hopeless and sullen.

The only sympathetic member of the family is Sayo-Ko, an

illegitimate daughter of Reizo Ono. Very naturally, Tetsuya becomes deeply attached to his wife's half-sister, who gives him just the care and the respectful attention that he craves. But Toki-Ko is unreasonably jealous; the situation is intolerable. Under these circumstances, Tetsuya, on the advice of his old friend Hamura, a rising business man, coarsely materialistic and cynical, consents, with many misgivings, to let Sayo-Ko go as governess to the house of Mr. Shibuya, a notorious old libertine. The girl, after being insulted by Shibuya, flees to her sister's house; and then Tetsuya's family life is less bearable than before. At length, when Sayo-Ko, anxious to restore peace, is on the point of leaving the city in which her brother-in-law dwells, Tetsuya persuades her to remain, and establishes her secretly in an apartment. He intends to separate formally from his wife; but he lacks the money necessary to pay the debt that he owes for his education—an obligation that must be discharged before a legal separation can be had. Before he is able to find a way out of this difficulty, Sayo-Ko, whose conscience has been aroused by a Christian friend, abandons him. He is never able to find her again, and he rapidly degenerates. The last scene shows the materialistic Hamura happy and prosperous, the altruistic and well-meaning Tetsuya a hopeless drunkard and vagrant.

The story seems faithfully to depicit conditions, and to keep carefully close to general lines of probability. It is interesting as a study of the contrast between rank materialism and a kind of groping, altruistic idealism in modern Japanese life. As a study of human nature, it does not, however, give much knowledge or pleasure. The motives of all concerned are exceedingly simple, and yet it is a little difficult to see why these particular persons should have just these motives. They seem somewhat arbitrarily weak, vacillating, or blind. One cannot say, "Such persons would inevitably act just so," because none of these persons have very marked temperaments; and so the story seems to say, "Ordinary people would act just so"—which is unconvincing.

A History of the United States. By Cecil Chesterton. New York: George H. Doran Company.

Cecil Chesterton, brother of the noted English essayist, died in a French military hospital, of the effects of exposure in the last fighting of the war—fighting for which he had volunteered after being invalided home. One of his great desires was to write a history of the United States, expressive of his own faith in the ideas upon which the government of this country is founded; and this desire he was able, with the aid of a brilliant memory, to carry out in the intervals of warfare.

As to his point of view, Cecil Chesterton was originally an extremely logical Socialist. From Socialism he was converted to a theory which, says Gilbert Chesterton, "may for convenience be called Distributivism: the theory that private property is proper to every private citizen." However much a theory of this nature may seem to have in common with radical Socialism, it is easy to see that it brings its possessor "into touch with much older traditions of human freedom."

Thus, at the root of Cecil Chesterton's enthusiasm for America is not so much a sense of the historic political continuity of the Anglo-Saxon race as a faith in liberal doctrines—a conception of freedom.

Not more remarkable, however, than the freshness of the author's enthusiasm for the American idea, is his initiated point of view—a point of view that permits of intelligent condensation, and that attaches due importance, for example, to the American problem of Reconstruction. Chesterton's portraiture of American public men is, moreover, remarkably sympathetic and vivid. His delineation of Lincoln is, for a brief sketch, surprisingly well balanced and adequate; his estimate of Douglas is interesting in its stress upon that statesman's predominating interest in westward expansion as not incidental to his attitude on the slavery question, but fundamental.

Here and there the author's views seem to be rather more personal than the decorum of history ordinarily admits. It is surprising, for instance, to find the following language used concerning the framers of the Constitution: "They did not know that while a despot may often truly represent the people, a Senate, however chosen, always tends to become an oligarchy." Again, we read of Tammany Hall as "that dubious but very potent product of democracy which has somehow or other contrived to keep in a highly democratic society a power which it could never retain for a day without genuine popular backing"—a pronouncement which suggests the query whether "genuine popular backing" is substantially the same as real public opinion. Jackson, who is to Chesterton the great hero of democracy, is somewhat romantically described as a man who "by the mere health of his soul could smell out plutocracy." The statement that Calhoun's defense of slavery "will have peculiar interest if ever, as seems not improbable, the industrial part of Northern Europe reverts to that basis," seems a singular *obiter dictum*. Moreover, it is not easy to understand the author's insistence upon the point that "a party system can endure only if it becomes unreal"—an assertion which, if it means more than the simple fact that divisions on fundamental questions are liable to result in revolution, means one does not know quite what.

Nevertheless, it is not only the thorough understanding manifested in this book, or its friendly spirit, that will aid in confirming the Anglo-American Entente, but the charm and vitality which it draws from the intensity of the author's personal convictions.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EXPERIMENTS IN SELF-DETERMINATION

SIR,—Attica and the Isthmus of Corinth are frankly Albanian, as travelled classical antiquarians well know, tho' Athens and Corinth be Greek. Native Egypt is mainly Moslem; but Alexandria is Greek again; so it was under Cleopatra, from whose wholly Greek ancestry it took the reckless credulity of a Hawthorne to manufacture an African in *The Marble Faun.* Turkey in Europe, once a great empire, now the atrophied fragment of a dying exarchate, was always peopled by more Christians than Turks; the latter, however, have a plurality in Constantinople which a transfer of the Ottoman court and capitol to Broussa would undo.

Towns large and small, and especially cities sitting at gateways of international trade like seaports and railway centers, often shelter an alien population that forms an ethnological island. One has heard of a "Saxon" Hermannstadt in the heart of Roumanian Transylvania, of a long-drawn battle between its Czech and German burghers for the control of Prague, of Lemberg's majority of Polish burghers in the Ruthenian section of Galicia. Silesia, Posnania and the two Prussias are studded with German colonies that swarm thickest within town walls. German publicists claim 88 per cent of the town population at Bromberg and 95 at Danzig. Grant 25 points to the juggled census reports which Hans Delbrück acknowledges in his *Regierung und Volksville,* and for the planted official and military element, and to further exaggerations if you like. The Teuton color remains dominant and indelible, and difficult to reconcile politically with the Polish tinge of the contiguous open country. The Versailles Peace Commission has adopted the remedy of according local statehood to the port of Danzig; this arrangement leaves it loosely subject to the Polish Republic in federal affairs, very much as it was between the First and Second Partitions of Poland in the 18th century. For even the timid souls which handled the Versailles horror, as they call it in Germany, perceived that a resurrection of Poland without insuring its control of the whole basin of the Vistula was a geographical absurdity, and so laid one of their troublesome racial phantoms to rest by the altar of horse sense. They have given other undisputed local ethnologies the same raw deal, with equal propriety, in Südtirol and Bohemia, without the palliative of a local statehood.

So far, so good, in the main. In Istria and the other disputed allotments facing the Adriatic Sea, they have had a victorious and

potent ally to placate or to override, instead of a defeated enemy, and have allowed consistency and sound principles to go by the board, to conform with an imperialistic treaty.

In that quarter, Orlando, yourself, and Congressman La Guardia (whom we all love) notwithstanding, the upshot of antebellum census figures makes it reasonably clear that the old Austro-Italian boundary line was fairer to the racial connections and preferences of the populations in question than the new compromises now under discussion are. I withhold the blue-prints you once invited Orlando's opponents to produce; but here are some figures. They make it plain that the local *Italianity* of Trieste, Gorizia, Fiume and Zara is no different in character from the racial insularity of Danzig and Lemberg, and ought to be discounted by statesmen for the same reasons. The Slovene place-names of the Italian advance across the famous Carso or Karst plateau, beginning with that word itself which is the Slavonic word for cliff, might well give us pause at the outset.

I borrow my ante-bellum census figures from Rivet's recent volume *En Yougoslaire,* merely reducing his needless units to round thousands. The date of the last Austrian census was 1910. It credited:

City of Trieste and suburbs with 119,000 Italians, 57,000 Slovenes, 2,000 Serbs and Croatians, and 13,000 scattering; Görz, Goritsa or Gorizia with 148,000 Slovenes as against 18,000 Italians; Gradisca with 72,000 Italians and Friulians as against 6,000 Slovenes. These two countries together counted 155,000 Slovenes versus 90,000 Italo-Friulians.

Trieste with its 2:1 ratio and Gradisca with 5:3 are clearly Latin strongholds. But the moment the opener country of the ancient marquisate of Istria is considered, the relation of the two chief elements of the population is reversed: 223,000 Slavs hold their own against 147,000 Italians.

Fiume proper had about 25,000 Italians to 16,000 Slavs in 1910, the contiguous suburb of Sushak about 11,000 Serbo-Crotians and 1,000 Italians. Italy's historical claim is hollow. The whole Italian colony at Fiume was only 1,000 souls in 1849. Inland, one can almost say there are no Italians to speak of in a population wholly Slav.

How little the Orlando Government was troubled by the racial occupation and preferences of any territory it covered is sufficiently revealed by its persistence in proposing to take half the coast-line of Dalmatia for "the lion of St. Mark," where the Serbo-Croatian inhabitants number a total of 650,000 souls, as against an Italian total of 18,000. It is true that Italian critics dispute the perfect sincerity of the Austrian Government's census figures, with good reason as I believe. But let us suppose they are right in their feeling that the Italian total ought to have been 30,000. If so, the Italian colonies muster between 4 and 5 per cent of the population of Dalmatia, hardly enough to justify minority safeguards or privileges. The whole problem could have been justly settled by according Gorizia to Italy as a prize of war, and by the creation of one free city acknowledging the same suzerainty as its rural neighbors, whose commerce it handles, that city being Trieste. A colony of 30,000 aliens has no sound right

to statehood, and certainly it has no right to independence.

I conclude that the territorial and strategic concessions which Versailles has hitherto made to Italian pretensions at the head of the Adriatic are tributes to force and favor only, and should stop being put forward as experiments in self-determination. Let us call things by their names.

Washington, D. C. ALFRED EMERSON, PH.D.

THE SORBONNE INVITES AMERICAN STUDENTS

MONSIEUR,—

Je suis certain que les milieux si intellectuels et si distingués ou est lue votre grande revue seront intéressés par l'annonce de ces Cours qui constituent une véritable innovation de la part de la vieille Université de Paris. C'est un évènement dans sa vie, car vous savez qu'elle n'aime pas les nouveautés. Il a fallu que la terrible catastrophe de la guerre vienne secouer sa sereine indifférence pour qu'elle daigne s'apercevoir de la foule des étudiants étrangers qui remplissent ses salles et ses amphithéâtres sans trouver toujours un enseignement adapté à leurs besoins.

Espérons que maintenant, ils auront ce qu'ils venaient chercher et qu'une satisfaction aussi entiere que possible leur sera donnée; le programme des Cours est composé dans ce but et complète celui des Cours normaux de l'Université toujours ouverts aux étudiants Américains.

Je vous remercie par avance de ce que vous pourrez faire pour informer le public de l'ouverture de nos cours, et je vous prie d'agréer l'expression de mes hommages respectieux.

T. DE BARDY,
Secrétaire du Comité de Patronage des Etudiants et du Bureau des Renseignements Scientifiques de l'Université de Paris.

Paris.

L'UNIVERSITE DE PARIS ET LES ETUDIANTS ETRANGERS

Un voeu déjà ancien des étudiants, des voyageurs cultivés, de tous les amis de la France, est en voie de réalisation: l'Université de Paris s'organise pour accueillir largement les étrangers.

Le 3 Novembre 1919, elle inaugure des Cours organisés spécialement pour répondre aux besoins des étrangers studieux.

A la Faculté des Lettres, ce sont des Cours de CIVILISATION FRANCAISE, professés par des Maîtres de la Sorbonne et donnant en un semestre de quatre mois une idée générale de l'histoire de France, de sa littérature, de sa géographie, de ses doctrines philosophiques et sociales, de son art.

Cours aussi utiles au spécialiste des Lettres qu'à l'étudiant étranger des autres Facultés, intéressants même pour l'étranger de passage désireux ce connaître et de comprendre le pays qu'il visite.

A la Faculté de Droit, ce sont des cours *d'initiation* à l'étude du Droit français et des cours *abrégés* sur les institutions principales de la France (famille, propriété, système d'impôts, régime colonial).

Ces cours sont semestriels; ils dureront du 3 Novembre au 29 Février. Ils seront terminés par des examens.

Aux Facultés des Sciences et de Médecine sont organisés des Cours de *perfectionnement* pour les étudiants français et étrangers.

Parallèlement aux cours universitaires fonctionnent des cours elémentaires et pratiques de langue française par petites classes de 15 élèves.

"THAT THESE DEAD SHALL NOT HAVE DIED IN VAIN"

SIR,—The writer has had the very real pleasure, recently, of reading your April issue with its splendid articles written by George Harvey and by David Jayne Hill. To an American who has been out of his country for several years, and who has been dependent for the most part on the manifestly colored cables from the American correspondents in Paris, your articles are delightful proofs that the spirit of real Americanism is still alive and not strangled by the mushy sentimentalism which the Wilson party is displaying to the world in France.

It might be of interest to inform you of the very serious injury to Americans in this country, caused by the present Administration. In the first place, the lying and boastful Creel propaganda started a flood of criticism here, which has recently developed into a violent anti-American campaign. Abusive articles against Wilson and against America and Americans generally are appearing in the papers here daily. The writer has the best of reason to believe that the underlying cause of all this resentment is the boastful and meddlesome attitude of our representatives, both at home and at the Peace Conference. The "unkindest cut of all" in these articles is that they are only too true when speaking of the Administration, and the people down here, unfortunately, are unable to distinguish between the real and counterfeit American; between the "Wilson" American and the true type, in other words. To cap the climax, if that were possible, the speech of the President in Paris on Memorial Day seems to touch the depths of cold, calculating selfishness. Scarcely a passing word about the gallant dead, he attempts to exhume the bodies to speak in favor of his cherished League of Nations. The contrast between the address of Lincoln at Gettysburg and this indecent use of the occasion to attempt to further his personal project is nothing but painful to Americans who have pride in the honor of their country, and who resent the attempt to drag the valiant dead, who cannot speak, into his personal controversy. I sincerely hope and believe that this speech will be answered, and well answered, by some of the patriotic members of Congress.

RIO DE JANEIRO, BRAZIL. THOMAS W. CHILTON.

THE FARMER'S VIEW

SIR,—I have been much impressed by the failure of certain writers, including yourself, to appreciate the real reason for the farmer's opposition to the so-called daylight saving law.

Farmers, like other manufacturers, are largely dependent upon hired labor, and they cannot procure and retain efficient employees unless

their working days terminate at substantially the time fixed by other industries. Thus, when the daylight saving law is operative, farm work necessarily stops an hour earlier than it otherwise would. In theory this entails no loss, for the day begins an hour earlier, but in practice it involves the actual loss of an hour each day during the most important season of the year. It should be unnecessary to point out that many of the most indispensable operations of agriculture—such as the curing of hay and the spraying and cultivation of certain crops —cannot be begun before the dew has evaporated, and, until Mr. Wilson usurps the functions of the Deity more successfully than he has those of Congress, the dew will continue to dry according to the laws of nature.

The press has shown a disposition to regard the dairy farmer as the only sufferer, but this is by no means true, although he perhaps suffers more than others, since cows, which are essentially creatures of habit, cannot have their schedule arbitrarily rearranged twice a year without an appreciable falling-off in production.

It should be noted that the operation of the daylight saving law not only increases the cost of what the farmer produces, but limits production. The average increased cost in the eastern part of the United States is estimated by the New England Homestead at 15 per cent., and this appears to me conservative. I have seen no estimate of the extent to which production has been limited. It is the limitation of production which the farmer chiefly objects to, for the increased cost is simply passed along to the ultimate consumer.

It appears illogical for the public to complain of the high cost of living and at the same time to approve a law which obviously and inevitably increases the cost of the essentials of life.

Centre Conway, N. H. J. W. G. WALKER.

HANDS ACROSS THE SEA

SIR,—I am writing to ask a question, and to make an appeal. I have lived in the United States for the last five years, but I am still technically a British subject. In common with many thoughtful men and women in all parts of this country, through which I have traveled widely, I am very firmly convinced that by far the strongest and perhaps the only adequate guarantee of permanent righteous peace in the world would be an intelligent and genuine Anglo-American friendship. I wish to ask you whether you do not think this is true. If you do, I would like to appeal to you to present this, in the forceful and convincing ways of which you are an acknowledged master.

I am making this appeal because I greatly love both my native land and the land of my adoption, and I am quite certain that much hard toil still remains to be done, just by such leaders of public opinion as yourself and other prominent journalists, before anything like a real confidence and friendship for Great Britain will be builded up in this country. It is quite common to hear even educated Americans speaking of Britain's policy at the Peace Conference as a policy of grab or legalized theft, and from time to time I meet men whose eloquence on behalf of the League of Nations is almost inarticulate with passion, who none the less speak of Great Britain, in private, as the great

"bully" of the nations. Surely, whatever we may think of the League in its present form and whatever may be the form in which it finally receives the imprimatur of the American Government, it is idle to imagine that any document, however wise and well-intentioned, is going to accomplish much good, if bitterness and distrust are cherished and encouraged in the minds of the people. This, then, is an appeal for friendship. Let us try to see how great a part each of these two mighty peoples is seeking to play in the stupendous drama of our time; let us try to understand and appreciate one another's motives and purposes more deeply than, I fear, we do, and let us, above all, remember that as long as the United States and the British Empire distrust one another—and I am speaking of the people themselves and not of the Governments—the world's peace can never be secure, no matter what documents may exist in the archives of Washington or London. Will you not help in this new crusade?

Pittsfield, Mass. HUGH GORDON ROSS.

OTHER PEOPLE'S BUSINESS

SIR,—The President talks much and occasionally says something. He said something at Indianapolis when he said:

> In other words, at present we have to mind our own business. Under the Covenant of the League of Nations we can mind other people's business.

Minding other people's business is bad business.

When we start to mind other people's business, other people will also start to mind our business and then trouble will begin. That's just why I oppose the so-called League of Nations. This nation grew great minding its own business, and I, for one, don't want to take the chance of disaster incident to the meddlesome minding of other people's business.

Dallas, Texas. FRANCIS MARION ETHERIDGE.

Tros Tyriusque mihi nullo discrimine agetur

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW

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CLASSES AND MASSES

STRIKES and conferences; conferences and strikes. These for months past have made up the industrial history of the nation. Never before were they so numerous. Never were they so varied. Never did they seem so futile; causeless on the one hand, fruitless on the other; though that any of the strikes were really causeless, or, rather, let us say purposeless, or that any of the conferences were entirely void of results, philosophy forbids us to believe.

There have been crowded upon us strikes of almost every conceivable description; in almost every occupation in the index, from actors to zymotechnists; on almost every imaginable pretext, and upon none at all. Most of these, we have been assured, were not sanctioned by that American Federation of Labor which is commonly regarded as the chief and most authoritative exponent of "organized labor," and some of them incurred its unfavorable criticism; though we cannot recall that it effectively used its vast power and influence to prevent or to end any of them, while it did lend its support, either actively or passively, to some of the most indefensible.

There have also been numerous industrial conferences, some partisan, some professedly non-partisan. There was the national convention of the American Federation of Labor, marked by an animated conflict between the con-

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servative and radical factions of that body, in which the former was credited with the victory. There was the President's tripartite conference, with its exalted aims, its eminent membership, its elaborate organization, and its untimely end. There was that international conference which the President insisted upon summoning though the heavens should fall; and which accordingly met under the most anomalous and paradoxical circumstances ever recorded of such a gathering. For it met by virtue of a treaty which had not yet been ratified, as a part of the operations of a League of Nations which had not yet been organized, it received as delegates alien enemies from a country with which we were technically still at war, and its opening sessions were coincident with debates in the Senate as to whether it should ever be authorized! There were the labor provisions in the Treaty of Versailles, consideration of which transformed the United States Senate practically into a labor conference. There is, finally, not to make the line stretch out to the crack of doom, the coming conference, on December 13, of the American Federation of Labor, the railroad brotherhoods, and the farmers.

What this last-mentioned gathering will prove to be is yet to been seen. But in one respect it is in advance of the most significant of them all. That is because of the salient expression in the call which was issued for it, which suggests, unintentionally but most shrewdly, one of the prime causes of the failure of other conferences to accomplish the good that was expected and also one of the chief motives of most of the strikes with which industry has been scourged.

"Labor," said that pronouncement, meaning, of course, "organized" labor, "is confronted with grave dangers affecting the very foundation of its structure."

It was in order to avert these dangers that the convention was called, and we may therefore expect that when it meets, a fortnight hence, the gathering will devote its chief attention to promoting the interests of "organized" labor. On the face of it that may seem natural and proper. In fact it means that the convention will consider, and that the national political party which is expected to be formed will aim to promote, the interests of a specific and minority class of the people, instead of the whole nation. That we must regard as an ominous and a mischievous thing.

Speaking on the subject not long ago, Governor James P. Goodrich, of Indiana, well said:

"There is no more dangerous force operating among us today than the class-minded man, whether he is a laborer, capitalist or farmer—the one who demands a privilege for his class at the expense of the American people."

Mr. Goodrich had already referred to the great evils of having corporations and capitalists seek special privileges for themselves as a class regardless of the common welfare, and he made the point that class-mindedness and the seeking of class-advantage on the part of workingmen and their organizations were equally pernicious. That such a spirit does prevail among them is unhappily obvious. In the manifestoes of strikers, and notably in those of the bituminous coal strikers, who above all others menaced the vital interests of the whole people, there has seldom if ever been a word about the interests and needs of the public, or about the duty of industrialists to the public. Everything is about the interests of a class. Tacitly there is a repetition of the old misinterpreted objurgation, "The public be damned!" The strikers want higher wages, fewer hours of work, or the closed instead of the open shop, and in order to get it they purpose to paralyze industries that are essential to the public welfare without ever a thought of the interests of the public. It is a class against the mass of the people.

In this there is also entirely too much talk about rights and too little about those responsibilities which must always be commensurate with rights. There is much talk about the duty which employers and even the public owe to workingmen, the duty of paying them living wages and more, of giving them ample hours of leisure, and of maintaining satisfactory conditions of employment; but seldom indeed do we hear of the reciprocal and equally imperative duty of workingmen to keep the necessities of the public supplied. It is easy to argue the duty of employers to pay wages which will assure their employes fuel to keep their families warm during the winter. But it is just as cogently to be argued that it is the duty of the miners to keep up the production of coal so that all the other families in the land can be kept warm. There would be no limit to the denunciation of railroad managers who should suspend the

running of trains and thus put the public to untold inconvenience, suffering and loss, just to compel the Government to permit them to charge higher rates. But it is difficult to see in what respect it is less reprehensible for train hands to strike and thus suspend the running of trains and thus subject the public to those same conditions, just to compel the companies to pay them higher wages.

What needs to be understood is that there are not only two but three parties concerned in industrial disputes, and that the third party, the public, is the greatest of the three. "*Salus respublicae suprema lex*" means in the last analysis that the welfare of the people as a whole—the national mass, and no mere class—is the supreme consideration, in industrial economics as well as in politics and diplomacy. Men need to get rid of mere class-minds, and to think nationally, with minds which comprehend the mass of the people.

Another conspicuous error in recent industrial and economic discussions, and one which was particularly obvious and mischievous in the President's tripartite conference at Washington,—perhaps the chief cause of its regretted collapse,—was the attempt to deal with permanent principles on the basis of temporary conditions; or, to change the figure, to treat symptoms instead of striking at the root of the disease. The aim seemed to be to adapt relations to abnormal conditions, instead of trying to bring conditions back to a normal status. It is obvious that workingmen need higher wages, if they do need them, because of the high cost of living. It is also obvious that the cost of living is high partly because wages are so high, and partly—in many cases chiefly—because decreased productivity has interfered with the law of demand and supply. What, then, is the solution of the problem? If we were considering, as too many do, the interests of a mere class, we might say, increase the wages, as the men demand. But that would be a temporary makeshift, for it would quickly be followed by a corresponding increase in cost of living. The trouble is not that wages are too low, which is a class evil, but that prices are too high, which is a universal evil. The solution is to be found, then, in reduction of prices rather than in increase of wages, and prices are to be reduced by dealing with the causes which make them so high.

We have mentioned two of those causes. With one of them we may not deal. Reduction of wages would reduce the cost of living. But that is not to be thought of. If wages are reduced, it must be after the cost of living has come down. But the other cause might be and should be dealt with, and it is on the whole probably the more potent of the two. Let us cite some expert opinions concerning it. Mr. Herbert Hoover, as his parting gift to Europe, left a memorandum in which he said:

"Unless productivity can be rapidly increased, there can be nothing but political, moral, and economic chaos, finally interpreting itself in loss of life on a scale hitherto undreamed of. . . . No economic policy will bring food to those stomachs or fuel to those hearths that does not secure the maximum production. There is no use of tears over rising prices; they are, to a great degree, a visualisation of insufficient production."

The Rev. Dr. Charles Eaton, of New York, also gave a farewell message to England when he returned from his work in that country a short time ago. He said:

"The country faces the absolute necessity of work being done—simple, plain, everyday work that has as its object the production of houses and clothes and food and machinery and fuel, and all the ordinary necessaries of life. I see no way of getting this done by Acts of Parliament or by fine programmes of social reform or by strikes and lockouts, or even by hearings before learned commissions. The only way to get coal is to dig it out of the mine. . . . A coal miner will risk his life without hesitation to rescue a drowning child from the river; but the same child may die of pneumonia this winter because the same miner, for some inscrutable reason, is permitted by his union to work only a few hours a day. This theory and this practice have nothing to do with the needs, rights or wrongs of the worker. They are the expression of a wild, revolutionary purpose to destroy the so-called capitalistic system by reducing hours and output to a minimum and increasing wages to a maximum."

Nothing could be more perfectly applicable than that to the bituminous coal strike of last month in this country. For there is only too good reason to believe that the "wild, revolutionary purpose" described by Dr. Eaton is operative

here as well as in England. Mr. Hoover, already quoted, also refers to it, as " the theory that the limitation of effort below physical necessity will increase the total employment or improve their condition." In other words, some labor agitators have been deliberately decreasing productivity, so as to make the supply of necessities less than the demand; so as thus to raise prices and increase the cost of living, so as thus to afford a pretext for demanding higher wages. It would be difficult to imagine anything more immoral and more insane.

We must regard it as unfortunate that amid the multiplicity of industrial and economic conferences we could not have one, representative and authoritative, devoted expressly to the promotion of productivity, so as to restore normal conditions of supply and demand. When that was accomplished, when the nation was brought back to a normal economic basis, it would be time to consider what scale of wages and of hours could be adopted for the maintenance of those normal conditions, and to what share of the profits of industry the workmen were entitled. Until such a basis is reached, all these latter considerations are a mere putting of the cart before the horse.

The only just, and therefore satisfactory and lasting, settlement of economic problems must be effected on the dual basis of normal conditions of demand and supply and of the interests of all the people. In order to attain the former of these, some degree of sacrifice and endurance will be necessary; such as the masses of the people are now suffering. The millions of consumers of coal are suffering from the high price of that necessary commodity, just as much as the miners are suffering from low wages. So the millions of consumers of all sorts of products are suffering from high prices, just as much as the workmen are suffering from low wages or the employers are suffering from being compelled to pay high wages. It may well be believed, indeed, that such suffering of the general public is greater than that of either the employer class or the employe class. The people are willing to suffer until the evil conditions can be abated, and they have a right to expect these classes to do the same. Especially have they a right to expect and to demand that no class, whether of capitalists or wage-earners, will do anything to aggravate those evil conditions

or to delay or obstruct their abatement and the return to a normal basis.

It may perhaps be profitable to have it understood that the patience of the public will not last forever. The masses of the people will not—they should not—forever supinely submit to be used as pawns in the game between capital and labor and then be made to pay the stakes of the game, no matter which side wins. They will insist—they should insist—that their interests, being the interests of the whole which comprehends all the parts, are paramount above those of any part or class. If that fact is not recognized and put into effective practice, the masses will one day exclaim to the classes, "A plague o' both your houses!" and will put them both under their own inexorable control.

That will not mean government ownership or government operation of industries. It will mean a legal control of them for the good of the whole nation. All other activities of social life are subject to such control, and endure it without repining. It rests with industrialists, and at this time especially with the wage-earners of "organized labor," to determine to what extent they may, through good behavior, remain a law unto themselves or, through disregard of the public welfare, be subjected to the authority of the State. At whatever cost, the class rule of Sovietism and Bolshevism shall not be imposed upon the masses of the American nation.

SAVING THE RAILROADS

THERE is ground for hope that the railroads will be saved from ruin. That they are in danger of ruin unless something is speedily done for their salvation is undeniable. We may say more than that, their wholesale bankruptcy is practically certain unless Congress within the next few weeks enacts a measure for their relief. The ground for hope of their salvation is found in the manifested inclination of Congress to take the necessary action.

These are the circumstances: Government control and operation of the roads for nearly two years have so disorganized them and so increased their expenses above their revenues as to make them subject to an incessant deficit.

That loss has been met with appropriations from the national treasury, as part of the expenses of the war; which was of course just and right. Normally, such payments would cease with the return of the roads to their owners, which is to be effected on January 1 next. But it will then be impossible, and for a considerable time thereafter it will be impossible, for the roads to meet their expenses with their revenues. They cannot hope to do so until some time after there has been a pretty thorough revision of the laws regulating their conduct. So, unless Government aid is in some way continued, deficits which they cannot cover will drive the roads into bankruptcy.

There are three ways in which such a catastrophe could be averted. One would be to postpone the return of the roads to their owners, and to continue indefinitely, or for a specified term, the present system of Government control and operation. That is so manifestly undesirable that it is unworthy of discussion. Nobody favors it save some of the extreme and revolutionary advocates of permanent Government ownership of the roads.

The second way would be to effect, before the date set for the return of the roads, the thorough revision of railroad legislation which was recognized even before the war to be urgently needed and which the war has made all the more imperatively necessary; coupling with it, probably, provision for continued pecuniary aid of the roads until the new laws have been in operation long enough to enable them to get upon a paying basis. That would doubtless be the most desirable arrangement, were it possible to make it. But it does not seem possible. A year ago the President recommended that Congress should take the matter up and solve a problem for which he frankly confessed he was not able to prescribe a solution. A year has passed, and the problem is not solved; and we are within a few weeks of the date set for the return of the roads to their owners. Those weeks are not sufficient time for the satisfactory working out of the problem, which is one of the most intricate and complex and one of the most important that ever arose in American economics. They would need to be lengthened to as many months to serve that purpose.

It would be unprofitable to dwell with recrimination upon the responsibility for the delay that has occurred.

There is blame on both sides. Doubtless, the President should not have gone away and neglected his duties to the nation; and he should not so long have delayed convoking Congress in special session for the purpose of beginning work on the great task which he had committed to it, or to its predecessor. Doubtless, too, Congress should have got to work more expeditiously and more effectively. The former Congress should have found time in the three months of its last session at least to do much substantial work which would serve as a basis on which the present Congress could complete the task. The present Congress, even under the handicap of being called together so late, might have made far greater progress than it has.

The third course, then, would be—let us say, should and we believe will be—to fulfill the plan of returning the roads to their owners on January 1, and to enact before that date some simple and judicious *modus vivendi* which will afford the roads the temporary relief which is essential to their solvency, and enable them to be operated by their owners at least without loss until it is possible through thoroughly revised legislation to place them upon a permanent basis of reasonable profit. To this end it will be necessary merely to return the roads on precisely the same basis of ownership and administration that they were on when the Government took them over, and to provide for the continuation of the Government's guarantee for, let us say, a year thereafter. It is possible, though not probable, that it will not be needed for so long as a year. Certainly permanent legislation, of the most thorough and thoughtful character, should be supplied in less time. But it is obvious that it may and probably will take much more time for the new legislation to become so effective as materially to affect the prosperity of the roads. Moreover it is highly desirable to avoid the slightest danger of the injection of this purely economic and now happily non-partisan matter into the coming national campaign as a political issue, and that will be done by extending the period of the guarantee until after the election of next November.

If somebody were to propose a resolution approving the Ten Commandments, there would probably be objection offered from some quarter. So there may be objection to such granting of a Government guarantee to the roads

after they have been returned to private control and operation. But the justification of such a course, on at least two major grounds, seems to us entirely convincing. One is the ground of expediency. Even if such a guarantee were a gratuitous gift to the roads, which the Government was under not the slightest legal or moral obligation to make, it would still be sound policy to make it; just as it is sound policy to provide at great cost an army and navy for national defence, and as it would be to appropriate a large sum to ward off or to extirpate a devastating epidemic. We must remember that the railroads of this country are capitalized at more than twenty-one billion dollars, or fully one-tenth of the entire wealth of the United States, and that there is nothing more essential to the material welfare of the whole nation than that they shall be kept in operation with unimpaired efficiency. Their legitimate securities are owned by hundreds of thousands of people, all over the country, who are largely dependent upon the income from them for support. The effect of a general throwing of the roads into bankruptcy, with consequent impairment, if not utter destruction, of the value of their securities, would be one of the most appalling economic disasters in the history of America; a disaster so great that the expenditure of many millions to avert it would be judicious economy; a disaster so great that to recoup it so far as it could be recouped—which would not by any means be fully—would cost far more than to avert it.

There is, however, a still stronger ground than that of expediency, in that of right. We mean both legal and moral right. The Government is bound, in the most explicit and indisputable way, to return the roads to their owners in substantially the same condition that they were in when it took possession of them for war purposes. It is thus bound both in the act of Congress which gave the Government control of the roads, and in the individual contracts which the Railroad Administration made with the majority of the companies. Now it is obvious that that does not mean simply that the Government shall return the same number of miles of track, the same number of cars, etc., all in about the same condition of repair. It does mean that, but also something very much more. It means that the Government is probably legally and certainly morally

bound to restore the roads in as good a financial condition as that in which it found them, with as favorable a relation between income and expenditures. It would be a gross wrong, amounting to breach of faith and confiscation of property without compensation, for it to take over roads which under private management were paying expenses and dividends, to alter their traffic arrangements and increase their fixed charges so as to make their operating expenses more than their revenue, and then to hand them back to their owners in that potentially insolvent condition, without providing means for immediately restoring them to solvency. The business of a road is as essential and as important a part of its property as is its permanent way or its rolling stock, and it is as incumbent upon the Government to maintain unimpaired, or to repair fully upon returning it, the former as the latter. Failure to do so would be, moreover, a breach of faith, not alone to the officers and directors of the roads, with whom the Government directly deals, but equally with all the hundreds of thousands of holders of bonds and stocks, and indeed with the entire public whose convenience, prosperity and welfare are inextricably interwoven with the prosperous and efficient maintenance of the transportation systems of the country.

Happily, as we have said, there is ground for a cheerful hope that this responsibility of the Government will be recognized and loyally discharged. Both the Executive Department and Congress seem so inclined. Nothing could have been better than the tone of the Director-General in impressing upon Congress the certainty that under the President's directions he would surrender the roads to their owners on January 1; for in doing so he emphasized the obligation of the Government "to return the railroads to their owners in substantially the same condition as they were in when they were taken over." He did not say and did not mean merely the same physical condition, but "the same condition," without qualification or limitation, and in the widest sense of the term. Gratifying, too, was the instant response of Congress. In an hour the Senate and House committees interested were called together, to take action for meeting the emergency thus placed in inevitable prospect.

There were already in existence two tentative measures

for permanently dealing with the problem. These were those of Senator Cummins and Representative Esch. They are both sincerely and intelligently prepared measures, both of which, and particularly the former, will doubtless serve as valuable bases for the ultimate enactment, though we do not suppose that either Mr. Cummins or Mr. Esch regards his bill as by any means perfect or ready for enactment. It is of course highly desirable that the measure shall be made, before enactment, as nearly perfect as the most careful legislative statesmanship can make it, so as to avoid the necessity of amendments and those changes which in the past have been too numerous and have gravely militated against the prosperity of the roads. It would be well, if it were possible, to enact the finished measure before January 1. But it is probably not humanly possible to do so and to do justice to the subject. While therefore it is the plain duty of both Houses to address themselves promptly, persistently and expeditiously to the task of framing permanent railroad legislation, it is their no less plain duty to provide an efficient temporary arrangement, to serve the needs of the roads and of the nation until that end can be attained. And that is a duty which we confidently expect them wisely and generously to fulfill.

SOME SIGNIFICANT ELECTIONS

WE have heard a great deal in the last year about mandates, including some which never were given, and about voices of humanity in the air, some of which were and still remain very much "in the air" in current colloquial meaning of that phrase. It will be profitable now to consider those demonstrations of popular wishes and will which have indisputably been made, and which are so clear and emphatic in their purport as to be incapable of being otherwise than intentionally misunderstood. A year ago there occurred such a demonstration, very remarkable and definitive in character, which was still more remarkably repudiated, ignored and in effect denied by the very man who had invoked it as of supreme importance. It may be that there will be an attempt, with incredible foolishness, on the part of some similarly to ignore the still more note-

worthy demonstrations which have just occurred. But the significance of them will not be lost to the discerning minds of the masses of the American people.

First place should doubtless be given to the result of the election in Massachusetts which, while technically confined to that State, was in fact of greater importance to the whole nation than some Presidential contests have been. The issue in that contest far transcended mere party lines, although nominally it was strictly drawn between the two parties. It was the issue of law and order against lawlessness and rioting; of authoritative Government against Anarchy; in fine, of Americanism against Bolshevism. The question before the electors of Massachusetts was, at bottom, whether the democratic system of the American Republic was to be maintained, or was to be replaced by the Bolshevism of Soviet Russia. It was the first time that that issue had been so directly submitted to any considerable electorate.

The scene of the contest was well chosen by the propagandists of Bolshevism. There was no State in the Union whose decision on such a matter would have more moral and intellectual weight. For Massachusetts to countenance Bolshevism would mean far more than for half a dozen western States to do so. Moreover, there seemed to them as good a chance to win in Massachusetts as in any other State. Few States had so large a proportion of those wage-earning citizens whom patronizing propagandists are fond of calling the proletariat, and in few had strikes, lockouts and other industrial disturbances been more numerous or more exacerbated. There seemed, therefore, an excellent chance of starting there a formidable class war against the existing order.

We need not here dwell at length upon the result, save to recall that it gave an overwhelming popular majority against Bolshevism and in favor of Americanism, and to point out that this majority was notably strong in the great industrial centres among that very "proletariat" which had been counted upon to show disaffection toward the Government. The result was even more significant than it appeared to be in the figures of the polling, because of the circumstance already mentioned, that the fight was nominally conducted on party lines, although in fact many

Democrats voted for the Republican candidate, as the President's prompt note of congratulation suggested. The point is that it is inconceivable that among the 317,847 who voted for Mr. Coolidge there was a single Bolshevist, while there is strong reason to suppose that many, perhaps a majority, of those who voted for Mr. Long were at heart opposed to Bolshevism. That is because any Republican who had become infected with Bolshevism would infallibly have repudiated party "regularity" and gone over to the support of the candidate who represented Bolshevist policies; while it is so probable as to be practically certain that very many Democrats, for the sake of party "regularity," voted their party ticket in spite of the Bolshevism with which it was hopelessly tainted. If, therefore, the form and name of a contest between Republicans and Democrats had been dropped, and the fight had been in form and name what it was in fact between Americanism and Bolshevism, with all voters released from party "regularity," the majority against Bolshevism would have been much larger than it was.

But still it was, to drop the negative from *Mercutio's* phrase, as wide as a church door and as deep as a well, and it served. What we have said about the supposed availability of Massachusetts as a field for Bolshevist success suggests that what happened in that State on November 4 would happen in like circumstances in any State of this Union. There is no lack of courtesy or of objective honor to Massachusetts in believing that in crushingly defeating Bolshevist disloyalty she did not stand solitary and unique, but rather that she was a true representative of the whole American nation. Mr. Coolidge was exactly right in interpreting the election as meaning that "Massachusetts is American." We shall also be equally right in extending that interpretation so as to say, America remains American.

Such was the popular mandate, such was the purport of the very real and audible voices in the air, on the question of American integrity in our most important domestic relations. In another important State, presenting in many respects a striking contrast to Massachusetts, yet not less representative of the whole Republic, there was a scarcely less noteworthy manifestation of popular will on what is at present the chief issue in our foreign relationships. How-

ever much some may affect to deny it, the fact is incontrovertible that the chief issue of the Kentucky election was the President's policy in the peace negotiations and especially the Covenant of the League of Nations. That was explicitly and emphatically put forward by the Democratic party. The changes were rung, all through the campaign, upon the fact that a vote for the Democratic candidate would be a vote to sustain the President and in favor of ratifying the Treaty and the Covenant without amendment or reservation, and that a vote for the Republican candidate would be a vote against the President's peace policy. If the Republicans themselves did not proclaim the same fact with equal vigor, they at any rate did not deny it, while their attitude on that issue had already been made sufficiently plain in the election of Mr. King Swope to Congress at a bye-election not many weeks before.

The result, as interpreted by the ante-election declarations of the President's own party, was an unmistakable popular mandate against the President's Peace and League policy. So emphatic was this mandate that Kentucky, formerly reckoned one of the "rock-ribbed" Democratic States of the "Solid South," elected for only the third time in its history a Republican Governor, by a majority almost identical with that which it had given for a Democratic President three years before. What the result would have been if party lines had been ignored and the fight had been in the non-partisan issue of American nationality against Covenanted denationalization, we can only speculate. What is certain is that as truly as Massachusetts spoke out for Americanism in domestic affairs, Kentucky spoke for Americanism in our relations with all the rest of the world. In that, too, we are confident that Kentucky was not unique and solitary, but was representative of the American nation.

Such expressions of the popular will as these are unmistakable in their purport. They are immeasurably more significant than the professed interpretations of "voices in the air" which may be made by those whose wish is father to the thought, or even than the declarations of the partisan press. Even the most astute leaders sometimes mistake public sentiment, or delude themselves concerning it, and the claims of the press are often exaggerated and are disproved by the event. But when men vote they put themselves on

record beyond cavil or dispute. They do not vote one way and wish or will another. These two were the outstanding elections in this "off year"; the two in which great national policies and principles were the issues. New York had local issues of great importance; New Jersey went wild over the thrashed-out issue of prohibition, and Ohio did the same; while Maryland had one of the closest fights on record over questions which concerned her alone. But in Massachusetts and Kentucky the issues were the two major phases of Americanism against the most dangerous enemies it has ever confronted; and Americanism won. That was the fact which invested those contests with supreme significance, and which in their results gave cause for all loyal Americans to observe the ensuing Thanksgiving Day with more than ordinary fervor and sincerity. As the date on which the spirit of America thus strongly and nobly asserted itself in its best estate, November 4, 1919, may hereafter he remembered with gratitude and with heartening inspiration in our national calendar.

THE ENEMY WITHIN OUR GATES

THE only surprising thing about the revelations of "red" Bolshevist and Anarchist plotting at Gary, Cleveland and elsewhere is that anybody should be surprised at them.

"Are we," plaintively inquired Rip van Winkle, "so soon forgót?" Can it be that alert, acute Americans have so soon forgotten the facts which only a few months ago were blazoned to their eyes and thundered in their ears?

It was only a little while ago that the propagandist machinations of Bolshevism were authoritatively made known, to America as to all the world. It was made known that the Bolshevists of Petrograd were sending agents into other lands, both belligerent and neutral, supplied with practically unlimited financial means, for the express purpose of inciting, organizing and promoting revolutionary movements. They were especially instructed to operate through workingmen and their unions; to foster discontent among them, to dangle before them the bait of Sovietism which would mean confiscation of all capital without compensation, and to incite them to sabotage and strikes.

It was known that this was done in Germany, with the result of the costly and destructive Spartacan outbreak. No sympathy was expended upon Germany, since it was known that she herself had previously played the same game against Russia, secretly fomenting the Bolshevist revolution there; and thus she was merely getting "paid back in her own coin." But lack of sympathy with the Hun was no reason for lack of prudence for ourselves.

It was purblind folly to imagine that America alone of all lands was immune against such attempts, when as a matter of fact we were especially subject to them. Yet it was a blindness from which America has hitherto more than once suffered. This nation has been so obsessed with a sense of its own transcendent greatness as to imagine itself quite exempt from the conditions which prevail among all others. It was because we thought we were inexhaustibly rich that we so shamefully squandered our forests and other resources until we brought ourselves face to face with want. We used to boast that our forests and our wheatfields were sufficient to supply the wants of all the world; yet in recent years we have imported both lumber and wheat to supply our own needs. So we used to boast that we could welcome hither all the peoples of the world, and assimilate and Americanize them; but now we find that we have among us an undigested mass of millions of aliens, unassimilated and unassimilable, who instead of becoming Americanized are going very far toward Europeanizing us. There is more danger of Russians Bolshevising America than there is hope of America republicanizing Russia.

Still worse, if possible, was the kindred folly of supposing that revolutionary plots and Anarchism could never secure a foothold here. A poet wrote of England that slaves could not breathe her air; the moment they did so, they became free. With immeasurably less truth and reason we deluded ourselves with the notion that Anarchism could not flourish here; that our freedom was automatically fatal to it; and that therefore we could afford to let Anarchists come hither, and could safely ignore and laugh at their plottings. So many affected to scorn or to ignore the treacherous plottings of the German-American Alliance and of German agents; even after the war was begun and Bernstorff's jackals were busy with their deviltry. So now

men affect to scorn Bolshevist plottings, or to disbelieve their existence.

The fact is that America has all along been in special peril of such things, for a variety of reasons. One is, obviously, the number of alien and unnaturalized residents that we have here, who form the best possible field for such inimical propaganda. They are alien in mind and heart. They do not comprehend and therefore do not appreciate American institutions, and they have no regard for this country and no inclination to protect it against overthrow. They are imbued with the notions of the old country, and they transfer to our Government the same hatred which they felt for the oppressive governments from which they fled. They are thus easily influenced by their fellows who come hither with marvellous tales of what the Soviets have done over there, and still more marvellous picturings of what they may do here. If the court of the Czar afforded rich plunder, how much richer would be the plunder of American capitals!

We have given to the peoples of the world such an opportunity in America as they have never known before, and will never know again. We have given them a chance to come hither freely and prosper. We have offered themselves the same freedom, the same rights and privilges, that we ourselves enjoy and that we purchased for ourselves at a great price. Many of them have embraced and improved that opportunity, and have given us a naturalized citizenship of which we are justly proud and which is of inestimable value to the land. It is for the sake of these latter, and of others who may come hereafter and be like them, that we should draw the line inexorably against those who embrace the opportunity only to abuse it. If aliens come hither and refuse to behave with common decency, if instead of being guests they assume the airs of proprietorship, if instead of here becoming Americanized, they seek to Bolshevise America, there is just one way in which to deal with them. Turn them out. Shut them out.

OUR OLD AMERICAN FREEDOM

BY JUDGE PETER S. GROSSCUP

The Industrial Conference at Washington performed at least one service to the country; it uncovered to those who can see, the exact point of difference between what the Gompers' type of labor unionism is striving to obtain and what the employers refuse; and that point is not so much concerned with wages, or with hours or conditions of labor, or with the right of collective bargaining, as such, as with the application of that right *in practice* to the particular industry or shop involved. The Steel strike which Mr. Gompers himself chose as an illustration furnishes a typical illustration. In the steel industry a large majority of the workers are in organizations not connected with the American Federation of Labor. Mr. Gary was ready to deal with these inner organizations. The American Federation of Labor, however, insisted that he should deal with it, an outside organization, also. There are some who think he could have dealt with both. But as a matter of cause and effect, proved by experience, his consent to have dealt with the delegates of the American Federation would have eventually put the whole steel industry under the Federation's dominion; for in a contest for membership between the inner organizations and the greater outer organization that would have followed (and it was to obtain a foothold for such contest that the Federation went to Judge Gary), the organization that could claim that labor the country over was behind it, supplemented with the drive that would be made on the strength of class feeling from the outside, would have had a momentum that would have put the inner organization, at least, to a decided disadvantage. As Judge Gary says, it would not be long, under such circumstances, before the open shop would become a closed shop. The principle of the open shop is that it shall be open to all individual workers who wish to work in it, and that

such workers shall be free to organize within the industry with which they are personally connected; but to maintain it as an open shop it must, as a matter of experience, be closed to the advent of those organizations, *as organizations,* that once admitted would proceed to make it a closed shop. The matter thus stated is not one of abstract right; it is a matter purely of what would happen in practice; something that Mr. Gompers well knows would happen. Indeed, to take from employers such right of saving to themselves the open shop is exactly what he is driving at; so that the question for the public to pass upon is: Shall the employers be placed in the position where, as human nature goes, they cannot maintain the open shop—cannot keep their employees from being taken over by the outside, country-wide, unions. And were the result of no interest to anyone except employers and Mr. Gompers' type of unionism, the public might leave it there to be fought out by themselves.

But the time has come when the public should wake up to a realization that the question is not one between employers and Mr. Gompers' kind of unionism alone—that it is a question in which the public is interested, because, rightly understood, it goes to the foundations of society itself. To present that question requires that some fundamentals in political economy be recalled from the exile to which they seem to have been banished.

The first of these is a true conception of Capital, Labor, and Property, not only as each is a concern of its own, but as corollaries to each other.

Someone, in the remote past, living by the chase, was the first to make a bow and arrow; others followed his example; the tribe to which they belonged allotting to the maker to be his individual own, what he had thus individually created. Right there began the institution of property.

Someone, discovering that the earth yielded better results by cultivation than when left alone in its wild state, began to raise food from the soil; others followed his example; and the tribe to which they belonged set apart to each of them a piece of ground to be his own. The institution of property in the soil thus began; carrying with it the huts they erected for shelter, together with the tools,

the cattle and the materials for raiment, they gathered round it, to make life more comfortable. Thus at the beginning Property was nothing more than Labor individualized—Labor minted into something that survived the hour at which the laborer went to bed—the reason for the existence of property being that the something thus saved over from the current day makes the next day easier.

True, into this earliest concept of property have come from time to time many selfish irruptions—the parcelling out of the soil by chieftains to their favorites upon no basis of merit but only upon that of personal liking—which lies at the bottom of the social unrest of today in such countries as Russia, Germany and Great Britain.

True also, that in these latter days, when great units of operation have been found essential to the utilization of the laws of nature that mankind has annexed to his possessions, there have come complexities and difficulties in the way of restraining greed, that have given rise to much of the social turmoil of today. But neither of these fungi on the trunk go to the root of property, as "labor individualized," in its true and noble meaning. On the contrary, rightly understood, they should lead us back to the spirit of its original conception and earlier development.

The second fundamental is that Property must feed itself, as well as its owners, or it will perish; that like the plant, it must be continually weeded out, cut down, and replanted, as the changes in industry, like the changes of the seasons, come and go. Big as we think wealth has grown, it is not large as compared with the current needs of mankind; for were the world to stop replenishing itself by work and frugality, and live on what it already has without further work, as a man suddenly come into a fortune might do, it would not take more than three or four years until, could it trade its possessions to another planet for current needs, it would have become a pauper; which means that the only thing that one generation inherits from another, in the way of industrial wealth, is brain and muscle, and the raw material to which to apply them. All the rest is Work; so much so that when applied to any given property, unless we are to let it quickly perish, enough must be taken out of its current productivity by those who own it, not only to maintain it against loss and deteriora-

tion, but to constantly replant it as a whole; which in turn means that Property must have profits much beyond the mere need of its owners and their families for the current cost of individual living; in a word that Property (and therefore Labor as well) must set aside "Capital"—must keep their eyes forward for the needs of tomorrow as well as immediately around themselves for the needs of today. Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow thou shalt die, was never written for either labor or property, unless it is that tomorrow they wish to die.

The third fundamental is less easily stated or understood. It has to do with the productivity of a people as a whole—the actual things they produce, as distinguished from their mere reflection back, in the mirror of money language—for beyond the actual things produced there is nothing to divide—a mere reflection back in the mirror has nothing "actual" to be divided. We are too apt to think in terms, not of "things" but of "money"—that what the people as a whole have taken out of the year's industry is so many dollars (so much as profits to Capital and so much as wages) without a thought that as something by *itself* money is nothing at all—is only the reflection, in an artificial mirror, of the year's actual product. Suppose, for example, ten boys have one hundred oranges to divide. We may call the oranges worth five cents apiece, in money, or we may call them worth ten cents. In either case the *orange* is the same. And what the boy gets, and what he wants, is the orange, not its money reflection. You neither help him by reducing it, in money formula, to five cents, or hurt him by raising it, in money formula, to ten cents, provided he gets the oranges to which he is entitled. Just so with the year's productivity of the people as a whole—"actual things" a people produce during the year—new farms opened up, new crops taken off, new industries put on their feet, new food, new raiment, and the like—whether we call the total twenty billions as their money worth, or forty billions, or one hundred billions, the farms, the crops, the industries, the food and raiment are, on that account, no more and no less; the actual product to be divided between its producers remains the same, totally irrespective of increase or diminution due to what we call their money value. And, like the boy, what the

people actually get, and what they want, in the year's productivity, is the actual thing, not merely its money reflection in the mirror. In a word, profits and wages, in their relation to the actual things produced, in any given time, is, at bottom, a problem, not in Addition, but in Division.

But every problem in division has a "divisor." When we talk of rise or fall in profits or of wages to any specific interest in society it is the "divisor" that is being affected. Let us go back to the illustration of the oranges and the boys. Were the division equal each boy would receive ten oranges. But if equality cannot prevail it is plain those who get more than ten do so at the expense of those who will have to take less. And what happens is not an enlargement of the things to be divided—the number of the oranges—but a shifting of the *ratio* among those who constitute the recipients. What each one takes above an equal share deprives some one who has to take less. And just so it is with the division among individuals of productivity as a whole in industry. Some earn more. The brain that can organize and administer earns more than the brain that only deals with details. The hand that can do the finer or more difficult things earns more than the hand that can do only the coarser or easier things. That is as it should be. Even in those instances of tremendous disproportion the results, in the long run, are helpful rather than hurtful; for the man who builds up a big enterprise gets very little more out of it, *for himself,* than his best workman. The balance goes into more enterprise—a larger organization—that in turn becomes the axis around which new opportunities for work revolve; which is immensely better than to divide it all up, and consume it all, as if each year were something complete in itself.

But any shift in ratio not based on considerations like these — any enforced shift — is injustice. And in every such shift, what one gets away with beyond his rightful share is that much unjustly taken from the share of others, unless, as in the case of the munition makers during the war, or the railway employees, the excess is made up out of the United States Treasury. And, in the long run, even that is an increase to one group at the expense

of others, for it is always the people who are the ultimate tax payers.

The fourth fundamental is a corollary of the three just mentioned. As I have said, it is the actual things produced, not their money value, that constitute the dividend. Any falling off of such actual things is a diminution, by that much, of the dividend to be divided; and when there is less to be divided the demand (and therefore the price) is increased. Less hours of work on the part of everybody, brain worker or hand worker, not made up for by increased efficiency, is just such diminution of the dividend as a whole, and accounts, to that extent, for the high prices. The ten boys, in the illustration given, cannot have the one hundred oranges unless they produce them. And if each wants ten, and only ninety are produced, they will bid against each other to see who gets his ten and who is left. Of course improved methods of production, supplemented by increased personal efficiency, tend to counteract this. But that they have not entirely counteracted it is proven by the presence of opportunity to run up prices. The proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Under this head there follows another corollary. Assuming that the actual things produced are the same, but that each individual wants to consume more than he did before, a result similar to decreased production follows, for in the pursuit of getting that "more" each bids against the other, the demand increases, and, in consequence, the opportunity to run up prices. You cannot increase your appetite for the oranges, unless the whole number produced is increased, without bidding out of the running some one else. And this is especially true if twenty-five of the hundred oranges are a little better than the remaining seventy-five, and each wants *his* share out of the twenty-five. At the bottom, in this struggle for the most and the best between individuals—in the wage field as well as in the field of capital—is the tragedy of the high cost of living. The strong prevail, the weak are left helpless. The profiteer in business as well as labor, the profiteer in labor as well as business, are achieving their victories at the cost of those—the multitude—who do not know how. And did everybody know how, no one would be bettered and no one worsened, for each would counteract the other and leave

everyone, where he ought to be, to his just share, on the merits, in the division.

In view of all this the fifth fundamental comes in—the need of running a clear distinction between what may be called the Humanities on the labor side of industry (child labor, sanitary conditions, compensation for injuries, old age pensions, excessive hours, and the like) and what may be called those points in industry at which individual interests necessarily come in conflict, such as wages, hours of labor not inherently excessive, control of the business, and the like. The "humanities" are matters that in their very nature carry the same appeal to every just mind, everywhere, and all the time. The "points at which individual interests come in conflict," on the contrary, center largely on considerations relating to some particular industry, at some particular time and place. The first submits logically to general regulations; the latter, in its very nature, cannot be determined by any fixed general regulation because it is bound up in matters that can have no correspondingly fixed conditions. You can exclude child labor, or administer a just policy for compensation for injuries, everywhere without harming anyone. But you cannot enforce the same wage scale on the enterprise running close to the edge of bankruptcy and the enterprise with established profits without either destroying the one or bringing wages in the other down to the minimum. In matters so widely separated as one enterprise is from another, in all that relates to what each can afford to pay, identity of treatment, aside from what I have called the "humanities," is impossible.

This means the elimination of the outsider, whether he be a labor union or a mere agitator, from the post of judging any differences arising over anything, except the humanities, in specific industries, except as such outsider comes there as an authorized mediator or arbiter. Stripped to its real meaning, the interference by outside parties, which leads usually to a sympathetic strike or a threat of it, is not trial and judgment on evidence, but trial by force—the force employed being often an organized movement to ruin parties not involved unless they join in ruining the parties directly involved.

The sixth fundamental is that something, in every man

worth while, that demands a *man's* part in what is going on in the world. It is not only the man who works with his brains who wants a cheerful home to go to, good food and clothing for himself and his family, occasional trips into other parts of the world, means of entertainment, and sufficient surcease from toil to leave within him the life and spirit to enjoy such things. The man who works with his hands wants these things also. But, like the man who works with his brain, while wanting these he wants, if left to his normal instinct, something more. He wants an individual part in the permanent structure going up around him. In times of war, such as we have gone through, this want takes the more or less spiritual form of service or contribution—open to all. But in times of peace, such as we have come into again, aside from the works of benevolence, the arts and literature—open to all—his only resource is in that side of industry that, surviving the year's consumption, becomes something materially permanent, and susceptible of individual ownership. Here the door, aside from agriculture and small trade, is still closed, except in theory, to the multitude. The strength of America, like that of France, has been in her farm land, owned by those who cultivate the soil. The strength of Germany—that which enabled her to float loan after loan in the war—was in her corporate industrial structure, owned largely by those in whose hands lay the direction of the lathes, the spindles, the forges, and the other fingers of manufacture. Here, at least, was an area of common interest between employer and employe. Each employe was to some degree his own employer. It is only where men have no common interest—are bound together by the bare relation of employer and employe—that there is an area of unrest. In Russia particularly, and to a large extent in Great Britain, that area covers the whole of the country. And in Russia it is showing its fruits. It is time for us to perceive that what we call "capital" and what we call "labor" are only the two visualized sides of one single entity. One side of that entity is peopled with those whose hands are hardened and whose faces are wet with the sweat of the tasks that fall to them; bringing only such satisfaction, aside from mere wages, as is contained in the fact that it affords a job. The other side of that entity, except in our agricultural regions

and small trade, is scarcely peopled at all with those who work—is a moated castle to its workers whose drawbridges are always up. Fifteen years ago I began to urge that the true solution of our industrial problem was to peopleize this unpeopled side, from the people at large, who have not only the means, as the bank deposits showed, but an inborn instinct also to share in the actual proprietorship of a growing civilization. It was too early then—had too much of the element of common sense in it, perhaps—to either catch or hold the attention of the country. But the thought underlying it has been going on in a practical way in many big enterprises. The reformation of the corporation as a medium of safe proprietorship, as well as successful operation, has been going on also. The feeling that a widely distributed proprietorship is right and the perception that it is practicable, has been developing. And above all, the only alternative—the world held by the throat by those with whom mere strength takes the place of right—has brought into the foreground the inevitable failure and devastation of trying to set aside the established industrial truths of the past with the fatuous theories and unbridled passions that project themselves so prominently into the present.

Now in view of these fundamentals what attitude should the public take? According to Mr. Gompers' type of unionism, the function of all labor organizations is nothing less, when it comes to close quarters, than to wield the power of labor as a whole, the country over, in what is adjudicated by *its* verdict, to be the interests of the employes of a particular plant, as well as the interests of labor as a whole. The "State" is merely society politically organized. What Mr. Gompers' kind of labor organization seeks is an "industrial state" within the "political state" —an *imperium in imperio*—labor the country over at the beck and call of the inner imperium. And so intent are labor unionists of this type on the power that would ensue to them were this once recognized as established right, that rather than miss obtaining it they would consent to a like organization of capital into what would approach a capitalist imperium, irrespective of the effect such an apportionment of the country to the two classes would have on the public as a whole. I am not over-stating what Mr.

Gompers is striving for. He looks upon employers and employes, not so much as citizens along with the rest of the public in a common country, as parties to a duel in which the public is only referee. The labor union being his principal, he wishes naturally to increase its strength and advantage of position. That can be best done, he thinks, by putting it under a single all-powerful dominion. And that there is danger that the public may be misled into taking this view of the situation also, is evidenced by the fact that there were at least some members of the Public Group in the late Industrial Conference who thought their task (and so said) was to devise a "Code" for the duel.

My first impression of the Plumb Bill was that it showed some sign of labor becoming interested in industry, as individual citizens—prospective individual proprietors—as well as wage workers, but I have to abandon that impression. The whole object of the bill, as it now seems to me, is not to join with capital in creating and maintaining industry, but to eliminate capital. True, in order not to be accused of confiscating what people have invested, the Plumb proposal contemplates that they shall receive in payment of their investment government bonds bearing 4 per cent interest at par. This, if accomplished, would do two things, as the Railway Brotherhoods seem to see it, viz.: it would avoid the appearance, at least, of outright confiscation, and it would substitute for private capital the capital of the whole nation. Having thus created a "government domain" out of the industries now privately owned, the Brotherhoods propose, in effect, that such domain be leased to the workers—those who are immediately connected with the manual operation of the industries either as brain workers or hand workers—for such private gain as they could make out of their operation, after the payment of operating expenses (including wages and salaries), depreciation, and fixed charges in the way of interest. The proposal is limited to the industries as they now stand, at least in the case of the railroads; it being contemplated that extensions and the like will have to be financed by the communities seeking them—presumably as a "community domain" going immediately under the

general leasehold arrangement for the benefit of the workers.

Our government debt is already over twenty-four billion dollars—almost six times what it was at the close of the Civil War. The initial bond issue to thus translate the railways into a "government domain" would be at least twenty billions more. Were other industries to follow, as is expressly contemplated, a further issue of more than thirty billions would have to be put out; a total of more than seventy-four billion dollars out of property that at its book value (and if capital be abolished "good will" or "going value" go with it) of not to exceed one hundred millions. The wonder is that the farms of the country, and the homes of the country, are not also included, thus completing the transaction of making everything "public domain" and everybody lessees of the government. Of course, until the American People are ready to plunge, at one leap, into a complete new order of things, from which personal liberty, and individualism of every kind—the work of six hundred years of Anglo-American development—will have been extracted and thrown on the dump heap, this programme remains a paper proposal only. Its only merit is its audacity—its very impossibility, the quality that gives it entree to the public ear. The Plumb Bill is nothing but labor unionism, as an imperium apart from the rest of the citizenship, on the lookout for such profits as might have been overlooked in its prior appropriation of them for wages.

As against this project to raise up in the midst of our old political state a new industrial state—perhaps two of them, for capital would have to follow labor in this respect—the Cummins Bill now pending in the Senate embodies a feature, that were it made a distinctive objective to further legislation, would largely supplant "class combat" with "common interests." To sum up the high points of the Cummins Bill it may be said that it looks to greater unity, and therefore to greater efficiency, in the operation of our railway system—something heretofore (before the war) forbidden by the Sherman Act—and accordingly contemplates such consolidation, under federal charter, of existing and future railway lines, as will eliminate the wastes due to the overlapping of transportation

facilities, while still preserving competition. This is to be done by grouping the roads into not less than twenty and not more than twenty-five separate systems, so adjusted that neither may be a supernumerary to the other and yet each be in competition with the other. This adjustment will be the work of railway and traffic experts, of course.

The Cummins Bill, also, contemplates that the existing capitalization of the roads shall be transferred into new securities, based, not on nominal or stock market values, but upon actual values as ascertained by the appraisal now in progress. This will squeeze out the water where there is water, and put the new capitalization on a basis on which just and reasonable rates can be easily determined by the Interstate Commerce Commission. As a corollary the Cummins Bill forbids the issue of new securities except on the approval of the Commission, and likewise requires the building of new lines to have a like approval—a provision whose counterpart in England is the precedent approval of a committee of the House of Commons. When all this is accomplished neither the railroads, nor their finances, will be longer the football of Wall Street manipulation.

The Cummins Bill gives to labor, as also to the Government, representation on the boards of directors of the several systems; and provides that out of the earnings of the roads, over and above fixed charges, including interest and dividends on the new securities, and maintenance and deterioration (having in mind also that lean years have to be provided for out of fat years) a certain percentage shall go toward a fund to finance new equipment from time to time, and another percentage to labor in aid of hospital relief, insurance and pensions, technical education, invention and research to promote better labor conditions, and, as originally reported, profit sharing.

And last, but not least, the Cummins Bill sets up a Committee on Wages and Working Conditions, upon which capital and labor are equally represented, the Government holding the balance of power, whose decision shall be final, and from which there cannot be an appeal through conspiracy, combination, or a strike, other than the right of each individual to quit work for himself at his own will. In this way the seeds of Sovietism that under irresponsible radical leadership is trying to undermine the

concept of law and order on which our Government rests, will be nipped and destroyed.

Now with the railway systems, representing not less than one-fifth or sixth the property wealth of the country, thus emancipated from stock jobbing manipulation on the one hand and Soviet irruptions and violence on the other, what is bound to happen? When one opens an avenue to a reservoir of water, pressing for an outlet, the water is bound to flow through. Individual proprietorship in the railways of the country, by the public at large, and especially by their American minded employes, has been waiting, even though unconsciously, the opening of just such an avenue. The necessary capital is in abundant existence—in the hands of the people at large too—the water is in the reservoir. That capital has been flowing for years, in the savings of those who are not called capitalists, first through the little rivulets whose sources are the small town bank deposits; then through the larger streams represented by the larger cities' banks deposits; then through the rivers to the points at which it has been dipped out by the big banks in the promotion of enterprise, in the way of loans, bonds and the like. Altogether that flow of individual capital, belonging to the people at large, would buy out all the securities of the railways at their real value, leaving as much over for other corporate industries. In a word the owners of the railways—the so-called big railway investors —are not such on their own capital, but have become such on the capital of the public at large, dipped out, in the way of bonds and loans, from this perennial stream of American thrift and frugality. And what kept the stream from flowing directly into proprietorship—what closed the avenue between the reservoir and direct ownership by the people at large of our American corporate enterprises—has been the public's lack of confidence in corporate securities other than bonds. And even in the matter of bonds there has been an intermediary to a large degree, in the trained savings banks. Remove this bar to confidence, as the Cummins Bill will remove it, with respect to the railways, and the country at large, especially the railway employes who look forward to better personal conditions, will fall into the practice of investing their individual capital directly in railway securities; for these will be as safe as

government securities and at a much better rate of return; so that the potentiality embodied in this feature of the Cummins Bill is the very antithesis to an industrial "state" within a political state—is based on the philosophy that surer justice for all comes out of mutuality of interest, supplemented by representation in management, rather than out of labor and capital as parties to a duel.

Capital has had its triumphant hour. It began with the closing years of the last century and came up to the opening years of the war. And in that hour a certain side of capital fell into the dominion of those who lived, bargained, and manœuvered for all they could get for themselves, without thought of its effect on others or on the public—the means it employed being an attempt to organize within the state a unitary corporate interest (similar to Gompers' project for labor) that might be in a position to defy the interests of the balance of the state. But before the power of the people, and their determination to have but *one* state over them, the attempt went down.

Labor has now its hour. And as with that side of capital, one side of labor is in danger of falling under the dominion of those who scheme only for their own pockets in the division of productivity as a whole, without thought of its effect on the share of others or on the public. And the organism it is trying to build up within the state is the same kind of unitary interest that the people refused to capital. It, too, must fail. A labor hierarchy, setting itself over every other interest of mankind, can be no more endured than a money hierarchy. Least of all can it be endured by the great bulk of wage earners themselves, for, as we have seen, everything that the hierarchy adds to its own ratio in the division of productivity as a whole, comes out, in the end, of those who do not belong to it. Indeed what American Democracy will have to do is steadfastly to refuse to surrender to either of these hierarchies—the hierarchy that would gather into its own hands the enormous new property that has come out of the new industrial era, or the hierarchy that would take over to itself, as a special class in the ranks of labor, by force if necessary, nearly all that modern industry as the partner of mankind has given us.

No more formidable question has ever arisen since our Government began—formidable by the very complexity in

which it is involved—the question of how, preserving individuality in industry, as it has been achieved and is preserved elsewhere in life—in religion, government and civil liberty—the machinery of property acquisitions and distribution shall be so readjusted that the door to participation shall be opened in effect as well as in theory to all.

The war, the world over, has broken in on what was hitherto known as "authority," in the State; and in the overthrow of things based on tradition, the traditional instinct to obey to a large degree has gone with it. In a sense the war freed men's minds from the fetters of the past. But it has also turned them loose to wander without much sense of restraint in the marshes of the future. Many, too many, are going astray. To such as these, things that were settled—things that ought in the main to have remained settled—have become plastic. To these, society itself has become molten—is in a state of new cosmos; and thinking only of themselves, and of what they believe will be to their own advantage, they are bent on schemes that will return it to chaos. In the whole history of society, secured by government, there has been no more critical hour. Capital, I repeat, has had its hour. Labor is having its hour. But America as a great homogeneous people is hearing the strike of the hour also. Government by class—government as a by-product of the clash of class with class—cannot remain either just or stable. And it belongs to America, as a great homogeneous people, by stern force if necessary, to save the hour from those who would debauch it—to lift it into the beginnings of a sober democracy that will put industry again alongside of religion, civil liberty, and political liberty, as the laden table at which all will have room to sit down, but at which none will have license to violate the decencies of individual right. To the man who offers to America this programme, and to the party that backs him—to the man and the party who substitute for the present prevailing idea of *tour de force* as the arbiter in industry, the idea of a return to a *community of interest,* will come a response from the people, that will make our old American freedom the bulwark of the New Times;—for even in these new times there is room in America for only one all-powerful dominion—the Government, as it was given us.

PETER S. GROSSCUP.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT[1]

BY ELIHU ROOT

WHEN Colonel Thompson asked me to come here and say a few words, a very few words, about Theodore Roosevelt upon his birthday, it seemed to me very appropriate, for the great mountains from which you draw your inspiration as a society were to him, next to his home, the dearest place in the world. Like Antaeus of the Greek fable, there he renewed his matchless energy by the touch of Mother Earth. He loved every peak and plain and valley from the Bad Lands to the Flat Tops. He loved the brave and simple people of the mountains, he knew them, he respected them, and he prized the influence of their lives upon his.

So many of us loved him! The mystic chords of memory draw the hearts of so many of us back to that life so magnanimous, so kindly, so affectionate, so appealing to the best in all our natures, so full of genuine interest in our fortunes, so appreciative of what was good in us, so kindly and considerate of our failings! We love him! We could not celebrate his birthday as we do were it not for our deep affection. But, that is not the cause of our gathering. He rendered great service, he did great deeds for us and for our country. With the swift intuitions in which he surpassed all men of his time, he pierced through the complications and uncertainties of political and economic life to the fundamental principles upon which rest our whole political and social system, the fundamental truths which underlie American institutions and which underlie all government of Justice and of Liberty. He saw that in the marvelous development of human wealth and human power to produce wealth, we had gradually slipped away from the old, simple relations of equality among our people, that a crust was forming of power and privilege and superiority based upon

[1] A speech delivered before the Rocky Mountain Club on October 27.

wealth, and a steadily, certainly growing discontent was making its way among the people of our country. And he undertook, though there was no crisis, to make one, and to bring the people of America back to the supremacy of law for liberty. The millions who were beginning to feel that our free institutions were failing he taught to understand that there was a remedy by law, and he forced a passage through the difficulties, doubts and obstacles, for law and for the application of the great principles of free government through law; and in order to prevent revolution, he went up and down the land, preaching the principles of justice and freedom, not merely solving particular questions of corporations and trusts and the use of capital, but laying down the rules by which all questions for all time must be solved in a free, democratic government. With unthinking and instant courage, he declared in clear tones heard throughout the land, "All must obey the law. Wealth must obey the law. Labor must obey the law." He flinched from no power, from no political power, from no social power, in the just and equal and uncompromising assertion of the principles of American liberty and justice for rich and poor, for capital and labor, for the great and for the weak.

Where would we be now, called upon as we are to deal with the grave and terrible questions that are before us, if Theodore Roosevelt had not restored to the plain people of the United States, the men and women of small means, of simple lives, confidence in our institutions, an abiding faith in the capacity of our democracy to maintain the equality of independent manhood among rich and poor alike?

Where would we have been in those fateful days when the people of the United States were called upon to gird themselves anew and offer their fortunes, their lives, their dearest affections, in terrible war for the preservation of our liberty, if Theodore Roosevelt had not been able to appeal to the affection and the confidence and the trust of the American people for a system of free institutions in which he had taught them to believe?

But as it is not for our affection, so it is not for his deeds that we are now met to honor him. He did more than to solve the questions of his time. He presented to our country and to the world a great and inspiring example to en-

force his teaching; it is not what he did, but what he became. The man was the spirit he worked in.

Sermons are forgotten; men are remembered. Truths are told in ten thousand volumes and pamphlets, from a thousand pulpits and rostrums. They are forgotten. For a moment they enter the mind, and in a moment they are displaced. But the perpetual lesson of a great example, inseparably united to a great truth, carries on the work of a lifetime through generations and ages to come.

And this example is one which appeals so readily to all. Every American boy can be Theodore Roosevelt's follower. He was not different, not some strange phenomenon unlike the rest of us. He was like us all, only more so. There was, as the French Ambassador has said, radium in the clay of which he was fashioned, that carried to the nth power every great purpose, every noble conception, every deep truth that possessed him.

Every Boy Scout may imitate him. He was strong, powerful, but he began weak and puny. He trained himself to strength and power. So can all American boys. He was born and bred under the disadvantages of wealth and fashion, with the paving stones of a city between him and the earth. He broke over the barriers and became the friend of every farmer, of every ranchman, of every huntsman, of every laborer, of every good and true man and woman in this great land. No pent-up city, no learned institution, no social convention restrained his universal and mighty sympathy. He trained himself to the habit of courage. So can every American boy. From the habit of courage came the natural reaction of truth. That is within the grasp of every American boy. He was sincere and simple, not ornate and florid. He spoke not the tongue of the poet or the philosopher. He had not what Macaulay credited to Gladstone, "a command of a kind of language, grave and majestic, but of vague and doubtful import." No one ever misunderstood what Theodore Roosevelt said. No one ever doubted what Theodore Roosevelt meant. No one ever doubted that what he said he believed, he intended and he would do. He was a man not of sentiment or expression but of feeling and of action. His proposals were always tied to action. He uttered no fine sentence, satisfied that that was the end, the thing to be accomplished. His words

were always the precursors of effective action. He cultivated promptness in action until it became his natural reaction and made him an almost perfect executive—not an administrator, but an executive gifted with the power of swift and unerring decision. Yet he was as free from self-conceit as any man I ever knew. His consciousness of strength was in the strength of his purpose, in the cause he advocated, and not at all in his own merits. He was as modest as a girl about himself. He was the most hospitable to advice of any man I ever knew. He was eager for knowledge. He thirsted for knowledge, and in the performance of his public duties he sought everywhere from all manner of men, to know their thought, their contribution of information. He talked little about common counsel, but he practised it universally and always, and he did come to know the very heart of the American people by actual contact. He was no unapproachable genius unlike everyone else. He did not originate great new truths but he drove old fundamental truths into the minds and the hearts of his people so that they stuck and dominated. Old truths he insisted upon, enlarged upon, repeated over and over in many ways with quaint and interesting and attractive forms of expression, never straining for novelty or for originality, but always driving, driving home the deep fundamental truths of public life, of a great self-governing democracy, the eternal truths upon which justice and liberty must depend among men. Savonarola originated no new truths, nor Luther, nor Wesley, nor any of those flaming swords that have cut into the consciousness of mankind with the old truths that had been overlooked through indifference and error, wrong-heartedness and wrong-headedness. Review the roster of the few great men of history, our own history, the history of the world; and when you have finished the review, you will find that Theodore Roosevelt was the greatest teacher of the essentials of popular self-government the world has ever known.

What we are here for is to perpetuate that teaching, lift it up, striking the imagination, enlisting the interest, of the country and the world, by signally perpetuating the memory of our friend, the great teacher.

The future of our country will depend upon having men, real men of sincerity and truth, of unshakable convic-

tion, of power, of personality, with the spirit of Justice and the fighting spirit through all the generations; and the mightiest service that can be seen today to accomplish that for our country is to make it impossible that Theodore Roosevelt, his teaching and his personality shall be forgotten. Oh, that we might have him with us now!

Be it our duty and our privilege, in our weak and humble way, to keep him with us, to keep him with our country in all the trials before it, and so pay to him the honor that he coveted most, the highest accomplishment of his noble and patriotic purpose.

ELIHU ROOT.

IS FRANCE DYING?

BY WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY

FRANCE could be menaced by no greater peril than depopulation. In comparison, her other problems assume secondary importance. Rousseau, with all his sentimental sophistry, had one sound sociological maxim, namely, that there is for a country no worse dearth than that of inhabitants. Societies, like organic beings, live from a capital of energy. Since social capital consists of citizens, diminution of this wealth entails a corresponding loss of vitality, and a rapid decline in the birth rate points to defective social organization. Before the war, the population of Russia was increasing annually by almost two million, that of Germany by 900,000, that of Great Britain and Italy by 400,000 and 350,000, respectively. France, on the other hand, in eight different years, had exhibited a decrease in population. Since 1914, moreover, in her seventy-seven Departments that escaped invasion, civilian deaths have exceeded births by 900,000. As early as 1911 Paul Leroy-Beaulieu, the eminent economist, in summing up the situation, declared: "Such is the fatal refrain which sounds the knell of the nation." Last year, Dr. G. Variot wrote:

> Even before 1914 the situation of France was desperate; what shall we say now, since during the war her birth rate has diminished more than half? Today the depopulation of France is so menacing that we must resort to measures energetic, radical, heroic. Our eastern neighbors have long prophesied that the numerous sons of their prolific race would come and despoil the one-child families of France.

Had the German Emperor but exercised patience, France would have fallen into his lap like a ripe fruit.

In Caesar's time, Gaul numbered eight million inhabitants. Beginning with the Middle Ages, France increased century after century amidst neighbor countries then forming. In the days of Francis I (1515-1547), Frenchmen constituted almost half the population of Europe. Under

Louis XIV they formed a third, and at the outbreak of the Revolution a fourth. This relative proportion France maintained by reason of her large families. Under Francis I these families averaged seven children each; under Louis XIV five; in 1789 four; in 1870 three; and by 1914 the average had declined to two. Obviously, the country did not heed the warning of Erckmann and Chatrian, who in *L' Ami Fritz* (1876) affirmed: *"Les peuples qui cessent de Croitre marchent a la decadence."* In the forty-three years following the treaty of Frankfort, Germany gained upon France twenty-eight million inhabitants, or fifteen times the equivalent of Alsace and Lorraine. Small wonder that scores of French books should have been devoted of late to depopulation. Statesmen, sociologists, economists, physicians, magistrates, men of letters, all have considered the national peril. Societies have been formed to combat it, commissions appointed to investigate it. Indeed, the literature of the subject in volume and importance deserves comparison with the famous *Cahiers* of 1789. The scourge having been attributed to no fewer than sixty different causes, Paul Margueritte declares that a problem so complex and formidable demands not one, nor ten, but a hundred measures, individual, administrative, national. Georges Rossignol, in his penetrating study, *Un Pays de Celibataires et de Fils Uniques,* goes even further, demanding the convocation of a national assembly to deal with the menace.

This salutary alarm is relatively recent. For years French legislators of the radical *bloc,* concerned primarily with "politics," refused to give serious thought to a question which they regarded as essentially moral and economic. Being devoted, moreover, to the ideals of the Revolution, they suspected the apostles of repopulation of reactionary motives, of seeking to discredit the parliamentary regime. History seemed to furnish justification for disregarding the peril. In antiquity Plato and Aristotle, fearing overpopulation, advised violent means for checking fertility, though later both Greece and Rome suffered from dearth of inhabitants. Down through the centuries war, famine, and pestilence thinned the population. But the eighteenth century witnessed a return to the fears of the ancients, as we know from such writers as Montesquieu, Buffon, the Marquis de

Mirabeau, and Arthur Young. The doctrine received in consecration from Malthus, who, in his *Essay on Population* (1798), endeavored to establish the fact that the inhabitants of a country, doubling every twenty-five years, multiply in geometric progression (1, 2, 4, 8), whereas their means of subsistence increase only in arithmetical progression (1, 2, 3, 4). Owing to this so-called law, the young English pastor argued that there was danger of man's being left without a place at the banquet of nature.

Even before the publication of Malthus's *Essay,* certain Revolutionary leaders had expressed the conviction that France was too densely populated. According to Collot d'Herbois and Carrier, prominent instruments of the Terror, political executions should stop only after the destruction of twelve or fifteen million Frenchmen. Similarly, Guffroy wrote: "Let the guillotine operate throughout the Republic; five million inhabitants will be enough for France." The fear of excessive population persisted for many years, even among certain economists and statesmen. For example, Thiers, with all his sagacity, extolled *"les sages population de la Normandie"* (a province excelling in voluntary restriction). In 1852, the city of Versailles offered handsome premiums to encourage sterility among the poor. As late as 1877 Joseph Garnier, a zealous disciple of Malthus, declared that the demand for larger families was absurd, inhuman, and contrary to the interests of society, particularly of the poor. Even Malthus, who reckoned six children to a family, was less extreme. Had he foreseen the present birth rate of France, he would have decried depopulation still more earnestly than its opposite.

Between overpopulation and depopulation, both of which are social maladies, a regular birth rate indicates social health. Normal natality corresponds to economic equilibrium, which may be upset by extremes of wealth or poverty. This equilibrium arises from the satisfactory adjustment of the income of the family head to the needs of his dependents. "Neither the *rentier* nor the indigent," writes Gaston Rageot in his admirable book *La Natalite,* "conduces to social health. To say that wealth begets sterility is as false as to say that poverty begets fecundity. It is not wealth that sterilizes, but unproductivity; not poverty that increases fertility, but industry. Social pathology exhibits

the same symptoms as the mental pathology of the individual. A people declining reproduces feature for feature the disintegration of a mind diseased. Its collective conscience shrinks, its national organism becomes stunted, its mental level descends. A nation in full vitality, while producing children, wins battles and acquires wealth, builds monuments, and develops poets and artists, as well as merchants and heroes. Generally prolific, it extends its activities to all parts of the world. A declining nation, on the contrary, not only yields fewer offspring, but exhibits a diminution in genius and the spirit of enterprise. Depopulation leads to luxury, vice, and indolence, eventually to alcoholism, tuberculosis, and demagogy."

The causes of depopulation are as complex and subtle, as intangible and elusive as those of life itself. Gaston Rageot, who considers depopulation essentially a sociological question, though stated in physical, biological, moral, and political terms, cautions us against hoping to find a definite cause. The decline in the French birth rate, he declares, is due chiefly to the lack of adaptation between a monarchial, Christian family and an egalitarian, lay democracy. Social movements are determined by mystic forces: religion, patriotism, belief in happiness, in progress. The greatest social crises correspond to the substitution of one ideal for another, as, for example, the rise of Christianity, the transition from the Middle Ages to modern times, the shift of point of view beginning with the French Revolution. Such transitions presuppose disintegration, and are accompanied, in the peoples that undergo them, by great expenditures of psychic energy.

Since the Revolution, France has experienced just such a transition. That upheaval destroyed the moral conceptions of ancient France, and offered, as the sole guide to conduct, the interest of the individual. By degrees society has been organized for the individual at the expense of the family. The family presupposes a hierarchy; democracy presupposes equality; the family is based on authority, democracy on liberty. What the one had built up in France the other tends to destroy, the modern French social order being conducive to disruption of the family hierarchy. Man, once the priest and husband in the home, is now too often merely the lover. Whereas formerly he held his wife by

divine right, or by legal authority, he today holds her by the fragile bonds of passion. Why should he make her bear children, especially if she wants none? Nor is the economic order more favorable to the family head, since the State, not content with emancipating his wife and children, claims the right to dispose of his property as well.

These conditions recall Renan's strictures on the French social organism as it resulted from the Revolution:

> A code of laws which seem to have been made for an ideal citizen born a foundling and dying a celibate; a code which converts everything into life annuities; in which children are an incumbrance for their father; in which all collective, permanent creation is forbidden; in which moral unities—the only vital ones—are dissolved at each generation; in which the shrewd fellow is an egotist who arranges his life so as to have the fewest duties possible. . . .

Accordingly, the father, being deprived of his authority, moral, legal, and material, has become a variable concept, moving toward zero. Should he be blamed for not establishing a large progeny? Hence A. L. Galeot, in *L'Avenir de la Race,* concludes that the depopulation of France is the direct consequence of its social organization. He argues that if France is not prolific, her institutions are to blame.

Among the moral forces of a country, religion is of prime importance. In France, with the dissolution of national unity, religion has lost its legal character, marriage remaining a sacrament only incidentally. Thus, what was formerly the essential feature of matrimony has become an accessory; what was obligatory is optional. According to Leroy-Beaulieu, the Catholic religion, more than any other, teaches resignation to one's lot and condemns selfishness, exalting sentiments favorable to large families, and frowning upon those that tend to diminish the number of children. His argument he substantiates by the example of French Canada, where, even today, families number from ten to twelve children. In his indictment of the present regime in France he writes (1911):

> When our system of education and our administration shall have succeeded in *civilizing* the remaining primitive Departments, the birth rate will again take a terrible drop. Had all France enjoyed since 1861 the birth rate of the Department of Finistère, we should have gained 400,000 inhabitants a year. If, on the other hand, the entire country had

had the rate of Lot-et-Garonne, we should have lost seven or eight million. Yet, it is the mentality of this latter Department that our public education seeks to disseminate, and the mentality of Finistère that it endeavors to suppress.

He concluded that, unless the French wish to rush headlong into national suicide, their Government must cease the odious war which for a quarter of a century, and especially the last fifteen years, it has waged against the traditional faith. Etienne Lamy takes the same view, declaring that the doctrine rejected by the Government sustains the family and perpetuates France, whereas the doctrine adopted diminishes and destroys nations.

As opposing these conservative writers, certain others defend the present radical tendencies. Progress, development of the intelligence, they assert, is excellent and desirable. Science, industry, material prosperity, justice, all are wholesome; it is only their sum total which may become an evil like too rich food for a weak stomach. It is not sufficient to become civilized; it is necessary to acquire strength by the process. The application of science to nature constitutes one of the most powerful stimulants of social life, but it is fatiguing, upsetting, even destructive. Every time you advance education and raise the individual intellectually, making him independent of natural impulses and hardship, you enable him, by liberating him from instinct, say these writers, to defeat the inclination to procreate. But this is only a temporary evil which indicates that evolution is but half completed. The individual is no longer a creature of nature, nor as yet governed by moral law. Continue to develop him. For instinct substitute an ideal. Superficial culture exercises a sterilizing effect; thorough culture will favor a high birth rate.

Among further causes of depopulation, it should be noted that children are no longer a source of profit to their parents in agriculture and industrial work. Moreover, personal and family ambition, the increased competition in all careers, excessive frugality, on the one hand, and a taste for luxury and amusement, on the other, tend to retard marriage and to make couples limit their offspring. Most of these phenomena may be grouped under the heading "social capillarity," the importance of which no economist will deny. Arsene Dumont, indeed, regards it as the principal

source of depopulation. Says Leroy-Beaulieu: "Every man desires for his family a continuous social rise. Many hope to achieve this by preventing a division of their estates. Accordingly, they consent to rear a second child as insurance against accident or to vary the sexes; a third they accept as a regrettable surprise; a fourth they deem an unpardonable mistake."

Still other causes of depopulation are desertion of the country for the cities, intemperance, wet nursing, venereal disease, the feminist movement, divorce, and free love. People cannot, of course, be prevented from emigrating to the cities, if they so prefer. But the curtailment of alcoholism would check infant mortality, insanity, and tuberculosis. Happily the war has for the present done away with absinthe. Nor, since the enactment of the Roussel law, is wet nursing the evil that it was formerly. But venereal disease, which constantly increases, continues to be at once the chief cause of infant mortality and of more than half the involuntary sterility in France. Feminism, too, or the "masculinization" of woman, tends to decrease marriages. As for divorce, competent authorities point out that many a woman, in view of a possible subsequent marriage, desires to preserve her beauty from the disfiguring effects of motherhood. As Maurice Donnay expresses it in *The Torrent,* French women are impressed with the fact that "childbearing deforms a woman, making her look like a sack of coal." Although marriage in France be normal, every free union accentuates race suicide, since, as a rule, the woman, realizing the fragility of the bonds that unite her to her partner, refuses to bear children.

It still remains to consider the most serious cause of French depopulation—abortion. In recent years this criminal form of neo-Malthusianism, characterized by one writer as "social gangrene," has assumed alarming proportions. In a doctoral dissertation on *Depopulation* (1910), Gilbert Andre affirms, "A matron arrested at Roubaix has confessed to having practised ten thousand abortions." Dr. Paul Landroy, formerly president of the French Medical Society, avers that the number of abortions now exceeds the number of births; and Dr. Lacassagne, professor at the University of Lyons, estimates such cases at from 450,000 to 500,000 annually. Fantastic as

these figures may seem, Etienne Lamy, writing in the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* declares that in the large cities the number of cases equals and occasionally exceeds births, and in all France attains 300,000 each year. Little wonder that Joseph Turquan, the noted statistician, should exclaim: "It is most urgent to kill neo-Mauthusianism before it kills us, to stamp out abortion with a law carrying drastic penalties against the women who practice it and against all who become their accomplices!" At present, unfortunately, prosecution for this crime is rare, and, as a rule, the jury renders a verdict of acquittal.

It should be noted, however, that Malthus is nowise to blame for the vicious practices that bear his name. On the contrary, his doctrine, albeit often misrepresented by writers unfamiliar with the facts, was highly ascetic, teaching continence and chastity. Though introduced into France later than in England, neo-Malthusianism is now the more practised in the former country, where it has its organizations, journals, and apostles. The *League of Voluntary Procreation* has properly been dubbed by Gautier de Clagny the *League of National Suicide.*

This array of causes for French depopulation is at least imposing. Were remedies for the scourge as definite, the beginning of a cure might be expected. Here, however, just as in diagnosing the case, opinions are bound to differ. Yet, all are agreed that France needs annually 1,500,000 births instead of 750,000, the pre-war average. Of her eleven million married couples, almost two million are childless, three million have but one child to a family, and more than two million have but two children. The remaining four million have three or more. Accordingly, whereas one-third tend to augment the race, approximately two-thirds let it decline. Whether the decline has gained such momentum that it cannot be checked is the question.

Moral remedies can alone be truly efficacious, but material remedies may be helpful at first. Gaston Rageot suggests that as an urgent temporary palliative the State offer for children whatever they may cost. He thinks that France, if willing to pay the price, may obtain in the provinces as many as desired. In 1911 Leroy-Beaulieu estimated the bonuses for encouraging the rearing of a third child (500 francs) at one hundred and eighty-seven

million francs annually. Few would now, however, deem this premium a sufficient inducement. In fact, Paul Benazet has introduced in Parliament a bill guaranteeing to every mother 500 francs for each of her first two children, 1,000 for the third, and 2,000 for the fourth. True, as Georges Deherme remarks in *Croitre ou Disparaitre,* premiums would tempt chiefly those least fit to rear children; but present circumstances permit of no choice.

Further encouragement of large families might be offered in the form of exemption from military service, lower taxes, cheap house rent, and preference for governmental appointment. Moreover, numerous writers demand for voters with children plural suffrage. Joseph Turquan would grant to every father as many votes as he has children under age plus unmarried daughters. In 1915, the French Government recalled from the front all fathers of six or more children. Another concession demanded for heads of families is modification of the inheritance laws in order to enable fathers to will their property as they may see fit, preventing the morselling of their land or estate at death. The necessity of evading the present law is said to cause many families to limit offspring to one.

Along with encouragements and concessions, the State may also use compulsion and repression. Paul Margueritte, for example, would so far as possible exact of every couple four children. From those who have but one child he would take three-fourths of their property; from those with two, half; and so on. The unmarried, as "slackers of life," would forfeit all to the State. Nor should abortionists escape, though it be easier to legislate than to enforce laws against them. Now that the physician has become a "lay confessor," it ought to be his duty to aid in eradicating abortion instead of abetting it. "He should attain this end," says Gilbert Andre, "by encouraging maternity at every opportunity."

Aside from the efforts of individuals and the influence of legislators, a campaign of civic and moral education must be waged. Only by this means can lasting reform be effected. It will be necessary to dispel in the younger generation the "fear of life," as Henry Bordeaux terms it, and to reform national manners, altering the mental state which has led France into social aberrations so destructive

that increase in the birth rate is of vital importance to all; that unless this be quickly attained, the ruin of France will result. It is by appealing to individual advantage that fecundity can best be stimulated. National economy, in its healthiest form, implies a reciprocity of rights and duties between the individual and society. Could selfish interests and the general weal be reconciled, the question of repopulation would be solved. The average person conceives of society as an abstraction. Let the citizen but feel the weakness of his country, and depopulation will appear to him forthwith as a pathetic reality. As Paul Deschanel, president of the Chamber of Deputies, has said, this grave problem demands national co-operation—the collaboration of the State, the departments, the communes, of societies and individuals, legislative efforts and private initiative. Despite the repugnant failure of Zola's *Fecondite,* let us hope, urges R. Lepine, that some man of letters may reawaken in French women of the higher classes a passion for motherhood.

WILLIAM H. SCHEIFLEY.

HOLLAND AND BELGIUM

BY J. F. SCHELTEMA

THE Low Countries and particularly the basin of the Scheldt having been shaped by nature into a cockpit for the contentious nations of West and Central Europe, the question of control over the navigation of that river was always one of wider interest than seemed warranted by its importance in times of peace alone. Long before Fortunatus, Bishop of Poitiers, extolled it, in his poetical life of St. Martin, under its Latin alias of Scaldis, the giant Antigonus used to levy toll on the masters of the primitive sailing craft that passed up and down its shallow channel, and to cut off the hands of whoever refused to pay, throwing them into the water that laved the ramparts of his fortified abode where now the *Steen* bears witness to the solid architecture of a later stronghold. Hence the name Antwerp (derived from *hand werpen:* hand throwing) and the castle flanked by two hands in the ancient city's coat of arms. Hence also the commemorative fountain that fronts its town-hall in the market place, surmounted by a statue of Salvius Brabo, the semi-mythical hero who slew Antigonus and made the Scheldt free for his people's earliest commercial pursuits.

The Low Countries passed through many vicissitudes, and after the ordeal of the Eighty Years' War, the Treaty of Munster assigned in 1648 the river's mouth to the young Republic, formed by the union of the northern provinces, which had achieved their religious and political liberty. This arrangement was not relished by the still fettered South, and the Emperor Josef II, visiting his Austrian Netherlands in 1781, had to listen to no end of complaints, especially from the burghers of Antwerp, with respect to

the subjection of their main artery of traffic and outlet to the sea. His efforts to obtain redress, coupled with his wish to abrogate the Barrier Treaty of 1715, led to a partial adjustment of conflicting claims, which tided over a period in European politics, "the most critical since the outbreak of the Thirty Years' War," as Sir James Harris, afterwards first Earl of Malmesbury, reported from the Hague. France rode a very high horse while England remained comparatively passive. This apathetic attitude changed, however, when in 1792 the French republican troops occupied what now is Belgium, and turned to the deep anxiety which revealed itself in the Walcheren expedition of 1809 when Antwerp began to loom large as the pistol aimed by Napoleon at England's breast. The Napoleonic wars bring us to the Congress of Vienna and its creation of the kingdom of the United Netherlands, allotted to the Prince of Orange-Nassau, William I, by his royal appellation, who, as a personal compensation for the ancestral domains (Siegen, Diez, Dillenburg and Hadamar), which he had to relinquish in favor of Prussia, received moreover the grand-duchy of Luxemburg, an integral part of the German Federation with a federal fortress commanding its capital. One of the features of the Congress of Vienna, besides the redistribution of crowns and dominions it revelled in, was its inquiry, by means of a Committee on the Navigation of Rivers, into divers controversies about the Rhine, the Neckar, the Main, the Moselle and the Scheldt. For the revival of the Southern Netherlands, in particular of Antwerp, whose shipping and trade had sadly declined under Austrian rule, great things were expected from their union with the North.

And indeed their industries blossomed into new life; Antwerp throve again, thanks also to the improvements it owed to Napoleon's activity, and began to rival Rotterdam as a port of transit. But, taking all together, the marriage of North and South, decided upon by the leading Powers for their paramount convenience, was an ill-sorted one. The Northerners complained that the Southerners did not care for their love; the Southerners complained that Dutch love smacked of mercenary motives. There was constant friction over money matters; there were recriminations and the kind of conjugal amenities attendant

on an incompatibility of temperament which made the lighter, inflammable, more explosive of the two parties sue for a divorce before the Court of Europe. Anticipating its decree, she seceded, stating her reasons at a plenary meeting of the Congress of Brussels which proclaimed her independence on November 18, 1830. Though King William's measures to restore the partnership by force met in the beginning with marked success from a military point of view, they failed to win back the recalcitrant member, whose effort had the support of Britain and France conformably to a development of the international situation that required new combinations. True, the Prince of Orange's brilliant Ten-Days' Campaign, his dashing charges on the battle-field between Diest and Louvain, resulted in the eighteen articles of the original project of separation being revised and rendered more acceptable to Holland in the form of twenty-four articles, finally presented by the Conference of London as an ultimatum to both the litigants, but Belgium was to have her will. She parted company with King William and his loyal Dutch subjects, who had to submit to the Treaty, signed at London on May 21st, 1833, which established a *modus vivendi* on the basis of the twenty-four articles already accepted by the Parliament at Brussels. The blockade, instituted by Britain and France as a means of coercing the Dutch, was raised on their sovereign's promise to respect the neutrality of the State in swaddling-bands which, for its ruler, had chosen Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, widower of Princess Charlotte, heiress to the English throne, and consort, in second nuptials, of Princess Louise of Orleans, the daughter of Louis-Philippe.

William I found in 1838 his chance for reopening the discussion about rights he had not yet abandoned, in a growing antagonism between England and France, which latter Power was suspected of designs for its own aggrandizement in the Belgian game it played. Another Conference at London terminated the difference by the protocol of December 11th, which accorded to Belgium a considerable reduction in her share of the public debt of the late United Netherlands, saddled upon her by the act of separation, and to Holland the part of Limburg still in dispute, while the equally litigious part of Luxemburg

was lumped with the rest of the grand-duchy to constitute an hereditary appanage to the house of Nassau. This, together with the regulations decided upon for the Meuse and the Scheldt, amounted to a diplomatic victory scored by Lord Palmerston against the Cabinet of Louis-Philippe. But Leopold, the Citizen-King's son-in-law, turned the tables on Great Britain and, for that matter, on Holland, as far as the trade of Antwerp was concerned, by obtaining in 1863 the suppression of the Scheldt tolls. Emulating Salvius Brabo, he freed the river of that servitude, not by any slaying of ferocious giants, but by the modern process of paying *fs* 12,000,000, Belgium's quota in the sum of *fs* 32,276,566 assessed on the interested Powers to indemnify the Dutch treasury for the pecuniary damage it sustained. With regard to Luxemburg mention should here be made of its role in the events that determined the outcome of the Austro-Prussian and Franco-Prussian Wars. Like Dutch Limburg it remained up to 1866 in the German Federation. Prussia refusing to evacuate its capital, William III, King of the Netherlands, always in want of money to provide for his *menus plaisirs,* gladly fell in with a proposition from Napoleon III, who, spying an opening for France as Louis-Philippe had done before, offered *fs* 90,000,000 in full payment for his title to the grand-duchy and, in addition, a guarantee for the affranchisement of Dutch Limburg. Disapproving of that deal, Bismarck interfered with a veto, delivered through Count Perponcher, Prussian envoy at the Hague. Dutch Limburg was nevertheless detached from the German Federation, while Luxemburg attained its neutrality, to pass after the death of William III of the Netherlands, without his leaving male issue, to Adolf of Nassau-Weilburg, grandfather of the Grand-Duchess Marie-Adelaide, who recently abdicated in favor of her sister, Princess Charlotte.

The revelations made, in 1909, by Baron van Heeckerer van Kell, late of the Dutch diplomatic service, anent a letter from Emperor Wilhelm to Queen Wilhelmina written to urge an immediate strengthening of Holland's coast defence, were followed by the coup which secured for Germany a private harbor near Vlaardingen on the New Waterway and, among other events that lent color to German pressure as indicated, the building of a strong

fortress near Flushing at the mouth of the Hondt or West Scheldt, Antwerp's highroad to the sea. The commotion in the English and French Press, excited by those doings, had not yet subsided when Austria presented her ultimatum to Serbia, when neutral Luxemburg and neutral Belgium suffered both a sudden invasion. A few days later, August 5, 1914, Sir Edward Grey, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, assured the Belgian Government that " the British fleet [would] secure the free passage of the Scheldt for the revictualling of Antwerp," but the revictualling had to be done by land because Holland objected on the ground of international agreements which, insuring the neutrality of her territorial waters, had been newly confirmed by the rulings of the Hague Conference of 1907. Clinching her objection, she exercised her right to close the river's mouths with a view to obviate belligerent acts of whatever description. Though no right conferred by international law and indorsed by international covenants is better founded, this bottling up of the Scheldt, as it was called, caused the Allies great concern even if it clogged Germany's liberty of movement still more than theirs, possibly by preventing the use of Antwerp as a submarine base and a starting-point for raids across the North Sea in a subsequent stage of the war. Holland's resolution in this respect, aggravated by alleged facilities to Germany, as, for instance, in the case of the steamer *Magdalena Fischer,* said to have made two return voyages between Antwerp and Zeebrugge, is now remembered against her with other grievances of the same character: her lax interpretation of the term contraband, specifically with reference to food stuffs for the German army, to gravel and sand for German military roads and " pill-boxes "; her obduracy in barring her ports to armed merchantmen; ultimately her consent to the retreat through Dutch Limburg of some 70,000 German soldiers who, in that manner, with a large quantity of war material and loot, escaped capture after the armistice had been concluded.

It is painfully clear that Holland's readiness to put up with anything rather than fight in the noblest cause, that the craven abnegation of high principle in her conduct, her nerveless inertion, the poor figure she cut, actuated by her demoralization consequent on colonial piracy, stimulated

Belgium to frame the exorbitant demands put forward at the Peace Conference just to try again after their having already been dismissed in the 'thirties because they rest on none but the flimsiest foundation. Supplementing King Albert's declaration of November 22, 1918, in which he renounced the neutrality imposed on Belgium by the Treaties of 1831 and 1839, his Government adduced the desideratum of increased protection against future invasion, to justify a scheme of land grabbing that covered, except Luxemburg, Dutch Flanders so-called, to wit, the part of the Dutch province of Zeeland situated to the South of the Scheldt, and Dutch Limburg with the only coal-mines Holland possesses, besides Maastricht as the fairest in a cluster of prosperous cities. Why not, one feels inclined to ask, the whole of the Netherlands South of the Meuse, with Dutch Limburg, the entire province of Zeeland and North Brabant into the bargain? It might enhance the value of the argument based on strategic necessity, however lame at its best, since little doubt exists that, if Dutch Limburg had been Belgian territory, the Germans would have availed themselves of the fine opportunity so offered for operations on a much wider front. The Dutch Government, thanks to its abject attitude in the grand clash of racial instincts, is reduced to a negligible quantity, and if Belgium must be territorially rewarded beyond the German district of Malmedy, Eupen and neutral Moresnet, what could be cheaper and therefore more apt to suit the Allies, as the Belgians evidently thought, than to do it at Holland's expense?

Their specious reasonings corroborated the old experience that there is but one step from the formulation of a wish to the statement of a right. Having shown by their conduct that aggression on the part of their eastern neighbors could not be tolerated, they began to preach the necessity of their geographical expansion by way of encroachment on their northern neighbors, asserting with a remarkable aplomb and—to borrow an expression of Nestor Roqueplan's coining—a far from enviable *independance du coeur* with regard to favors enjoyed and benefits received in their days of storm and stress, that such an unprovoked violation of international equity would be a strictly correct proceeding, justified by law and precedent. This view

found interested foreign support, mainly among their southern neighbors. Questionable promises, discreetly veiled in the vagueness of official language, were openly aired for biased discussion by a certain section of the French press, which advised and continues to advise the Dutch that, as an unpleasant but inevitable sequel to every war, the bill of costs must be footed by the conquered and neutrals alike. Bearing this in mind, two scores might be settled in one simple transaction of the time-honored Peace-Congressional sort. The flabbiness of Holland's war record being conceded and her usefulness as an asylum for Belgian refugees having departed, Belgium's debt of gratitude to the land she wishes to despoil needs no consideration. Indeed, Flamingants and Francillons seem equally forgetful of the hospitality extended to them in their hundreds of thousands; within twelve hours after the fall of Antwerp, 50,000 fugitives crossed the Dutch frontier to safety and a generous welcome; the inhabitants of Bergen-op-Zoom and other towns and villages in that area, fed and clothed and entertained of those guests double their own number, and did it willingly—but where is the merit of charity if it should handicap its object with a decent sense of obligation?

Apart from the Belgian design on Zeeland, which province owes its very existence to the persevering energy of the Dutch people in their incessant struggle with the sea, while the Scheldt would not be navigable at all if it were not for the Dutch dikes, for Dutch dams and weirs, constructed during centuries of constant, watchful care, we hear it averred that Dutch Limburg and the actual grand-duchy of Luxemburg are Belgium's Alsace and Lorraine —as if they ever belonged to this newcomer among the States of Europe, whose birth happened no farther back than 1831! And how do Belgian appetencies in that direction tally with the self-determination of nationalities?

Limburg lives quite contentedly under the prevailing system and the only effect of a Belgian plot to shake its due allegiance was a withering contempt for the instigators of such machinations; the longings of Luxemburg for Belgian suzerainty can be gauged by the results of the plebiscite of September 28th, when it voted for continuation of the grand-ducal regime and an economic alliance with France. *A l'instar* of Belgium clamoring for domination of the

lower Scheldt, Switzerland contends for an extension of her privileges with regard to the Rhine, which must make up for her non-participation in the Convention of Mannheim, subject to the realization of French desires, voiced by Marshal Foch when he recommended the formation of a buffer-state from the Palatinate and Rhenish Prussia, and tuned down to a compromise implying the neutralization and demilitarization of the whole Rhine valley in consideration of the loan preliminary to the annexation of the Saar coal-fields. Returning to the pretensions rehashed in Brussels for the present occasion, one is forcibly reminded of the Pan-German contention, formulated by Treitske and diligently repeated by Teuton opportunists of the blood-and-iron variety that the most sacred duty relegated to Germania's mailed fist consists in subjugating as her undisputable property the territories astride upon her waterways; or Napoleon's preposterous allegation of an earlier date, that the Netherlands are, on the contrary, part and parcel of France because their soil is composed of mud deposited by French rivers.

Enough to explain why it is possible that, though the Belgian demands fall in the category of Pan-German and Napoleonic enormities, they yet were deemed worthy of discussion by a sub-committee of the Peace Conference. In 1815 the Great Powers found it to their advantage that the Northern Netherlands should be compensated for the loss of Ceylon and the Cape of Good Hope by the accession of the southern provinces, which had never succeeded in gaining their independence; in 1831 it suited the convenience of the European concert—and such a concert!—again to separate the North and the South; in 1919, the Europe of to-day being neither that of 1815 nor that of 1831, we notice a tendency to reverse the procedure adopted after the Napoleonic wars, by enlarging Belgium to the detriment of Holland. British ideas concerning the Scheldt have changed with the identity of the Power most likely to turn the Low Countries to account when it comes to dispute Britannia's rule of the waves; France is less than ever in a mood to lose sight of the fact that, in Valenciennes and Conde, she, also, controls doors of egress and ingress on the delectable stream, while in French Flanders she holds the land-portal of the house

of plenty to whose watergate Dutch Flanders serves as the southern barbican and parapet.

Be this as it may, Holland's rights to the estuary of the Scheldt, with Dutch Flanders, are formally established by all conventions and agreements which, from the Treaty of Munster down, contain any reference to its political status, while her title to Dutch Limburg, including the city of Maastricht, dates back to the Eighty Years' War, waged for their independence by the United Provinces of the North, when their stadholder Frederik Hendrik took it from the Spaniards, its occupation in 1632 and permanent tenure being sanctioned and guaranteed by the compact of 1648 just referred to. After acknowledging, on June 6, the soundness of these titles and the validity of the rights which they confer, by a declaration of its Council of Four, the Peace Conference has nevertheless acquiesced in a reopening of the so-called Question of the Scheldt, i. e., of Dutch sovereignty over the lower course of that river, and there is more than a suspicion of a recrudescence of Belgian aspirations with respect to Dutch Limburg, too, being fostered by subtle influences in harmony with the genial method of making the little neutral pay. This creates a strange impression, for, though Holland is far from irreproachable, least of all in her colonial relations, and, by her sordid detachment from the momentous issues of the terrible conflict, has abdicated as a member of the society of nations that counts, the tearing up or perversion of solemn engagements which protect her territorial integrity would certainly not harmonize with the lofty ideals uttered at the Peace Conference for translation into deeds of gravest import. Who can conceive of "Supreme Justice" at Paris continuing the "scrap of paper" business and, in this instance, to cap the climax, at the invitation of—Belgium?

J. F. SCHELTEMA.

THE FUNDAMENTALS OF AN EDUCATION

BY ROLAND G. USHER

WHEN the mere ability to read and write ceased to be the definition of the completely educated man, the problem of education assumed a new phase. How much more should an education include? When, too, the privileges of an educated man ceased to confer immunity from the hangman, if the learned gentleman should so far forget himself as to commit murder, the practical value of an education also became less obvious. What was an education to be good for? The methods by which men made money had no relation to the sort of education then accessible: an education for business necessarily waited until the relation between business and education was made obvious by an age of machinery and science. Hence the notion that an education was primarily intended to provide gentlemen of means with culture and amusement. The days of high thinking and low living have passed—except for university professors. The man who is educated now wants to make money; the monied man who used to be contentedly uneducated now clamors for the satisfactions of the intellectual life; and, strangest of all, the university professors, who are presumably educated, are beginning to agitate for salaries at least as large as the wages of railroad engineers and master carpenters, if not as large as those of the plutocratic plumbers and lead burners.

Not since the Renaissance has the question of the meaning and value of education been so widely discussed with such frank expressions of opinion as today. There seems to be a general agreement that the college curriculum lacks content; that it neither fits a man to practice a profession nor to earn a living, neither makes him a useful citizen nor a human being able to live with himself without intolerable ennui. There is a general conviction that it ought to per-

form all these services for the individual and for the community. But the problem is necessarily practical. The reformers must not demand of the colleges what the existing faculties cannot teach, or what the present students do not wish to learn. A curriculum must somehow be devised which will be generally conceded to be as valuable to the community as to the individual. What the college curriculum needs is unity, content, a tangible object worth the student's while; something which will commend itself to him as obviously valuable in his first state of ignorance rather than in the stage of dawning intelligence which the majority eventually reach. We want a curriculum that will convince him college is worth his while before he starts, not after he is graduated or when he is regretting, fifteen years later, that he did not start.

It is simple for students, faculties and corporations to blame each other, to complain of each other's lack of intelligence, and to declare that no satisfactory substitute for brains has ever been discovered. It is easy to say that no universal pink pill, good for all pale students, ever will be discovered; that no single curriculum can possibly meet all needs. The difficulty is probably partly in the faculty, partly in the students, partly due to the relation of the universities to the public schools and to the control of the universities by corporations of business men. But these are symptoms of the disease, and vituperation does not lead to remedies.

But are not the faults of the present curriculum the results of the characteristic virtues of modern scholarship, the result of carrying a point of view to its logical conclusion and of maintaining it a little too long? The great minds who initiated modern research concluded that the great difficulty in all fields was the lack of any considerable body of accurate, verifiable, detailed information. Notions of history and science, like propositions about the creation of the earth or the origin of the race, were speculative guesses, the ingenuity of which did not excuse their lack of basis in known facts.

In truth, a very little good evidence, closely analyzed, had sufficed to upset whole areas of accepted ideas about man and the world. The scholars therefore consciously put behind them the whole and began a detailed study of

its parts. They went to work on the fossils of the earth and the fossils of literature; they dissected the human body, Shakespeare, Domesday Book, and the constitution of the United States. Darwin studied the earthworm as others analyzed the inorganic substances. The method was valid; the scholars were right; only in that way could truth be obtained; and the great structure of ascertained facts which modern scholarship has achieved is due to the conscious choice between detailed research, apparently severed from interpretation, and the older attempt to interpret the world by guessing at what it ought to be.

But the scholars were wrong when they proceeded to shape the college curriculum around this sort of research. They were in error when they supposed that the antiquities of the military boroughs, the use of the infinitive in Chaucer, and the opinion about prunes in Shakespeare's time would produce a cultural effect on the student, would make life more livable for him or make him a more useful member of the community. The scientific method has unquestionably thrust forward the bounds of knowledge further in two generations than the previous achievements of fifteen centuries. It has laid at last a secure foundation upon which coming generations may build without facing the constant tearing down of the whole and the building of it anew which the past has so often seen. But as a system of education for life and for living, it has been a failure. It will give our grandchildren something definite to think about, but it has forgotten to provide for us in the meantime.

Philosophy has been divorced from life and has become a study, only too often, of what men in the past erroneously thought life was. Psychology has regarded man as an anatomical specimen rather than as a social animal. Literature has become an introduction to philology, and has occupied itself with syntax, the counting of words, the origin of grammar. History has been specialized until its relation to life has departed; economics has been dehumanized into a round of everlasting speculations on problems of value and capital in a mythical world inhabited by hypothetical men.

At the same time, there had been valid reasons for the introduction of the scientific method into the curriculum. Nothing is finer than a college course which imparts a true

appreciation of the greatness and richness of the literary heritage of the race. But so few men were fitted to teach such a course creditably, and it was so easy for any man, however ill-equipped, to fake an appreciation of literature, that the universities abandoned such courses as impossible. It was better to stick to philology, to list historic or economic facts than to attempt something difficult to accomplish with distinction, and utterly valueless if not done with distinction. The colleges, where the majority of the faculty were perforce men who would be satisfied with the pay of a good factory superintendent, felt it better to do a less significant thing reasonably well than to aim so high and hit nothing.

It was also easy for the student to "stall," "bluff" and cheat in the interpretative courses. The purpose of the college was to train him to think for himself rather than to teach him some particular set of facts, and it was indispensable to force him to do some work and some thinking. The danger of broad, general courses was that his thinking was done for him. The danger of specialized courses was that he might never think about the problems they presented; but he was at least face to face with the problem of thought; the facts about which to think were at least definite. Not many will question the superiority of the modern method over the older curriculum it supplanted.

The error has lain in the failure to combine the two. Life has been lost in the maze of technicalities, not merely the life of the student, to whose epidermis the method has been applied with a toughening and a resistive rather than a penetrative effect, but the life of the world in the past and in the present has been practically forgotten in colleges. In order to get rid of the personal prejudices of the investigator which had worked such havoc, the subject was dehumanized and devitalized. To prevent the interpretation of history or literature by the projection into it of the present and to get rid of preconceived theories, the life of the organism was split up into sections and these were isolated from each other with a thoroughness which prevented the student from ever seeing the organism at all. To be sure, until we knew the arm as an arm, it was quite true that we should not appreciate its functions in the moving body, but it was no less true that the student wished—

perhaps with pitiable ignorance, but none the less ardently —to see the man as a whole and to see him in motion.

The scholars forgot that, though the process of providing the world with exact information about itself and about its past was necessary, the world, we ourselves included, had somehow to live in the meantime. We had to think something and it was cold comfort to tell us that by getting along for a couple of generations without thinking our grandchildren would have something significant to think about. There is now no reason for the continuation of this same degree of caution. A considerable bulk of reliable results has been obtained which can be set forth with some confidence and which does produce a pretty valid idea of life, ancient and modern. Let us take this result of scientific research and make it the center of the college curriculum. Let us study the results and relegate the process of getting more to the professional and graduate schools. Let us return to life itself as the backbone of education, and study man as a living organism rather than as a devitalized laboratory specimen or a constitutional peculiarity.

But with what part of the new synthesis shall we begin? Each professor will scramble to his feet to urge his specialty; each layman will subscribe to his own hobby. If we would see the whole man, and get any notion of his real career and possibilities, we shall be compelled sooner or later to view the natural and biological sciences as well as history, philosophy and literature. Life manifests itself in countless ways, and some part of life can be seen in any branch of study. But is it not true that some studies are harder to grasp than others, that some require more previous information and training, that some come nearer than others to presenting man alive and in action?

For the average man or woman I contend that the easiest approach is difficult enough, and that man comes nearer to living, moving and having being in history and political science than in the natural sciences or in philology. I do not mean what we have called history in the textbooks, but history in the largest sense, as a picture of all that man has been and has known, including political science and social history, commercial conditions, literature, art, and philosophy. Is it not true that half the subjects in the college curriculum are merely phases of what ought to be presented to the students as life, as history?

Such history has not been taught at all. Men objected that it was too large a subject for any one man to teach. Yet did not our colleges thereby confess their fundamental inadequacy, did they not agree to leave out the essence of life because it was difficult to handle? To be sure, many comforted themselves with the belief that so complex a fact as the life of the organism must be discovered by each man for himself. He must start a long distance from it with the detailed manifestations and collect a considerable area of information before he could hope to understand any of it. So the student began to collect material in the primary school, and found himself still hard at it in college and being graduated without any attempt to put it together. Nor did the professorial hopefulness satisfy him. "When you know enough to understand it, you will know it without being taught, and until it dawns upon you, it is idle to try to teach it to you."

The fundamental character, therefore, of history was not recognized by the college curriculum. It faded into the nebulous background of professorial consciousness. The one thing the student needed to know about each subject was carefully omitted from its consideration—its relation to life as it used to exist and as it exists now. There was the true object of his quest; there was the real answer he came to college to get.

Can there be much valid objection to the view that what most students need to make the college curriculum intelligible, to provide it with unity and content, is a more extended knowledge of political, economic, and social history? The proper preparation for English literature is not English philology, but English history. The real reason why students do not enjoy ancient literature is that they are reading about the thoughts of a people about whom they know nothing. Comparative jurisprudence is the study that illuminates ancient life and literature. On the other hand, the study of dates and constitutional technicalities is not cultural nor informing because it does not deal with life. All sections of life are essential to its wholeness, but for the majority is not the first and easiest step political and social history, and is it not by that broad road that the majority must enter into the Elysian fields of learning?

I would therefore make political and social history not

a portion of the curriculum, but its backbone, the necessary and normal approach to all subjects. The present curriculum seems to me overbalanced. History is relegated to the position of equality with its own parts, or is taught simply as a part of itself. I would have the approach to modern thought, modern industrial, modern economic history, and modern literature through modern political and social conditions. I would teach medical students sociology; I would teach legal students the social and physiological aspects of crime and the economic as well as the constitutional factors underlying modern life.

This proposition need involve nothing more than a change of emphasis in the present curriculum; it will not necessarily do more than call attention significantly to what the colleges already do, and it will show how easily they can do more and do it better. It requires only a regrouping of the departments as at present organized; it will merely emphasize their intimate relationship, and ought to create a new attitude of the student towards them. They will become conscious that they are teaching one subject, not twenty, and they should make the student conscious of it. But such a change of emphasis might well in time become the cause of an entire reshaping of university life, the establishment of a broader and more intimate relation between the universities and the common schools, between the universities and the general adult public.

The fact is that the world is groping for life, for a comprehension of life in the past and in the present which shall make both present and future more livable, more endurable, as well as more profitable. The universities should have led the way, have blazed the road, and thrown a beam of light along it. And they have done it. But they have outrun the community and are so far ahead that they are swallowed up by the blackness and are out of sight of the less competent who struggle after. They have been so busy finding the path and digging out the stones that they have forgotten that the real task is to lead the community as a whole along it.

It would be a mistake to regard my proposal as tantamount to an expansion of the history department. That would kill it at once. I would rather take this enormous subject out of the hands of one department, which has

found it impossible to teach it as a whole, which has been driven to reduce it to practical dimensions by omitting most of it, and I would put it into the hands of larger groups of men. I would rephrase the college curriculum so as to put its content into the foreground and its forms into the background.

There are many simple and obvious combinations. We might create a Faculty for the Study of Antiquity, comprehending all men teaching anything relating to ancient life, who should then so group and relate their courses as to form a coherent whole. There might be a Faculty for the Study of Mediaeval Life and probably several faculties for the study of different phases of modern life. The idea is possible of operation on the smallest or largest scale. Harvard could utilize it as easily as Amherst. It would be perfectly possible for any college to devote more attention to one period than to another, or to do particularly well one phase of one period, but the curriculum as printed in the catalogue would emphasize the content of what was taught and not the machinery by which it was taught.

The student might be restricted or left free. He might be required to take three or four elementary general courses, covering the fundamental notions of each group, and then be required to do enough work in the various phases of some one group until he had a well rounded notion of its meaning. Or he might be turned loose to elect anything he would, safe because the courses themselves were so shaped and arranged that he would not be able to wander far from some path that would lead him to life as a whole. He could still specialize in literature, or in history, or in science, but he would not be allowed to escape without knowing that his subject was part of a whole, that it was all related to life, and that it was all vital and interesting. The necessary requirements for the professional degrees could be easily built into such a curriculum, but we would turn out no more men who were simply specialists and no more aimless youths without any notions at all.

And would not the effect of such a method upon the faculties be good? Would it not humanize and broaden the men now teaching? Would it not soon prepare men to do such teaching better than the present faculties can, and better than any teaching has been done except by rare individ-

uals? Let us educate the faculties as well as the students. And will not the intending student, as yet ignorant of all that the college has to teach, and will not the general public be instantly convinced by such a curriculum that the college has something to offer which is worth the while of the greatest and of the humblest? They will see that there is something there for everyone, even for professors, and they will see that it must possess tangible value for man as an individual and as a part of society. Can there be any doubt of the value of the study of life?

If it becomes clear that such a curriculum cannot be taught by three thousand dollar men, will not the public be easily convinced that it is worth while to pay ten thousand dollars a year to men who can interpret life? Ten thousand dollars a year for men to teach the infinitives in Chaucer, mathematical formulas, historical precedents—certainly not! But for men to interpret life, to make it livable, to make it more endurable, to make it comprehensible? There will be no limit to the reward the community will be willing to pay to men who can give any reasonable promise of performing those functions. The universities and colleges will take on a new importance to the public. They will themselves view their own future more seriously. The interpreters' view of life will react upon life itself as the interpreters live it and as the community lives it.

ROLAND G. USHER.

CHRISTMAS WITH THE A. E. F.

BY KATHERINE MAYO

It was in October that Carter, head of the Y Overseas, began to plan for the Christmas of one hundred and twenty-five thousand American boys, strangers in a strange land. On October 17th he cabled New York:

> The first Christmas our troops spend in France should be suitably celebrated. Y. M. C. A. huts will be the only warm places among the snows. We suggest, to enable each secretary play Santa Claus beside his Christmas tree for every man in camp and field, you enlist great national organization to obtain from willing American public such presents as woolen socks, vests, mittens, helmets, tobacco pouches, shaving mirrors, pocket flashlights, pocket knives, fountain pens. Packages to be sent to you appropriately wrapped and shipped to us by November 20.

But the packages, though confidently awaited until the last, failed to come. So Paris, hopelessly stranded in a barren or fantastically high market, had to do its eleventh-hour, makeshift best, and trust to the wit of the men in the field to retrieve the day.

The shaft rang differently on different metals. Down in the training area of the 42d Division, the Y had worked hard that each and every point at which the 42d lay, should have its Christmas tree. And word had somehow leaked out among the troops that a surprise was on foot—so that all the Division was wondering what good thing could possibly occur to ease the chill of lonely longings on a rather dreaded day.

It was in the little village of Humberville, where Iowa troops lay penned by the threat of some epidemic, that Dr. Benton chanced to see his first Paris box. It had arrived not half an hour before—a good, sizeable crate, and now stood wide open, with a fluff of tissue wrappings rearing

over its top. Now, Dr. Benton is the original Y man of whom Major Steiner, of the Engineers, so feelingly said: "He did the job. He got us the stuff, when the going was good and when it was bad." But this Christmas supply meant much to him. All excitement he rushed to behold—took one look, rummaged wildly for a moment, and fell back a mental wreck.

"In the name of heaven," he gasped to the Y man on the spot, "*don't* let the boys see this!"

"But they *have* seen it, some of them," answered the other, Harry Maxwell by name. "And what's more, I've told 'em we're going to have the greatest Christmas on earth."

Then he unfolded his idea.

Dr. Benton listened with the simple gratitude of one saved from madness—listened with unfeigned respect. At the last word he was already at the door.

"You are a great man, Maxwell," he called back. "But I must get on. I must cover the whole area, somehow, before night. The entire bunch has got to get this!"

And so he rushed from point to point carrying his news. And so on Christmas day, the Rainbow Division really and truly did enjoy one of the loveliest Christmases on earth. Because nearly everywhere somebody or other got up after dinner and said, in effect:

"Boys, you see Christmas doesn't mean so awfully much without children around, does it? And we can't help missing the 'kiddies' at home today. No. So, wouldn't it be rather nice, for their sakes, to think about the French kids in the village here? A good many of them haven't any dads any more, or any big brothers, you know. None of them have seen a new toy, or a party, or anything bright or gay, since this long war began. The littlest don't know what toys and parties are. So what would you think of asking the whole outfit, here, to come to your party, now? And there's a lot of presents in these boxes for you to give 'em, if you like. Look! Green spiders, and frogs and paper caps, and snappers, and confetti, and fake flashlights—things they never saw in their lives—just silly, useless, pretty playthings, just for fun—— And it's so long, poor little monkeys, that they haven't known what fun is! *Will you have 'em in?*"

Would they have them in!

These boys of ours were happier in the touching happiness of the children that day than they would have been in receiving the finest gifts for themselves. Their own hearts were yearning, each toward its own, across the sea. Some of them—most of them, maybe, had not received a home letter in weeks;—from simple lack of transportation American mail in those days sometimes stacked up at railheads for six weeks and over, waiting to be delivered to troops camped only three or four kilometres away. And they felt their isolation far more keenly because of the unexplained lack of letters that they knew had been written—providing all was well with those they loved.

So, although scarcely a word of spoken language might pass between the husky boy in khaki and the wan-faced baby girl with her arms around his neck, the hug of those little arms was balm to an ache within him that he could not have put into words. And when the small boy on his knee, shrieking with delight at the tricks of a wooden beetle, looked up in his face, adoring, in appeal for an answering smile, something good seemed suddenly born in the world—something that turned all chill and sadness into warmth and strength and light.

By nightfall, then, the Rainbow knew that this indeed had been a great Christmas. And when, after supper, the men gathered in the biggest Y huts, even their Colonels came in, to join in the Christmas carols, and to laugh at the antics of big buck privates playing jokes upon each other with the remnants of the toys—those awful, those paralyzing, those disgraceful toys!

The children played a large part in our Army's first Christmas in France. At the artillery camp at Mailly, for example, it was a top sergeant who said, ten days or so before the day:

"Say, fellows, these poor little village kids haven't had much Christmas in their lives, have they, now? What do you say we pass the hat and see what we can do?"

The idea took in a flash. And they did so well, giving as they always gave, with both hands, that the total sum was amazing.

"Why," someone hazarded, "I reckon we could hand

those little shavers pretty near anything they want, with all this wad to spend!"

Again the idea caught. Deputations to the village and the environs of the camp discovered some two hundred children available for the occasion—discovered, too, by cautious inquiry, the fondest dream of each child. And at last, when the list was complete, the Commanding Officer sent a messenger to Paris to buy the stuff.

Upon that messenger's shoulders rested a grave responsibility. Each soldier by this time was personally interested in some particular child. Should that child's hope be unfulfilled, the messenger would have earned against his name an ominous mark. And he must have realized his peril, poor man, for he brought back from his marketing such a range of objects, from suits of clothes to live monkeys, as would have made Santa Claus's biggest sleighload look like a bargain counter the hour after the rush.

Then the boys cut a great tree, set it up in the open air before their officer's quarters, and dressed it with the weird green spiders and frogs and the snappers and colored garlands and confetti that Paris had happily sent. And they put their real gifts in readiness. And they fixed the great occasion for Christmas Day at 3 o'clock.

By 1 o'clock all the children had already assembled, standing in the snow in a circle gazing up at the marvel with awe-filled eyes. Scarcely did they whisper, scarcely move, quietly staring, little white faced images holding each others' hands for courage, waiting, patient in the snow.

At last came the hour, and suddenly, all those flocking soldiers,—those big, big men that snatched up the kiddies and rode them on broad shoulders; that kissed them all and squeezed them and tossed them in the air; that played jolly, wordless games with the boys, and with the girls, that were so kind and so gentle and so funny that everyone must be happy and laugh. And then they gave the enchanted gifts.

Impossible to describe how gay it was—how full of light-winged, frolicking gladness.

And then, in a flash, the whole thing changed.

Had someone told them to do it, before they came? Or did the great, grave shadow that always brooded above them swing low to touch their souls? No one knew. But in an instant, without apparent cause, games and romping

stopped, laughter hushed, and all the frail, little black-robed creatures, sombre-faced, poised motionless, as together their wavering voices rose in the "Marsellaise."

At the very first notes every soldier saluted. And while those babies sang all through their nation's chant of sacrifice, our boys stood straight and still and reverent, the tears, unnoticed, wet on many a cheek.

That was a happy Christmas at Mailly; these trench-mortar boys and the Y girls with them doing their best to make it so. And if, for the girls, it all meant harder physical work than ever they had dreamed of before, they rejoiced none the less because of it.

On the day before Christmas they did an enormous baking of pies, so that every lad should have all he liked for once, and as good and as fresh as they could make it. Then there had been the usual day's work to do. And at the end the boys had lingered in the canteen till the last moment, reluctant, on that night of nights, to quit their closest link with home.

But at last the coast cleared. Then, hastily darkening the windows, the better to insure secrecy, the girls dragged in the trees that they had managed to smuggle into camp. Alone they set them up—for Y girls developed muscle, over there—planted tables on tables in lieu of stepladders, proceeded to dress the boughs and to hang them with to-morrow's long-planned presents.

Toward midnight they finished. And their billets were five kilometres' walk from camp! Yet to-night, tired though they were, they were too wholly happy to mind the weary way. And so it happened that one girl whispered to another, as they tramped along toward bed:

"It's all so beautiful—some way, I'd like to be in a real church while Christmas Day comes in, but there's only the ruin, of course.—Would you come?"

So the two stole off at a tangent, in the quiet, across the snow. No one, they knew, would pass that way. They could go and come unobserved. For the church was an utter wreck, its roof demolished by bombs, its walls rent or pierced with yawning holes where shot had gone crashing through.

"But people have said prayers in it, these hundreds of years," said one to the other. "You can feel it still. We

can just kneel there till the time comes, and then creep home again. No one will know."

Silent again they plodded on—and came at last to where the roofless walls loomed black and jagged against a star-hung sky. The road had been longer than they thought. It lacked but a few minutes of midnight now, and half-unconsciously, they trod like mice over the fragments of masonry that encumbered the final approach.

At last they crossed the threshold, and stood at the foot of the nave. And they looked. And they saw a wonderful thing: That church was not empty, but full—full of their own American boys, kneeling among the ruins, under the stars, waiting there in stillness for the coming of The Hour.

KATHERINE MAYO.

A NINETEENTH CENTURY VISIONARY

BY WILLIAM HERBERT HOBBS

AT the Second Conference of Paris, which followed those at Chaumont, Paris, and Vienna, the interrupted deliberations of the plenipotentiaries engaged in remaking the map of Europe after the defeat of Napoleon seemed to have come to an end. The League of Nations which was there considered was destined to be reconsidered three years later at a Conference at Aix la Chapelle and to take on with the Conferences of Troppau and Laibach in 1820-1821 a quite different aspect.

As understood today "The Holy Alliance" rather generally applies to this League of Nations after the original plan had gone on the rocks at the Conference of Troppau in the separation of the Eastern despotic from the Western democratic Powers which had taken part in its formulation. This division, representing an alignment which continued until the Crimean War, came about as soon as the guarantee of the *status quo* by support of "legitimacy" of rulers and their territorial boundaries had encountered the aspirations for human liberty made manifest by the Grecian uprising under Ypsilanti and by the liberation of the South American colonies of Spain under San Martin and Bolivar. The inheritance from these revolts were the Eastern Question in Europe and the Monroe Doctrine in America, the latter set up in opposition to the Holy Alliance by the United States upon the suggestion of and with continued support by the British Government. It has been well said by Professor Walter Alison Phillips, the eminent English historian and the author of *Modern Europe,* "The Holy Alliance, in its inception at least, was coloured by a lofty idealism, and it ended by stinking in the nostrils of all lovers of liberty."

Alexander I, the author of The Holy Alliance, was the Autocrat of All the Russias and an egotist of inordinate vanity clothed in a particularly sanctimonious garb, in short, a prig. When indignantly denying to Metternich the rumors that he had been meditating a separate understanding with the enemy, he declared: "You know, that I am scrupulous in everything. I am equally so in politics. My conscience will always prevent my committing voluntary errors." Great Britain's representative at the Conferences, Lord Castlereagh, believed Alexander to be sincere. "It is impossible," he wrote, "to doubt the Emperor's sincerity in his view, which he dilates upon with a religious rhapsody. Either he is sincere, or hypocrisy certainly assumes a more abominable garb than she ever yet was clothed in"; and he tells how Alexander, placing "his hand upon his heart and looking up to heaven, declared that, actuated, as he trusted, by a religious and conscientious feeling, he had that secret sentiment within him which would render it impossible for him to be inequitable and unjust."

Metternich, on the other hand, regarded Alexander's liberalism, like his evangelical professions, as merely a mask to disguise his perfidy. It was said of Alexander by his intimate adviser, the Prince Adam Czartoryski, that "he loved phrases for their own sake," that he "would willingly have consented that everyone should go free, on condition that everyone should do his will alone," and that his thesis was magnanimity, upon which he dilated even when the whole trend of his policy was in the diametrically opposite direction. His treatment of Poland, the "Shantung" of the Congress of Vienna, will ever remain as a convincing proof of the justice of this verdict. "Rightly or wrongly," says Phillips, "his reputation for truthfulness was not of the highest and appearances were against him." Of the Congress of Vienna Gentz, its secretary, wrote that there were "sovereigns negotiating in person, some of them as though they were their own prime ministers," and he added, "The Key to the Congress is given by the entire lack of any plan, the preponderance of the Four Powers, and the frequent misunderstandings between them."

Alexander was thoroughly convinced that a panacea could be found for all the ills of the State, and he believed

"that sacramental phrases were sufficient to cause every kind of difficulty in practice to disappear." For his intimate associates and advisers he selected the most pronounced radicals. La Harpe was a Jacobin of the Revolutions in Paris and Switzerland, and this confidential adviser the Tsar chose to have with him during the advance upon Paris and at the Congress of Vienna. Other radical favorites sent to foreign courts on various missions were the source of serious and most embarrassing situations for their master.

In his tenderness for Napoleon the Tsar was the cause of serious difficulty for the Allies, and it was mainly due to him that the defeated conqueror was left where he found it easy to make his escape and again bid defiance to Europe. "Voices, indeed, were heard," says Phillips, "in criticism of the impolitic generosity which left to Napoleon his title and established him, with plentiful funds and the nucleus of an army, in an independent principality close to the coast of Italy where Joachim Murat, king of Naples, was playing a dubious game."

Two months before the fall of Paris, Castlereagh had commented on the *chevaleresque* spirit in which the Tsar was conducting the war. The plans of the Allies were much disconcerted because of the insatiable ambition of the Tsar to enter Paris at the head of his Guards, and he insisted that he should head a triumphal procession up the Avenue of the *Champs Elysees* and under the *Arc de Triomphe*. Phillips adds that the "proceedings of the 'legitimate Emperor' soon began to be almost as disconcerting as those of the rival he had overthrown. For the moment there was no one in Paris to dispute his supremacy, and he showed a disquieting disposition to play the part of Providence in France with little regard for the views of his Allies. Sir Charles Stewart, writing to Lord Bathurst, complained that Alexander was coquetting with the defeated enemy, and Phillips says that there rose before the eyes of the other Allies the "nightmare vision" of a new alliance of the autocrat with the enemy, "in which the visionary Autocrat of All the Russias would figure as the patron of the Jacobinism of France and all Europe." Castlereagh wrote to Lord Liverpool, "He ought to be grouped, and not made the sole feature for admiration;" and with much success, aided by Metternich, he carried out his purpose. Diplo-

macy was all that was required to prevent the great ambitions of Alexander passing from the world of dreams into that of action.

The Tsar's dominating position is easily understood when one considers that in the struggle against Napoleon which had now ended in his defeat, Alexander had entered late, his fresh armies had suffered little in comparison with the others, and as a consequence they were mobilized in great force. He represented, therefore, among the Allied Powers the only one still unexhausted, and there was a fear of offending him and rousing his stubborn temper. It was the role of Castlereagh, Great Britain's representative at the Congress, to play upon the autocrat's vanity and by a clever use of language to arrive at compromises which, while seeming to approve of his lofty and impractical schemes, yet in reality robbed them of their importance. The arch intriguer, Metternich, from somewhat different motives, co-operated in this, as did Talleyrand in his clever use of the principle of "legitimacy." Through their joint efforts The Holy Alliance, from having been originally a dream of Utopia became ultimately the facile instrument of a group of despots bent upon suppressing the aspirations for human liberty which later brought on a period of revolutions in Europe and the attempt to set up representative forms of government.

In forcing upon Europe his plan for a League of Nations the autocrat of the nineteenth century was not inspired by any desire to express the will of his people, for his plan was abominated by all his advisers without exception; and to have put through the half measure of an independent Poland which the Tsar originally advocated, would have cost him his throne and probably his life. Castlereagh wrote home that Alexander had ceased to be guided in the question of Poland by his regular servants. "It is unfortunately," he wrote, "his habit to be his own minister, and to select as the instrument of his immediate purpose the person who may fall in most with his views."

The diplomats of 1815, unlike those of 1919, addressed themselves first of all to the immediate task of making peace, and took up the future arrangements for universal and perpetual peace for the world at the Second Conference of Paris after the terms of peace with the defeated enemy had

been decided upon. Alexander afterwards declared, however, that he should have put forward his plan for The Holy Alliance at the close of the Congress of Vienna, but for the interruption caused by the return of Napoleon from Elba. The defensive alliance of the Great Powers which in 1919 was placed last upon the program, was in the nineteenth century put first. On December 30, 1813, a treaty of alliance was signed on the part of the Allied Powers which was "not to terminate with the war, but to contain defensive engagements, with mutual obligations to support the Power attacked by France with a certain extent of stipulated succours. The *casus foederis* is to be an attack by France on the European dominions of any one of the contracting parties."

The policy of the British Government with reference to the scheme of The Holy Alliance was to yield on unessentials, to flatter the vanity of the autocrat, while standing strongly for the defensive alliance against France, and, most important, to secure the material benefits of the peace arrangements. As a consequence Great Britain, exhausted though she had been by the long struggle, emerged from the Peace councils enormously strengthened in imperial power, and Castlereagh and Wellington became practically the arbiters of Europe.

Three years after the Second Conference at Paris The Holy Alliance was again taken up for consideration by the Powers at the Conference at Aix la Chapelle, where in the language of Gentz was made "the last attempt to provide the transparent soul of The Holy Alliance with a body." The test came, as it was bound to come, in the attempt to maintain the *status quo,* which Talleyrand had cleverly expressed as "legitimacy," a principle which guaranteed to existing sovereigns their thrones, no matter how much their prerogatives were being abused. In 1820 came the attempt of the Greeks led by Ypsilanti to throw off their oppressors the Turks, and it was one with which Alexander would naturally have been in sympathy upon religious and other grounds. Moreover it appealed strongly to the sympathies of the Russian people. Alexander had, however, committed himself to and had loudly proclaimed the principle which required intervention to assist legitimate sovereigns against their revolted subjects, and in denouncing

Ypsilanti for claiming Russian support he with one stroke removed whatever chance for success the revolt had had.

Not only in the East, but across the ocean to the westward peoples were struggling for liberty and in open revolt against their tyrants. The Spanish colonies in South America were one after the other throwing off their yokes, and though not at first directed against the monarchy of Spain, the War for Independence which later developed and ended in 1824 did assume that attitude. The British Government supported the United States in its recognition of the liberated peoples, they gave us the idea of the Monroe Doctrine, and they have consistently supported it throughout by their enormous prestige. The autocratic Eastern Powers, Russia, Austria and Prussia, adhered to the fundamental principle of the League of Nations, thus breaking up the original Holy Alliance, and it is to these despotic Powers which remained after Britain's secession, to which the term " Holy Alliance " is now most frequently applied.

The preamble of The Holy Alliance runs that the Emperors of Austria and Russia and the King of Prussia " in the name of the Most Holy and Indivisible Trinity, . . . solemnly declare . . . their fixed resolution, both in the administration of their respective States, and in their political relations with every other Government, to take for their sole guide the precepts of the Holy Religion, namely, the precepts of Justice, Christian Charity and Peace, which far from being applicable only to private concerns must have immediate influence upon the counsels of Princes and guide all their steps as being the only means of consolidating human institutions and remedying their imperfections." A modern historian of repute reviewing the past feels constrained to say, " It was most certainly not consciously a conspiracy against popular liberty."

Writing before the Great War in 1914, Walter Alison Phillips declared of the " sublime conception " of Alexander, " the visionary good in the pursuit of which he had neglected his duties to his own people, had proved itself the stuff that dreams are made of;" and he added of the Peace Leaguers of that time:

> The new Holy Alliance of which the pacifists dream would be faced by very much the same problems as those which confronted Alexander and his Allies. They, too, purpose to establish their international system on the

principle of the preservation of the *status quo*—indeed, there is no other practical principle conceivable; they, too, would apply the principles of the Troppau Protocol by empowering the Universal Union, in the event of any state violating, or threatening to violate, the public law of the world, to bring it to reason by peaceful means, or if need be by arms . . .

The formation of a new international confederation would again be, like that of The Holy Alliance, to protect these artificial boundaries; to attempt, that is to say, to stereotype political systems with which, certainly in many cases, the people who live under them are not content. The attempt would be even less likely to succeed now, when the spirit of nationalism is strong, than a hundred years ago when it was in its weak beginnings.

A sentence from the Troppau Protocol which recorded the failure of the dream of Alexander says truthfully, "Nothing could be more immoral or more prejudicial to the character of Government generally, than the idea that their force was collectively to be prostituted to the support of established power, without any consideration of the extent to which it was abused."

WILLIAM HERBERT HOBBS.

THE BRIGHT, THE MORNING STAR

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON

In these days, after great suffering, we passionately wish all things to be new. The economic order and international relationships are to be reformed. Art and literature are to be reshaped. Religion is to find new names for the ineffable, new definitions for the infinite, new ways of intimacy with the unknown.

Paradoxical as it may sound, this longing for renewal might easily direct our attention to Christianity, a form of religion which is older than the industrial system and the balances of power which we declare to be outworn. For Christianity is not a thing of creeds and dogmas, nor of morals and worship, nor even of faith and works. It is, rather, an expression of the renewableness of the world. The great metaphors used of it by the first believers, and never superseded in the literature of two thousand years, refer to this essence. The spirit of Christ is the morning star, reappearing after nights of terror. It is the water of life, ever renewed and ever renewing. It is the tree of life, bearing fresh fruit in repeated productivity.

This explains why Christianity has outlived the successive moulds of civilization in which it has been contained. The Rome of Constantine, Europe of the Middle Ages and of the Renaissance, leagues of nations in the twentieth century go and come, but the religion of Christ persists. It is easy to say that it is a folly or a failure. It is not yet possible to say that it has passed off the stage of history, with the Roman Empire, or feudalism. Certainly, this religion, however formally connected with the state, has never been used as a controlling principle in the guidance of nations. But as a flame in the hearts of men and women it has, so far, never ceased to burn. From age to

age it seems to consume at least its own failures and its own incrustations.

When Christianity was born into the world, Rome was in possession of the machinery of civilization. But this machinery—in spite of the difference in products—was so like our own that a new-born Christian spirit among ourselves would be appearing in the same sort of world compounded of sense and intellect. Christianity found in existence every force that is symbolized by our capitols and city halls, our factories and shops and banks, our universities and libraries and museums, our theatres and athletic fields, our barracks and arsenals and camps. Rome also had its rich and poor men, its powerful and weak, its wise and ignorant, its wicked and virtuous. The common life teemed with problems. Society was oppressed with responsibilities. "Sore distress, imminent danger, momentous decision"—these, in some of their Protean shapes, existed in the first century of the Christian era as well as in the twentieth.

Into this familiar environment slipped quietly a new idea. Christianity appeared unheralded but freighted with destiny. It was a religion without tradition, without authority either of state or of priesthood, without sacred books, without organization. All these accessories it was to take unto itself later, but in the century of its birth it was only the fruitful faith in a man who had taught that men could be born again to better things. In these brief, halcyon days a life spoke clearly, heard always above the mechanism of religious observances. Many other religions were reassuring men with the promise of salvation, of immortality, or morality, with the offer of life in place of death. But it was the early Christian passion for a person that in the end brought conviction of the incredible. The religion of Christ, rather than the religions of Mithras or of Isis, issued the great proclamations of personality:

> I came that ye might have life.
> I am the resurrection and the life.
> I am the way, the truth and the life.

The conviction of the few became in time the acceptance of the many, the fervor of the obscure grew into the religion of the state. "Christian civilization" emerged into being with all its anomalies and compromises. Living on through

differing epochs, the Christian organization has shown always the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure. Hence the reiterated need—as often fulfilled in great personalities—of a new birth of the informing spirit. This spirit, in its first expression, was amazingly dissociated from most of what occupies our minds today, and occupied equally the minds of the pagans. Like our own, pagan literature reflects the governing of great dominions, the opening up of trade and commerce, the developing of the arts, the changing of philosophical thought, the satisfying of the senses and the passions. Even in its noblest idealistic forms classical literature is full of the actualities of the civilization which produced it. The New Testament, on the other hand, is an extraordinary product of the imagination. In it is almost no trace of the things that result from material needs or intellectual processes. They are stupendously allowed for in the announcement that whatever is good in them will follow upon an acceptance of a spiritual principle. But it is this principle with which the New Testament deals. The city reared by its builders, remote and fresh as a strange planet that swims into our ken, is radiant with new things—with the new man, the new law, the new hope, the new joy, the new fruits of a new spirit. The effect of this radiant freshness upon one who turns from the other human records of the same period is almost inexpressible. It is like a violin's clear and rapid note, separated from the orchestra. It is like a lark's song at heaven's gate, before the day is old. It is the dawn unwearied, the air unsullied, the stream untainted.

This impact of the New Testament is the more remarkable because it contains not only the tragic material of the life and death of Jesus, but also the stories of other lives which ended in violent deaths and had been exposed to many kinds of suffering. Furthermore it is cognizant of the existence round about of poverty and misery, of uncleanness and hatred and wrath and strife. Anger at evil flashes through this book, even as it blazes in the Old Testament and burns in the Hellenism of Aeschylus and Plato. The dawn-like radiance of the first Christian records must be due to some force within them which is forever renewable and forever bright amid any experiences of suffering or any knowledge of evil. This force is an emotion which was new

in an aging world. It is a love for God and for men which continuously turns death into life, clay into spirit. Its name defied the Greek language—the *lingua franca* of the period —and still defies our speech. The Love of the New Testament has no counterpart in other emotions for which the same word must be used. At its epiphany it was almost as different from the reasoned good-will of the Stoic philosophers, or the gentle humaneness of Virgil as it was from the scarlet-lipped Eros of Sappho or of Ovid. Nor was it the Eros of Athenian humane and tolerant society, who was toasted by the host at a famous dinner as the giver of kindness and delicacy, the pilot, the helper, the defender, the savior of human intercourse. Nor was it the same as the Eros whom Socrates preached at this same dinner as the guide of the soul from the single beauties of earth to the notion of absolute beauty and goodness.

Indeed, this Platonic love is especially remote from the emotion which is at the core of the New Testament. Plato's conception of love as the intermediary between God and man greatly influenced the later development of Christian metaphysics. Mediaeval Christianity is full of his idea, extended and rarefied. But in the New Testament love is as direct an emotion as it is in the amorous poets. It is antipodal in origin and purpose, but similar in certitude and simplicity. Practical, clean, the love of the early Christians made the members of the community kindly affectioned to each other, tender-hearted, without malice, hospitable, generous and patient. It also spurred them on to be industrious in their occupations, and fervent in all the ordinary business of life. These obscure men and women certainly tried to "walk honestly, as in the day." At the same time, this new emotion, without losing reality, was a thing of exceeding power and beauty. It covered their lowliness as with a garment. Neither life nor death, nor things present, nor things to come could separate them from it. Because they possessed it, things present and things to come, all of life and all of death belonged to them. It made them one with God, even while it consecrated them to every duty of earth. It set them free from self, even while it bound them to the service of their fellow-men. It exposed them to persecution, and it filled them with joy. It drove them into war with the world, and it granted them a peace

that passeth understanding. New even to the purest and best in classical antiquity, this Christian love rose like the light of morning over the empire of Greek thought, and Rome's empire of lands and seas. Say what we will of the successive failures of Christian history, we must admit that this new emotion, this untried passion transformed the antique man and all his works. It made into something quite new the antique mind. It was Christ's form of the continuous process of creation. Whenever and wherever it appears it makes over the mind of man. The treasure of Christianity, poured into earthen vessels, has often been lost. But whenever it has been caught and held it has never failed to make of the receiver a chalice of a new spirit. The creation is recurrent from millenium to millenium, whether it be seen in Paul or in Francis of Assisi, or in our own twentieth century neighbor.

Now this will to renewal became alive in a world which had been regarding justice as its highest standard. Nor has the morality of our western civilization ever denied the validity of this standard. The stream from the Acropolis is inextricably mingled—even if unacknowledged—with the waters of our contemporary life. To become just was the final aim of Greek moral effort, and Greek literature never served a nobler purpose than when it revealed the beauty of Justice as God's attribute and man's arbiter. In this dual capacity we still revere it. Much of the finest talk of today premises justice as the pearl of great price, the desideratum of the time. Public speeches, books, magazines, conversations insist that it must be sought in the restoration of peace, in the treatment of the conquered enemy, in the solution of the problems of capital and labor, in the general reconstruction of society. What, then, has become of the stream that flowed from Golgotha? Has it stagnated in dogmas and formulas, having no issue in the living thoughts and actions of men? Not in historical curiosity, but for the sake of moral enlightenment, let us try to understand two ways of thought.

Justice and Love do not differ in purpose and goal. Both demand the destruction of evil, the triumph of good, the redemption of man. Both offer spiritual life at a high price, and declare that the wages of sin is death. But in their way of redeeming, in their persuasion to a better life,

in their choice of ministers they are cleft asunder, worlds apart.

The minister of Justice is still, as in the days of the Greeks, retributive punishment. The plastic Hellenic imagination personified this divine retribution as Nemesis, whose sure step would overtake the unjust, the ignorant, the wicked. There was no petty vindictiveness in the purest conceptions of justice. Indeed, the evolution of civilized man's justice out of the natural man's desire for revenge is one of the glories of the Greek race. In the law courts of Athens began that just and impersonal dealing with a transgressor which is still, in modern life, an ideal dimmed only by malpractice. Furthermore, in the higher realm of ethics, the greatest teachers of Greece made clear the spiritual grandeur of the reconciliation of vengeance with law. More than once in the Athenian theatre a democratic audience, composed of sausage-sellers and cobblers, as well as statesmen and philosophers, was directed step by step up the difficult ascent from a sense of injury to a reverence for justice. By self-discipline, by insight, by reason, men must cleanse their hearts of vindictiveness. If they do not, they also partake of injustice and become subject to the law of retribution. In the spiritual crisis of Athens, victor in a righteous war, Aeschylus—who had fought in the ranks—used all his eloquence to persuade the conquerors to desire justice, rather than revenge or glory or power. He failed. Athens waxed powerful and unjust, and to her, in turn, were meted out defeat and shame. Justice will never stay the foot of Nemesis. Retribution is the servant of the unforgetting gods.

And what of Love? Does it deny the law? A thousand times, no! But, with a resistless passion, it will crucify itself to deliver the world from the necessity of the law's condemnation, to prevent the irreparable errors of the unjust, to remould even the enemy, to make all men worthy of the smile of Justice. And Love's minister is a certain element in Christianity which is often slighted by those who, because of use and custom, cannot see the New Testament in its starry freshness. On the other hand, this element always impresses those who come upon Christian literature from ancient roads. It is referred to, for example, by one Hellenist, in speaking of both the scientific and the spiritual

limitations of the gifted Greeks: "Since their day the floor of heaven which they thought solid, has been shattered, and revealed abysses of infinite space behind; and in the world of the spirit an analogous enlargement was made, when Christianity broke up the old limitations of humanity and spread a belief in its infinite possibilities."

Now the God of hope fill you with all joy and peace in believing, that ye may abound in hope. Words like these, of infinite renewal and refreshment, fell suddenly, strangely, upon the ears of men and women whose moral search had terminated in an offended justice and an inexorable retribution. They stirred despairing souls to the ecstasy of a new life. Hope for man, faith in man, belief in man's rebirth after spiritual death, these fill the early Christian records with a flood-tide of vitality which breaks down every barrier raised by the reason of the Greeks. Sin is not conclusive. Always there is hope for that transformation of the sinner which will bring salvation. The judgment of the founder of Christianity on whole cities that would not repent was terrible and relentless. But hope enlarges infinitely the possibility of repentance, of reparation, of regeneration. Hope heralds a God who can do abundantly above all that we ask or think. Hope is a compound element in that charity toward men which is more precious than the tongues of men and of angels. Hope leaps from the seen to the unseen and clothes waiting in the fair garment of patience. Hope creates what it foresees, brings into being what it promises. By hope we are saved. By hope we shall save others.

In the century of its origin Christianity produced among its adherents a joy which, in retrospect, is one of the loveliest things in history. Those who are sensitive to aesthetic impressions always find here an exquisite fragment of beauty. Walter Pater made his young Epicurean perceive it the first time he heard a group of Christians singing their hymns: "It was an expression not altogether of mirth, yet of some wonderful sort of happiness—the blithe self-expansion of a joyful soul in people upon whom some all-subduing experience had wrought heroically, and who still remembered, on this bland afternoon, the hour of a great deliverance." The completion of this deliverance seemed to the early Christians already at hand, not only for the individual

bound to his sin, but for society bound to a sinful order. To this extent Christianity at its inception was a religion of social values and aims. The Roman government perceived this, and, although widely tolerant of more powerful foreign religions, fought this weak little sect with every engine of repression. It is one of the oddities of history that a religion suspected by Rome as a form of seditious revolution should, twenty centuries later, be scorned by revolutionists as a support of the established order. But the early Christians, in a certain magnificent ignorance and exalted folly, believed that the spirit was to remake the world swiftly, ending the material order altogether, even, perhaps, within their lifetime. They foresaw no long future for the world, in which defeat could follow defeat. They perceived, as in a vision, that love could make all things new. But they had not seen this principle fail of acceptance through two thousand years. We are the victims of our wider experience. Today, to be sure, many a man knows in his own life the joy of a great deliverance, but as members one of another, citizens of our several countries and of the world, we do not yet know, nor do we foresee in the near future, a common redemption. The joy of the first Christian communities is gone with the simplicity of their knowledge. It is enshrined in history, even as is the harmony of Periclean Athens, evanescent and beautiful, a dream and—perchance—a prophecy.

But no knowledge and no experience need bring to an end the hope of Christianity. On the contrary, we may abound in it, for it is faith in man's limitless possibilities for beneficent renewal. It is not an easy buoyancy, or a visionary dreaming. It is the minister of a love which is God. We may hope even amid the long-entrenched selfishness which is driving men to revolution. We may hope even within a revolution which is conceived in hatred and dedicated to another form of selfish power, a revolution which, so far, seems only to promise a change without newness, a metamorphosis without regeneration, a new material order without a spiritual reanimation. For Christianity affirms that in man resides the spirit which is forever capable of creating anew, in diviner form, his own manifold works. Man hates today, but will love tomorrow, grasps today, but will give tomorrow, is governed today by the flesh, but to-

morrow will crucify it that the soul may live. Today man reaps wars and violence, misery and fears. Tomorrow he will garner peace and freedom and well-being and happiness.

If Christianity is, indeed, an expression of the renewableness of the world, it will probably survive any social revolution which denies it, as it has survived the governments which have travestied it. Those among us who are inclined to believe this make no claim for the permanence of Christian forms. They may be only the body of other times than those which are to come. Every Christian observance of our own day may come to an end. Christian churches may crumble with other insignia of our civilization. Even Jesus of Nazareth might pass from man's memory. But Christ shall live in every incarnation of love and hope, in every resurrection from the soul's death, in every deliverance from the spirit's darkness. The light of dawn is not quenched because physicists restate the laws of transmission. After nights of terror, above horizons still black and thunderous, lo! there shines anew the bright, the morning star.

ANNE C. E. ALLINSON.

THE RAID ON DUN

September 26th, 1918

BY SIDNEY HOWARD

Like sound of taps at twilight from the hill,
The solemn thought comes that these youths are gone;
At evening, when the breathless world grows still
And the grey day steals from the bird-hushed lawn,
When over wooded crests the sailing moon
Comes casting spells of beauty they have lost,
Across delicious valleys, warm with June,
I count the fearful price the victory cost.

—*Hervey Allen.*

IT is only a year since the battle of the Argonne Forest. We are too ready to forget, here in America, where our loss has been so slight and our satisfaction so great. Some stories remain still to be told; stories more real to the heroes of them than anything that ever went before or has happened since the war. These letters were written by three soldiers at the front a year ago to tell the story of a certain day air-raid on the village of Dun-sur-Meuse in which fourteen aviators took part and from which three returned.

The battle of the Argonne began on the 26th of September. It was a day of bad weather, but with an offensive under way, the aviator flew, weather or none. The pilots and observers of the flight knew this very well. They understood that their orders had been so disorganized by their commanding Major, that inevitable and formidable German resistance was in store for them. They knew, finally, that the plane to which they confided their lives, the American built De Haviland 4, was the very worst air-craft between the Swiss Border and the North Sea on either side of the line. They called it "The Flaming Coffin" and

their Major "The German Ace." Thanks to the efficiency of both, they had already seen their comrades go down to death. They had no illusions when they set out to bomb Dun.

They were members of the 20th Day Bombing Squadron, one of the units attached to the 1st Bombardment Group. They were picked men sent to the front from long duty in the rear, green to war conditions, very enthusiastic, very eager. The particular difficulties no longer matter. Because they themselves happened to be such men as they were, they went on their way rejoicing, Cooper waving "luck" to Matthews, Parrott jeering at the fog in the last words he ever spoke, Rhinelander filled with the dignity of his first venture "across."

They were a rare group. Parrott, the leading observer in the flight, who aimed the bombs—mystic, enthusiast, epicure—his attention was always divided about equally between the fundamentals of religion, the perils of battle, and the subtleties of Voisin's food. Rhinelander and Potter, the inseparable friends, both of them went over for the first time this day, one to his death, the other to return undaunted only to meet his end in a later battle. They were such types of young American spirit as you would cheer to find anywhere. And Wiser, the artist of the squadron insignia, and Cooper, the perfect adventurer, who is not satisfied with one war but must return from German prison camps to "*chercher*" another in Paderewski's army.

There would be much to say of the others, just as there is much of the detail of the fight I do not know. Some of the story has been gathered from peasants who watched from the fields beneath and buried the dead after the planes had passed. The aftermath of an aerial battle brought as many different accounts as there had been participants. War in the air is swift and impersonal. The flight leader brought his story back, a very meagre story, mostly of his own experience. Lieutenant Leonard wrote his account during his captivity. For the rest we have only the peasants of the region. It was one of them who told how Matthews and Taylor fell in flames, and how Harris and his observer, Forbes, protected their fall until the Germans had done for both teams. It was another who saw Rhinelander and Preston die, fighting as they fell, with two of their enemies

to their score before a third had set their own plane ablaze.

The reality of that time is more tense than the experience of this present. It cannot be forgotten. These men were among the best we had and lost. They lived strong lives intimately and merrily with one another; they cared for France and flying; they resented the Germans from time to time, though never as seriously as they resented the stupidity of their own higher commanders. They loved their lives and gave them, like so many others, in battle, "and reaped not any glory from the strife"—or, at least, very little. For myself, who led them, they were the highest experience the war held.

II

LIEUTENANT LEONARD'S ACCOUNT[1]

. . . It was a mean morning for a flight; a thick fog covered everything. As the planes left the ground further down the field, they flew directly over us. We could hear the heavier sound of a motor coming nearer, but we could see nothing until suddenly the machine burst into view overhead, thirty or forty feet up, the bombs hanging underneath the wings. Then the plane passed on and was swallowed up by the fog with a diminishing roar of the engine. Our own wheels left the ground at nine o'clock, and we rose into the fog. Our eyes were our only guard against collision; in the mist it was like another world. Then the sun grew brighter, and we suddenly burst into daylight and blue sky. The rest of the flight was a mile ahead, climbing slowly and closing into formation.

We had been up nearly an hour and we were at a height of two miles and a half when we headed for the lines of trenches and the smoke puffs of bursting shells. We were alone, seven of us, when we crossed; none of the other flights in sight. The Germans must have been watching, for we were barely above the trenches when their anti-aircraft batteries began shelling us. I did not see the first shell break, but I heard it—a short, sharp sound like the muffled ripping of a piece of linen. My first thought was that an engine part had been thrown back into the plane, tearing the fabric. Then the "woof" came again, and this

[1] Written on the checks in his check book during his confinement in the German Hospital.

time I saw the shrapnel burst and on every hand—black and yellow blots in the atmosphere, now a little higher, now in the midst of the formation. At our altitude (13,000 feet) we could not see much of the battle on the ground. Here and there a pin point of white smoke—a battery in action. I let them have a few shots from my Lewis gun to keep the oil from freezing and gumming the action.

As we neared the objective, the machines flew closer together. A brother observer in the next plane grinned and we shook hands to one another. The leading observer fired his signal to prepare to bomb. I leaned over the side with my hand on the release, watching for the bombs to fall from the plane ahead. They fell and I pulled my own lever and marked up 448 pounds more of T.N.T. for the Germans. We watched the bombs in the air as far as we could see them. We saw a number of black puffs on the ground and a fire start in the town. At once we turned back home.

I was beginning to think that it was only a joy-ride after all when I saw the Boches. Tiny specks in the distance, almost before we could think, they were on us, five life-sized Fokkers painted yellow and black. They slid around our machines like yellow jackets. One of them got under our tail and hung there; I could not shoot at him without shooting away part of our own machine. I wiggled the controls from my seat to attract the pilot's attention and pointed out Mr. Boche to him. Promptly he turned, first to right, then to left, and at every turn the Fokker came into view about seventy-five yards away. Each time we swung I was waiting and let him have both guns. I could see the tracers go right into his cockpit, and I knew that one bullet at least must find its mark. And it did. At my third burst he started down in a nose spin out of control. The Fokkers remaining then left us, evidently deciding that the odds were too much in our favor. There were still eight of us. I felt pretty fine at having shot down my first Boche.

But the breathing spell did not last long. In front and above, stretched out across the sky, I counted twelve more little specks. They came driving through the midst of our formation, shooting a steady stream of fire. The tracer bullets made it look as though it really was fire. It was

like a dream. I was so busy that three pairs of hands would not have been enough.

We were perhaps fifty yards below the rest of the formation, having come down to help another plane which had dropped out in the first scrap. Naturally we offered a good target to the Fokkers; the guns wouldn't swing fast enough; there were too many Huns all around, above and below. It was a beautiful sight, eight of our two-seated machines and twelve of the single-seated Fokkers; each of our planes shooting at the Germans from two guns, each of the Germans shooting at us from three. The air was one network of fire from the tracer bullets. It looked impossible for anyone to escape from the storm of them going both ways. It was magnificent. Something had to happen. It couldn't last.

One of our planes rose suddenly higher than the rest and gradually turned nose down, leaving a trail of flame and smoke behind it. It was beautiful, yet terrible. Two of our friends and pals sat in that plane burning up. I redoubled my efforts and took great care in aiming.

We were still below the rest of the formation. It seemed as though all the lines of tracers were coming our way. I worked faster and faster, but had no time to tell whether a Hun who slid away from my fire was hit or not. As fast as one moved away, a second took his place. I was beginning to wonder how long it could last when I got it in the neck. The shot knocked me down on the seat with the force of a pile driver. The Fokker who had shot and seen my guns stop shooting was coming up close beside us. I got on my feet, took good aim, and let him have both guns from about fifty yards. "Coop" (Captain Cooper, the pilot) says that he went down in flames. I was too busy to watch him. I was conscious of only one thing—to get rid of three others who had begun to close in on us.

Suddenly our plane dropped into a nose spin. I thought that "Coop" had been shot and that in a very few seconds we should hit the ground and be through with everything. I slipped down on the seat unconscious, but only for an instant. When I regained my senses we were still falling in a spin, but "Coop" had unfastened his safety belt and was standing with one foot over the side in the act of jumping overboard. And no wonder; for his cockpit was

a mass of flames from the motor which was on fire.

It was a question of dying an easy death by jumping, or of burning. His first thought was to escape the agony of the flames; he did not know whether I was dead or alive. But when he saw me open my eyes, he did not hesitate. Rather than desert a wounded and helpless comrade, he stepped back into what seemed at the time the certainty of burning to death.

We came out of the spin up-side-down and went into a side slip in a fruitless attempt to extinguish the flames. By this time his hands were so badly burned that the stick slipped from his fingers and he had to use his elbows and knees to work the controls. Finally, by diving straight down with full motor, the impossible was accomplished and the flames put out. I could do nothing, as we fell, but sit in the back and wonder how soon the flames would reach the gas-tank. I looked up and saw the fight still going on, further and further away, as we neared the ground, until the planes were like large and small gnats.

We were still over German territory and the motor would barely turn over. There was nothing for it but to land. All we could do was to smile at one another with the Liberty sounding so like a couple of tin cans rattling together. We landed in a large field, just missing some telegraph wires as we came in. "Coop" landed the machine with the stick between his knees and elbows. Although we hit the ground with force enough to send the plane up on its nose, neither of us was thrown out. The machine was pretty well shot up; the motor was a wreck. There were bullet holes all over, sixty, more or less, little round holes and long gashes in the fabric.

Before we could climb out, a Fokker which had followed us down from the fight, flew past about fifty feet up, motioning us away from our plane. We climbed out and walked a little distance. Whereupon he landed and walked over to meet us.

He was a good clean-looking fellow with a first class Iron Cross pinned on his coat together with a number of other medals. We had heard many stories of the cruel treatment given prisoners by the Germans, and we did not know what to expect. Imagine our surprise when he saluted us just as though he were a brother officer in our own

army. Each of us had a pistol which we surrendered to him handle first when he asked if we were wounded. By this time a crowd of German soldiers had gathered and an automobile had come from the village. A man in the car had some bandages and proceeded to tie them around my wound and stop the flow of blood which had pretty well soaked my clothes. But he could do nothing for Cooper's burns. I had to take my flying suit off and left it on the field when I came away. That, in itself, was unimportant, but I left my pipe in the pocket.

While my wound was being dressed, the Fokker pilot looked the plane over pretty thoroughly. He found a picture which "Coop" had fastened to the instrument board and very graciously took it out and gave it to him, asking if he did not want to keep it. Of course we regretted the fact that we were out of action and prisoners, but it had to be. We had accounted for one German plane; possibly two. Be that as it may, it was the splendid heroism and nerve of Coop that got us on the ground with our lives.

We were taken to a village about thirty miles from Verdun and twenty-five from Metz. We could hear the artillery very plainly and, judging from that, we were approximately ten miles from the firing line. During the afternoon we were separated. I was moved to a room alone where, shortly, an Intelligence officer, Lieutenant Goertz, visited me. He had flown as an observer on the Russian front in the early years of the war, had been wounded and a prisoner in Russia for some months. His attitude was that of one gentleman to another, and he even sent an attendant into the village to buy cigarettes for me. He tried to find out what squadron we belonged to and the location of our aerodrome, which, of course, we would not tell. He asked why the United States was in the war. He said: "France is fighting for revenge."

III

THE FLIGHT LEADER'S LETTER

. . . The 26th was a mess, and no mistake. We lost most of our best men, among them Parrott and Rhinelander. I haven't quite pulled myself together yet. We crossed seven, to which one of the 11th added himself, God knows when

or why. He was still with us when I landed. I shan't forget how I watched his plane taxi across the field, scarcely daring to hope that it might be one team more than another, and how shocked I was (I must have shown it) when two strangers stepped out. We were jumped, much as we had expected to be, just after the bombing as I was turning home. Parrott had made a bully hit on the town and bridge; he had just time to fire the Boche signal. Fokkers, five or six, came from above and behind, a second group from above and beneath, and a third (something new with four machine guns) from in front and below. They came out of peace and nothing and were on us in an instant, diving through and flying as part of our formation! The tracers were like streamers of tinsel. Bullets hit my plane as though someone had been peppering me with handfuls of gravel. The fight ran east of the Meuse, eight of us mixed up with more than twenty Germans.

As nearly as I remember things through a running fight of over half an hour, Parrott must have been killed almost at the beginning. I knew that he had been seriously hurt because he fell on my controls, jamming them and throwing them out for the remainder of the chase. It caught me off my guard. I was watching Rhinelander and a Boche who was between Wiser and me. I never saw anyone so near in the air as that Boche was. Then I looked for Parrott and he was gone. I remember that I was amused at Rhinelander's observer (Harry Preston) who was throwing his empty magazines at the Fokkers, and it almost seemed that I heard Parrott hit. Then he slipped down on the controls. I did regain something like mastery of things, but I could not, to save me, free the rudder enough to turn and I was going with the wind and like the devil into Germany. Both my guns were useless, shot out and shot up; I had lost a strut and two others were badly split. I was just about helpless; it was a beastly sensation.

One of our ships went down in flames, a long tongue of red streaming from its gas tank. Another dropped off to my right, steaming from a punctured radiator. I have figured that the poor flaming one must have been Matthews and the other Wiser. Struggling as I was, I saw nothing of what happened to the rest. Rhinelander simply disappeared and I have no accounting to give anyone of his fate.

It seems now that I looked around and saw only two other American planes, one below me and behind, and Potter flying in Rhinelander's place as close as ever he could to my crazy ship.

I believe I should have given up and tried a landing had not Potter stuck. And how he stuck! I dare say it was that put the nerve into me to pull hard on things, for I was fairly wrecked as it was. But I gave him a wave and jerked things free enough to turn at last, and we cut through the center of the dozen Boche who still held on behind us. One of them dove in front of me; his bullets clattered underneath my motor and came through the floor of my cockpit. We were glad to have the archies for they cut off pursuit.

I had turned (will you believe it?) somewhere north of Metz. Well, we did get out, three out of fourteen, one team and a half out of seven—not including Waring and Norris of the 11th.

My one thought was Parrott. Nerves, of course, but I was certain I could feel him rapping on his stick, and I was continually shaking it back at him. He had fallen out of sight. I could not see him nor get him clear. I landed on Gilbert Winant's field near the lines, thinking to get him the sooner to a hospital. He had been killed instantly.

He got one Boche; I am nearly certain of that because the fellow was between us and the next plane and we were in close formation. They are hard boiled, these Germans, and good shooters! Potter and the other plane landed with me. I was pretty well done and Potter was as cool as—I have no simile.

I shall be lost without Parrott. I have never worked with any but him. No man could have died more heroically. He had always the same reassuring trick of turning to smile at me in the little mirrorscope in which I watched his shooting. He was still smiling when we lifted him from the plane.

LIEUTENANT MATTHEWS' LETTER[1]

. . . We ran out to Pierrepont, a tiny village 10 kilometres southeast of Longuyon and he (Captain Cooper) took me to Rick's grave without a word. . . . Here at the end

[1] Written to his family describing the search for his brother's grave.

of the path Rick's body had been carried down upon the shoulders of four German soldiers, and there he lay. A level brown piece of earth covered by three huge fir wreaths made by the French girls in the village the afternoon of the fight and placed upon the bodies with the permission of the German Commandatur who lived at the home of one of them. . . . Around, the four stones pressed into the ground by the French grave digger. He wanted them set off from the Germans, he said, that lie on either side. Trees all about, good straight trees, like soldiers standing guard; on the graves the four wreaths, at the head stand six-inch stakes, that's all—no frames, no crosses. They lie in the order, Taylor, Rick, Harris and Forbes. All about are hundreds of German crosses in stiff rows, no mound on any; through the trees a big monument of brown stone surmounted by a white lion lying upon his paws with "1914" on his face. . . . A quiet spot it is, in the distance a low ridge on one side and open country on the other side of the woods, and then the main road. . . .

In a little village named Hani, one kilometer from Pierrepont, the villagers were startled about 11:00 by the roar of many motors and the rat-a-tat of machine guns high overhead. Paul Demage, a 20-year-old peasant, cutting wood, looked up and saw two planes falling in flames toward him. Suddenly a body fell from one, the plane in flames with Taylor descending like a rock three hundred metres on. He ran over with a German soldier and found Rick there dead, lying face upward, a bullet through his head. There the imprint of his body is today, forced in the clay soil from his fall. . . Demage guarded Rick's body there in the field for two hours, then the Germans came and placed all four of them in a camion, and took them up to an aviation field by Pierrepont. There little Mademoiselle Antoinette Calas and a number of other girls in the French village made the wreaths and sent them over to be placed on the graves, and later visited the graves to see them.

No French were allowed there (in the morgue), but the old grave digger somehow crept in and copied the name burned on the top of each coffin. The next day the cortege descended to the graves—an open trench. The Germans stood at present arms and the chaplain, a Protestant, said a few words. Here is the German for you (the

information comes from the old grave digger, for only Germans were there):

Here lie four Americans. One of them had a fiancée. He would not be here if he had stayed at home. She would not be sad.

All the time he forgot that a German was also being buried.

That is the story; there he lies between the straight tall trunks, between his comrades who died with him, quietly at peace, a great mission filled.

PILOTS	OBSERVERS.
Sidney Howard, leader.	Edmund Parrot, leader (Killed).
Philip Rhinelander, deputy (killed).	Harry Preston (killed).
G. B. Wiser (captured).	Glenn Richardson (captured).
Merian Cooper (captured wounded).	E. C. Leonard (captured wounded).
David Harris (killed).	Earl Forbes (killed).
Richard Matthews (killed).	Everett Taylor (killed).
Clarkson Potter (killed Oct. 10).	George Schultze.

Lieutenants Waring and Norris joined the flight, having strayed from the formation of the 11th Squadron. They were awarded the Distinguished Service Cross for heroism on this day, along with Lieutenant Potter and Captain Cooper.

THE BLINDMAN

BY HERVEY ALLEN

A Ballad of Nogent l'Artaud

At Nogent on the River Marne,
I passed a burning house and barn.
I went into the public square
Where pigeons fluttered in the air
And empty windows gaped a-stare.

There crouched a blind man by the wall
A-shivering in a ragged shawl,
Who gave a hopeless parrot screech
And felt the wall with halting reach.
He went around as in a trap.
He had a stick to feel and tap.
A-rap-a-tap, a-rap-a-tap.

I strode across the public square.
I stopped and spoke him full and fair.
I asked him what he searched for there.
There came a look upon his face
That made me want to leave the place.
I could not answer for a space.
He moved his trembling hands about
And in-and-out, and in-and-out.

"Kind sir," he said, "I scarcely know—
A week ago there fell a blow—
I think it was a week ago.
I sent my little girl to school,
With kisses and her book and rule,
A week ago she went to school."
The pigeons all began to coo,
"A-cock-a-loo, a-cock-a-loo."

"O, God! to be a blinded fool;
I cannot find the children's school—
The gate, the court about the pool—
But, sir, if you will guide my feet

Across the square and down the street,
I think I know then where it lies.
O, Jesu! Give me back my eyes!
O, Jesu! Give me back my eyes!"

I led him down the littered street,
He seemed to know it with his feet;
For suddenly he turned aside
And entered through a gateway wide.
It was the court about the pool.
Long shadows slept there deep and cool.
No sound was there of beast or bird;
It was the silence that we heard.

"And this," he said, "might be the place,"
An eager look came on his face.
He raised his voice and gave a call;
An echo mewed along the wall,
And then it rose, and then it fell,
Like children talking down a well.
"Go in," he said, "see what you see,
And then come back again for me."

Like one who bears a weight of sin
And walks with fear, I entered in—
A turn—and halfway up the stair
There was a sight to raise your hair;
A dusty litter, books and toys,
Three bundles that were little boys,
White faces like an ivory gem;
A statue stood and looked at them.

So thick the silence where I stood,
I thought I wore a woolen hood;
The blood went whispering through my ears,
Like secrets that one overhears.
I looked upon the dead a while;
I saw the glimmering statue smile.
The children slept so sweetly there,
I scarce believed the tainted air.

And then I heard the blindman's stick,
As rhythmic as a watch's tick,
A step—a click, a step—a click
As slow as days grow to a year.
So long it seemed while he drew near,
But sure and blind as death or fate,
He came and said, "I dared not wait.
It was too silent at the gate."

"And tell me now, sir, what you see
That keeps you here so silently."

"Three harmless things," I said, "I fear,
Three things I see but cannot hear,
Three shadows of what was before
Cast by no light are on the floor."
"Sir," said the blindman, "lead me round,
Lest I should tread on holy ground."

Like men they lead at dawn to doom,
We slowly climbed the stairway's gloom
And came into a sunlit room.
The ceiling lay upon the floor,
And slates, and books, and something more—
The master with a glassy stare,
Sat silent in his shivered chair
And gazed upon his pupils there.

The blindman grasped me eagerly.
"And tell me now, sir, what you see?
This is the place where she should be—
My Eleanor, who used to wear
Short socks that left her brown legs bare.
She had a crown of golden hair."
I saw his blind eyes peer and stare,
Now there and here, now here and there.

"Blindman," I cried, "these things I see:
Time here has turned eternity.
The clock hands point but only mock,
For it is always two o'clock.
I see the shadows on the wall;
I see the crumbling plaster fall."
"Oh! sir," he said, "I crave your eyes—
Be not so kindly with your lies!"

I drew the blindman to my side.
I told the truth I wished to hide.
I said, "I see your Eleanor
And she is dead upon the floor
And something fumbles with her hair;
I guess the wind is playing there.
And I see grey rats sleek and stout
They dart about and dart about.

"Now, sir," he said, "I love your lies
And Christ be thanked who took my eyes!
But lead me, lead me to my dead!
And let me touch her once," he said.
I placed his hand upon her head.
God, have your devil heat his hell
To burn the men who threw the shell
That killed the child he loved so well—

And when we left the charnel place,
I dared not look upon his face;
For suddenly upon the street
Arose the sound of trampling feet,
And wheels that rumbled on the ground,
And ground around and ground around,
The din of them that go to slay,
The shout of men and horses' neigh,
And men and beasts swept on to war
A dreadful drumming on before.

It throbbed and throbbed through Nogent Town,
Till desolation settled down—
The blindman leaned against the door;
"And tell me, sir, about the war,
What is it they are fighting for?"

"*Blindman,*" I cried, "Can you not see?
It is to set the whole world free!
It is for sweet democracy!"
"I do not know her, sir," he said.
"My little Eleanor is dead."

HERVEY ALLEN.

JOHN DRINKWATER

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

THE most singular feature of the London theatrical season of 1918-1919 was the success of Mr. John Drinkwater's play, *Abraham Lincoln*. The singularity of that success will be apparent even to those who are totally ignorant of the theatre when I state that the play does not contain one of the elements which are generally judged to be essential to "popular" success. Mr. Arnold Bennett, in the preface which he has written for the American edition of the play, says "we have contrived to make all London come to Hammersmith to see a play without a love interest or a bedroom scene," but Mr. Bennett does not exhaust the list of the "popular" aids without which *Abraham Lincoln* achieved its great success. The play has neither the interest of love or adultery, nor has it any comic interest; it makes no appeal to passion, nor does it offer exhibitions, plain or coloured, of pretty young women in varying degrees of clothing. It is divided into six short scenes spread over a period of five years, covering the time between 1860, when Lincoln was invited to accept nomination for the Presidency, and 1865 when he was assassinated by Booth; and so, although there is a very definite unity in the play, there is also a certain amount of dispersal of interest. It is a piece of static drama, which is generally less interesting than dynamic drama; and, so far as the British playgoer is concerned, it is about a foreigner of whom little more than his name is known. Foreign politics do not much interest the ordinary man, and they seem to interest the British ordinary man rather less than they do the ordinary man of other countries; but in spite of that fact, Mr. Drinkwater, inevitably, of course, has introduced much reference to the domestic politics of the United States into his play. He also uses the device of

a chorus between his scenes to comment on events that have already occurred, and to refer to events that are about to take place.

All of these characteristics of the play are such as may immediately be set down, in the judgment of the commercial manager, as "unpopular" things. To these must be added further aids to unpopularity in connection with the production of it.

Abraham Lincoln was performed in London at an obscure and ugly theatre in a distant suburb by an unknown management with a cast which did not contain the name of a single player of reputation. There was not an actor or actress in the cast with sufficient popularity to draw sixpence into the theatre. The scenic effects were so slight as to be negligible. There was no orchestra. No economy was spared in the production, as a witty manager said of his own cheaply-mounted entertainment. If Mr. Arnold Bennett and Mr. Nigel Playfair, who are jointly responsible for the Lyric Opera House at Hammersmith, had purposely set out to see how best they could repel audiences, it would have seemed to the commercial manager that they could not more effectively have done so than with the methods they employed for the production of *Abraham Lincoln*.

And yet the play was an enormous success. Mr. Bennett has written in a picturesque way, but strictly without exaggeration, that "Nobody can dine out in London today, and admit without a blush that he has not seen *Abraham Lincoln*. Monarchs and princes have seen it. Archbishops have seen it. Statesmen without number have seen it. An ex-Lord Chancellor told me that he had journeyed out into the wilds of Hammersmith, and was informed at the theatre that there were no seats left. He could not believe that he would have to return from the wilds unsatisfied. But so it fell out." The play survived two spells of unusually hot weather, and seems likely to maintain its hold on favour for the best part of the 1919-20 season. When I saw the play, the theatre was almost full, although the weather was extremely hot and the time was the afternoon of Wednesday, a time when one does not expect to see a large audience at any theatre, but particularly at a suburban one. And while this unusual play was drawing large audi-

ences through a heat wave, managers of West End theatres, at which expensive and "popular" entertainments were being offered, were wringing their hands and regarding the Bankruptcy Court with frightened eyes!

What are the merits of the play? Why has it taken so strong a hold on the minds and hearts of the English people? Why do fashionable people jostle working people in their endeavours to see it? Why did King George and Queen Mary travel to Hammersmith to a performance of it? Why have men like Mr. H. G. Wells gone twice to see it played, and come away, more moved by it on the second occasion even than on the first? I cannot answer for other people, but I can answer for myself, and I think that the answer I give to my own question when I ask myself why I am moved by this play, will in great measure explain why the bulk of people are moved by it.

The sincerity with which the play is written is clear and unmistakable, but sincerity in itself would hardly commend the play so successfully to the popular mind. It is obvious to me that there is something present in this piece which causes it to correspond very closely and intimately with a deeply-felt emotion in the hearts of those who see it performed. Any sincere figure sincerely represented on the stage will evoke an immediate response of noble emotion from an audience, and it would have been difficult not to make an impressive and appealing character in a play out of a man so like the Knight in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* as Abraham Lincoln was:

> . . . a worthy man,
> That fro the time that he first bigan
> To ryden out, he loved chivalrye,
> Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.

But Mr. Drinkwater seems to me to have done rather more than render the natural impressiveness of this honourable man in a faithful fashion on the stage. He has taken a national character and made him into a figure of universal appeal. It must be obvious to any student of human affairs that it is the man who is most nearly national in character who makes the most universal call upon the heart: the man of cosmopolitan character fails generally to make any appeal at all, and never succeeds in anything greater

than an appeal to sect. There is a type of person who knows no more of Dr. Johnson's writings than this, that he once described patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel; and this type of person, generally a Socialist of small intelligence, blandly assumes that Dr. Johnson wished the readers of his Dictionary to believe that patriotism itself is a scoundrelly quality. Dr. Johnson meant no more than he said, namely, that a virtue may sometimes be exploited by evil men for vicious purposes. When I say that hypocrisy is the tribute which vice pays to virtue, I do not mean that virtue is to be shunned; and when Dr. Johnson says that patriotism is the last refuge of a scoundrel he does not wish his readers to give up loving their country on that account. He would probably urge them to love their country all the more because bad men chose to make profit out of it. The good European becomes a good European by being a good German or a good Frenchman or a good Englishman, not by forgetting to be German or French or English; and Abraham Lincoln became a great citizen of the world because he was a great citizen of America. His life, when it is made known to them, appeals to men of other nations because he was essentially an American with an unquenchable love of his country. "Many waters cannot quench love," Solomon sang, "neither can the floods drown it," and it was the imperishable steadfastness of Lincoln's spirit, his valour in adversity, his implacable resolve that the right thing should prevail over the wrong thing, that set him in authority over his fellows and put him among the immortals. And such a man must instantly cause the whole world to yield its praise to him and accept his authority.

When I say that Mr. Drinkwater has taken a national character and made him into a figure of universal appeal, I do not mean that Mr. Drinkwater has given Lincoln a quality which he did not possess. I mean that he has put him into his play in such a way that his purely local character does not disturb the universal appeal which he makes; and he has done this with extraordinary skill, but without obtrusion, by drawing very closely the parallel between the American Civil War and the European War. *Abraham Lincoln* is a topical play in the sense in which anything of universal interest is topical. All great and universal things

are capable of being applied to local and transitory affairs with such force that they seem to short-sighted persons to have been devised exclusively for that special crisis. *The Trojan Women* of Euripides is as topical at this moment as it was when it was written, and it will never cease to be topical so long as there are human beings to suffer and endure and love and hate and fall and rise. In that sense *Abraham Lincoln* is topical. It is about a comparatively small war which began in 1861 and lasted for four years; but I am perfectly certain that the overwhelming mass of those who saw it performed in London saw Lincoln not as the protagonist of a united America or the ruler of a foreign country tortured by internecine war, but as the protagonist of their own cause during the past five years, and the expression of aims and desires which, while inarticulate in their mouths, were nevertheless deeply-held in their hearts. And women, not learned in argument or familiar with policies, went to see the play because, in some dim manner, they felt that it made clear to them the faith for which their sons and lovers died.

> It's a poor thing, spinning tales,
> When there's no faith in them,

says the old woman in Mr. Drinkwater's little play, *The* Storm," and he could not have drawn the tears of many men and women by his play if he had not seen Abraham Lincoln as more than an interesting character, with all the details of his life correctly set forth. I have, indeed, heard some complainants say that Mr. Drinkwater has not kept rigidly to fact in his play, or that he has made too much of a single episode in Lincoln's life. It does not appear to me to matter whether the facts are correctly tabulated or not, nor does it matter whether Mr. Drinkwater has set out the whole of Lincoln's life or only a piece of it. What does matter is that he gives to his audiences an impression of a full and complete existence expressed at the height of its powers. It is very likely that had he tried to put more of the President's career into his play he would have given a smaller account of him. I remember once, standing on the coast of Wales and looking towards Ireland during a thick sea-fog. It had a sense of immensity and distance that I lost when the fog disappeared and I could see clearly

for many miles. We do not need accurate sight so much as we need imagination; and the strongest glasses are of less service to us than a shut eye and an active and understanding mind. It is very natural that a bereaved and tortured world should turn gratefully to the memory of so simple and honest a man as Abraham Lincoln, who completely upset all preconceived notions of a politician by believing in his own faith. The insincerities of kings and politicians have brought the world to a misery of broken faith and murdered boys; and the multitude of men and women, innocent of this crime, but deeply wronged by it, find in the thought of such a man as Lincoln comfort for their sorrow and support for their belief that the world will yet be delivered from the body of this death. They see in "old Abe" an act of faith, a final and irrefutable assertion that man is of divine, not bestial, origin.

II

John Drinkwater was born at Leytonstone, in Essex, on June 1, 1882, his father being Mr. A. E. Drinkwater, a man of theatrical affairs engaged in management for Miss Lillah McCarthy at the Kingsway Theatre in London. He was educated at Oxford High School and after twelve years spent in the service of various insurance companies, became manager of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre which had been founded through the munificence of Mr. Barry Jackson, a wealthy inhabitant of that city. The Birmingham Repertory Theatre is, I believe, the most beautiful theatre in England, and it has set a very high standard in plays for its audiences. It is the only repertory theatre in England which has survived the war, and its directors are very proud of the fact that they have not lowered their standard for a moment at a time when theatrical managers elsewhere were tumbling over themselves in their eagerness to get into the gutter. In less than ten years, fifteen of the plays of Shakespeare have been produced at this theatre, apart from revivals of plays by others of the ancient writers and productions of new plays by moderns. Drinkwater, himself a poet and dramatist, with a good record of work behind him—for he had written many poems and prose pieces, including a book on Swinburne and one on William

Morris, and had edited the collected plays of St. John Hankin and the poems of Philip Sidney—governed the theatre, wrote plays for it and produced the plays of other men. The intention of the theatre was thus expressed by him in *Lines for the Opening of the Birmingham Repertory Theatre*:

> To you good ease, and grace to love us well:
> To us good ease, and grace some tale to tell
> Worthy your love. We stand with one consent
> To plead anew a holy argument—
> For art is holy. We, to whom there falls
> The charge that men may see within these walls
> The comely chronicle of comely plays,
> You, who shall quicken us with blame or praise,
> Desire alike but this, that here shall spring
> Such issue of our labour as shall bring
> Fresh laurels to the altars that have known
> Service of men whose passion might atone
> For worlds than this more faithless, men whose names
> Are very life—aye, swift and urgent flames
> Of living are they. These are over us
> To lighten all our travel: Aeschylus,
> Euripides, the Sophoclean song,
> And Aristophanes who captured wrong
> In nets of laughter, lords of the Attic stage,
> The fourfold Greek dominion; and the age
> Of nameless poets when the hope began
> To quicken from the blood of *Everyman*
> Into the splendour of Marlowe's kingly lust
> Of kingly life, the glory that thieves nor rust
> Can ever spoil, whose name is manifold—
> Ford, Massinger, Dekker, Webster aureoled
> With light of hell made holy, Middleton,
> Chapman, Beaumont and Fletcher, aye, and one
> Whom even these the lords of beauty's passion
> Might crown for beauty's high imperial fashion
> In classic calm of intellectual rule,
> Ben Jonson. Sirs, I am nor wit nor fool
> To speak in praise of him whose name is praise,
> Whose word is on the forehead of the days,
> Shakespeare, our master tried and proved how well,
> Mortality's immortal chronicle.
>
> Under the warrant of these we sail,
> And theirs whose later labour these might hail,
> Congreve and Otway: the Good-Natured Man,
> Proud, tattered Oliver: Dick Sheridan,
> Who played at passion, but free-born of wit
> Put scandal out to school and laughed at it;

These few that stand between the golden age
When poets made a marvel of the stage
And—do we dare to dream it?—an age that stirred
But yesterday, whereof the dawning word—
Spoken when Ibsen spake, and here reset
To many tunes on lips untutored yet
For speech Olympian, albeit pure of will,—
Shall ripen into witness that we still
Are countrymen of those glad poets dead;
The seed is sown, the barren days are sped.
And they who sowed, are sowing? He beguiled
By who shall say what envious madness, Wilde,
Misfortune's moth and laughter's new wing-feather,
Remembering now no black, despiteful weather:
Hankin and he, the cleanser of our day,
Whose art is both a Preface and a Play,
And he who pities, as poets have pitied, life
Of *Justice* reft, so driven and torn in *Strife,*
And one who cries in *Waste* some news of man,
And one who finds in the bruised hearts of *Nan*
And *Pompey* tragic and old yet timeless things:
And that dead *Playboy,* and his peer who sings
Yet of Cuchulain by the western sea—
Of these is sown the seed that yet shall be
A heavy-waggoned harvest, masters mine,
Gathered by men whom now the immoderate wine
Of song is making ready.

In these walls,
Look not for that light trickery that falls
To death at birth, wrought piecemeal at the will
Of apes who seek to ply their mimic skill:
Here shall the player work as work he may,
Yet shall he work in service of the play.
Nor shall you here find pitiful release
From life's large pressure, nay, but new increase
Of life made urgent by these master-men
Who are our captains. Life, and life again—
Tragic or brave, free-witted, gentle, signed
Of beauty's passion or the adventurous mind,
Or light as orchard blossom, motley wear,
But life's wear always—that shall be our care
And all shall surely follow. What may be
Hereafter—to the heavens to us to see
No will transgressing on the poet's wish,
To you, to judge the meat before the fish.
May you that watch and we that serve so grow
In wisdom as adventuring we go
That some unwavering light from us may shine.
We have the challenge of the mighty line—
God grant us grace to give the countersign.

I have quoted those lines at length because they not only illuminate Drinkwater's mind and purpose, but because they constitute a programme which one would wish to see nailed to the front door of every theatre in the English-speaking world. I cannot imagine a more worthy motto for a theatre than this:

> To you good ease, and grace to love us well:
> To us good ease, and grace some tale to tell
> Worthy your love.

with the final prayer:

> We have the challenge of the mighty line—
> God grant us grace to give the countersign.

III

In all John Drinkwater's work, I discover high sincerity, a love of simple beauty and good purpose and fine character, and a deep regard for the dignity of his craft and the repute of those who have contributed well to the world's accumulated stock of beauty. "The dead cannot pay for praise," said Dr. Johnson, but it is freely rendered to them by those who, hearing "the challenge of the mighty line," know how to give the countersign. Drinkwater has, I imagine, very little sympathy with the riotous writers who burst upon Europe in the years immediately preceding the war, and let

> their lean and flashy songs
> Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw.

About the time that Signor Marinetti first appeared in London, there was an exhibition of Cubist pictures in one of our galleries. The artists declared their intention to be only to paint the significant parts of a scene or a person, and one of them exhibited a picture of the interior of a cafe in which the only significant feature of one of the habitues was his shirt-front! I suggested at the time that the artist's metaphysics might be admirable, but that his art was preposterous; for when a significant thing is dissociated from the things which make it significant, it ceases to have any significance whatever. By taking away the man and leaving only the shirt-front, the artist had made his intention nugatory, for we saw only an irrelevant shirt-front where

we ought to have seen a significant one. This clever-cleverness can not last for long. It may puzzle people for a season, but it will never impress them, and the attractions of a puzzle are soon exhausted. The great simplicities may offer little scope for ingenious conversation at dinner-parties, but they nourish the soul for ever. You will not find in anything that John Drinkwater has written a desire to show off or to attract applause by monkey tricks. He invites you to witness the miracle of familiar things recurring. "Come, sweetheart," he sings:

Come, sweetheart, listen, for I have a thing
Most wonderful to tell you—news of spring.

Albeit winter still is in the air,
And the earth troubled, and the branches bare,

Yet down the fields to-day I saw her pass—
The spring—her feet went shining through the grass.

She touched the ragged hedgerows—I have seen
Her finger-prints, most delicately green;

And she has whispered to the crocus leaves,
And to the garrulous sparrows in the eaves.

Swiftly she passed and shyly, and her fair
Young face was hidden in her cloudy hair.

She would not stay, her season is not yet,
But she has reawakened, and has set

The sap of all the world astir, and rent
Once more the shadows of our discontent.

Triumphant news—a miracle I sing—
This everlasting miracle of spring.

What subject is more worn than that of spring, but how freshly and with what pleasure John Drinkwater sings of it. His poems are full of such simplicities . . . the everlasting beauties and delights . . . and words like "blackbirds," "thrushes," "apples," "daffodils" and "water-lilies" are the common coins of his treasury.

I love my land. No heart can know
  The patriot's mystery, until
It aches as mine for woods ablow
  In Gloucestershire with daffodil
  Or Bicester brakes that violets fill.

These are what England is to me,
Not empire, nor the name of her
Ranging from pole to tropic sea.
These are the soil in which I bear
All that I have of character.

That men my fellows near and far
May live in like communion,
Is all I pray; all pastures are
The best beloved beneath the sun;
I have my own; I envy none.

and the joy with which he finds a similar delight in simple pleasures in other men breaks out in this happy poem, called *Anthony Crundle,* taken from the volume entitled *Olton Pools:*

Here lies the body of
ANTHONY CRUNDLE
Farmer, of this Parish
Who died in 1849 *at the age of* 82.
"He delighted in music."
R. I. P.

And of
SUSAN
For fifty-three years his wife,
Who died in 1860, *aged* 86.

Anthony Crundle of Dorrington Wood
Played on a piccolo. Lord was he,
For seventy years, of sheaves that stood
Under the perry and cider tree;
Anthony Crundle, R. I. P.

And because he prospered with sickle and scythe,
With cattle afield and labouring ewe,
Anthony was uncommonly blithe,
And played of a night to himself and Sue;
Anthony Crundle, eighty-two.

The earth to till, and a tune to play,
And Susan for fifty years and three,
And Dorrington Wood at the end of day. . . .
May Providence do no worse by me;
Anthony Crundle, R. I. P.

IV

Like all young men of quality, he shows the influence which his great elders have had on him. These signs are more easily perceived in his plays than in his poems. The

influence of Mr. Thomas Hardy, for example, is plainly to be observed in *Abraham Lincoln.* I do not say that *Abraham Lincoln* would not have been written if Mr. Hardy had not produced *The Dynasts,* but I do say that it would probably not have been written just in the way that it was written. The influence of Synge's *Riders to the Sea* is strongly impressed on Drinkwater's powerful little play, *The Storm,* which is the first of the three plays contained in the volume, *Pawns.* A young writer naturally draws sustenance from the work of men whom he admires, and it is right and proper that he should do so, and the measure of his quality is the degree to which he accepts the guidance of great men without abandoning his mind to them. John Drinkwater was influenced by Synge and is still influenced by Mr. Hardy, but he was not overpowered by Synge nor is he overpowered by Mr. Hardy. There is something of these writers in the plays I have named, but there is more of John Drinkwater, and as he grows in stature of mind, his own force will take up all the space in which he works. The truth of this statement is to be found on comparing the influence of Synge on *The Storm* with the influence of Mr. Hardy on *Abraham Lincoln.* The outside influence in the short play is far stronger and more palpable than in the long one, and since the short one was written three or four years before the long one, it is obvious that outside influences are declining while the native power is growing in vigour. I am told that Drinkwater is writing a play on Oliver Cromwell, a character over whom he has brooded for many years. I prophesy that in this poem there will be nothing but the pure and aboriginal Drinkwater.

V

If I were asked to give an account of his philosophy of life, I would bid my questioner read the poem called *Character* in his latest book of verse, *Loyalties,* and would remind him that it is one of the very few poems of his in which a note of anger is struck:

> If one should tell you that in such a spring
> The hawthorn boughs into the blackbird's nest
> Poured poison, or that once at harvesting

The ears were stony, from so manifest
Slander of proven faith in tree and corn,
You would turn unheeding, knowing him forsworn.

Yet now, when one whose life has never known
Corruption, as you know: whose days have been
As daily tidings in your heart of lone
And gentle courage, suffers the word unclean
Of envious tongues, doubting you dare not cry—
"I have been this man's familiar, and you lie."

And when he had marked that sign of staunch friendships, I would bid him read this charming poem:

Old Oliver, my uncle, went
With but a penny for his needs,
Walking from Cotsall Hill to Clent,
His pocket full of poppy seeds.

And every little lane along
He scattered them for good man's will,
And then he sang a happy song
From Clent again to Cotsall Hill.

I should then tell him that, having read those two poems, he ought to possess as much knowledge of John Drinkwater's character as it is necessary for any man to possess of another.

ST. JOHN ERVINE.

GEORGE ELIOT, 1819-1919

BY EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT

A VISITOR to Weimar in 1854 might have seen in the long summer evenings, two people, a man and a woman, walking and talking, or sitting and reading together on the green banks of the Ilm, in the beautiful fairy-like forest on the way to Tiefuhrt.

The man was a small and ugly person of about forty, chinless, bright-eyed with a great bulging forehead, "a miniature Mirabeau." He was George Henry Lewes, the most brilliant and bitter literary critic in London.

His companion was a tall, plain young woman, quietly and dowdily dressed but exquisitely graceful. She had the figure of a sylph, and a homely, long face crowned with abundant brown hair, and lighted by fine eyes, blue and deep, with a glance of great gentleness. She was a very quiet person; and all her movements were deliberate.

Lewes, it appears, fascinated everybody with whom he talked, by the wit and penetration of his conversation. George Eliot, then known as Marian Evans, seems to have fascinated nobody; to have had no interest in fascinating anybody. But everybody with whom she had ever lived loved her. Everybody confided in her. Everybody enjoyed her in that satisfactory enjoyment only to be derived from the presence of a person possessed of " the intelligences of the heart."

It is in this Weimar view; and as we see her in her diary of the period, while she reads, studies and writes reviews with her beloved companion, and listens to the variations of human experience about her, that I like best to re-

gard her—as a generous-hearted young woman, living freely in her intelligence, and with all the world before her.

It is too customary to conceive of an author of genius in the light of some one transitory aspect. George Eliot's readers consider her too often, as she was observed by passing acquaintances in the last two years of her life. They are too likely to think of her not as a real woman of lively faculties of thought and observation, but as the profile of an ageing celebrity with side-curls and lace ear-lappets.

The daughter of a well-to-do Midland farm-factor, Isaac Evans, the able land-agent of numerous estates, she had spent a studious girlhood of severe piety; had taken even in her teens a deep interest in the fortunes of the neighborhood poor; had made innumerable helpful visits down brown and chilling winter lanes to the hand-to-mouth, struggling poverty of the England of 1830-1840, visits that told her the great, world-wide, plain tale of mortal want and hardship in lonely neighborhoods.

Till thirty she had carried on this sympathetic observation of existence outside her home at Coventry; and inside its walls had devoted herself to linguistic pursuits, to learning English, German, French and Italian. At the instigation of liberal-minded English friends at Coventry she had translated Straus' *Life of Jesus* for publication in English. On her father's death, she had broken and dismantled their household together. With the little independent income she possessed she had settled herself in London lodgings, and begun to write reviews and translations. She became the assistant editor of the *Westminster Review;* and it was in this capacity at thirty-two that she had learned to know Lewes, who had been introduced to her by her friend Herbert Spencer.

Lewes' own existence was unsettled and wretched indeed at this period. His household was in confusion. His wife, the mother of his three children, had left him for another man. She had repented her change of feeling. She had returned to him. He had forgiven her. Again she had left him with another lover. Through a technicality of English law, on account of his reception of her after her infidelity he could not obtain a divorce.

It was at this juncture of domestic misery and mental

confusion that Herbert Spencer peculiarly befriended him. Lewes wrote of him afterwards:

> I owe him a debt of gratitude. My acquaintance with him was the brightest ray in a very dreary, *wasted* period of my life. I had given up all ambition whatever, lived from hand to mouth and thought the evil of each day sufficient. The stimulus of his intellect, especially during our long walks, roused my energy once more and roused my dormant love of science. I owe Spencer another and a deeper debt. It was through him that I learned to know Marian—to know her was to love her—and since then my life has been a new birth. To her I owe all my prosperity and all my happiness. God bless her!

Such had been the history that preceded Lewes' and George Eliot's Weimar sojourn. They had left England together about three years after their first acquaintance; had been married in some German town, though they could not be married in England; and had launched themselves on a life of arduous work together, whose direction was at first in the field of belles-lettres and of scientific reviews.

George Eliot wrote to Mrs. Charles Bray, her girlhood and lifelong friend:

> We are leading no life of self-indulgence, except indeed that, being happy in each other, we find everything easy. We are working hard to provide for others better than we provide for ourselves, and to fulfill every responsibility that lies upon us.

To support six people, mainly by review writing is an arduous task; and this task was that of Lewes and of George Eliot for two years now. Nevertheless in spite of her intense occupation in another literary field, she reveals, I think, in her journals of the time, the habit of thought of a fiction writer. Her ability in "concrete description" indeed led Lewes to suggest to her in Berlin that she attempt to write a novel. But the need of production immediately and certainly lucrative induced her to forego this effort in the art of fiction for the next two years.

They lived in London in these years, in circumstances so straitened that she mentions, during a vacation of a few days at Ilfracombe that they can afford to enjoy only twice a certain walk requiring a toll tax of sixpence. They had but one tiny, crowded little sitting-room where they carried on their writing, reading and study in their London lodgings.

She writes to her beloved friend, Mrs. Bray's sister, Sarah Hennell: "Our life has no incidents except such as take place in our own brains—nevertheless our life is intensely occupied and the days are far too short." She remarks later that their hours are all "accurately parcelled out;" and that she is "going out today for the first time in a fortnight."

They read and study voraciously, insatiably, English and Spanish and French and German—novels, essays, scientific articles, history biography, *"The Shaving of Shagpat,"* Spinoza's *Ethics,* Griswold's *American Poets.*

> We are delighting ourselves with Ruskin's third volume—I read it aloud for an hour or so after dinner; then we jump to the old dramatists, when Mr. Lewes reads to me as long as his voice will hold out, and after this we wind up the evening with Rymer Jones' *Animal Kingdom* by which I get a confused knowledge of branchiæ and such things—perhaps, on the whole, a little preferable to total ignorance. These are our *noctes* —without *cenae* for the present—occasionally diversified by very dramatic singing of Figaro, etc., which I think must alarm "that good man, the clergyman," who sits below us. . . . We are reading Gall's *Anatomie et Physiologie du Cerveau,* and Carpenter's *Comparative Physiology* aloud in the evenings; and I am trying to fix some knowledge about plexuses and ganglia in my soft brain which generally only serves me to remember that there is something I ought to remember.

In spite of this deprecating remark one receives an overwhelming picture of the mental range and activity of their life, and shares Henry James' belief that George Eliot lived "in the intelligence, a freer, larger life than probably had ever been the portion of any woman."

At last along the path of her many intellectual efforts she reaches her long-planned venture in fiction.

> One morning as I was thinking what should be the subject of my first story, my thoughts merged themselves into a dreamy doze, and I imagined myself writing a story, of which the title was *The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton.* I was soon wide awake again, and told G. He said, "Oh, what a capital title!" and from that time I had settled in my mind that this should be my first story. George used to say, "It may be a failure—it may be that you are unable to write fiction. Or perhaps it may be just good enough to warrant you trying again."

One of the most striking impressions of George Eliot's life that one receives from her biography as arranged by Mr. Cross is the immanence of Lewes in her entire history as an author of fiction. He knew every word, every shade

of all her tales and novels; aided her throughout their production, encouraged and sympathized at every turn; played the Game of Authors for them in the world of London with the utmost adroitness. It was he who inspired her in her middle years to begin her career as a novelist; and after his death she never wrote another line.

She lived in the golden age of novel-writing. Bound with our edition of *The Mill on the Floss,* which my father bought in 1860, are advertisements of novels by Thackeray, Dickens and Mrs. Gaskell in the English and American magazines of the day. Goethe and Walter Scott and Charlotte and Emily Bronte lived in her lifetime. Flaubert, George Sand and Turgenev were her contemporaries. Anthony Trollope was her neighbor and friend. She carried on a delightful correspondence with the authoress of the most widely-read novel on the globe in the mid-nineteenth century, *Uncle Tom's Cabin.*

Yet even in the splendor of the golden age of fiction, George Eliot's novels differ from the other stars in glory. Their individual quality is instantly revealed in *The Sad Fortunes of Reverend Amos Barton.* A thousand tales have been written about women who died for love. No one else has ever presented that theme as George Eliot presents it in her first story. The portrait of the lovely Milly Barton, flinging all the force of her life into the endless, unselfish care of her blundering, kind husband and her five good little children, Milly who was done to death at last by overwork, by worry, by her innumerable steps and stitches and family services, by a prolonged strain of motherhood, affects one with a deeper sense of sorrow I think, because she is not too heroic. She is so very real. Her enjoyment of dress, her delight in the Countess' "pinkish-lilac silk" touches you with a regret for the poverties of her own wardrobe that puts you in a flash in the position of an intimate friend.

You cannot bear to have the soup spilt on her one black silk dress. You cannot bear to have her misunderstood by the stupidity of the neighbors. You cannot bear her increasing makeshifts to meet the family's increasing poverty, as the shallow prejudice of the congregation drifts further and further away from the Reverend Amos Barton. When she succumbs at last after all her pains, her great joys, her struggles, and whispers to her husband how

good he has been, and how happy he has made her; and dies, you are swept in your grief with a perception of the great strength of mortals and their great helplessness.

Milly Barton's tragedy has the fine simplicity of the common tragedies of uncounted devoted and courageous women. Its overtones are so exquisite that you forgive all its dull passages, its long discourses from the clergy, its occasional prolixity. The author's reflective power glances in a hundred intervals in the quiet scene of the parish of Shepperton, gives its narrative the distance and mystery of meditation, and makes it one with the lonely and heroic beauty of mortal life everywhere on earth.

As George Eliot composed and read to Lewes the first pages of her tale, his doubts as to whether she could write dialogue were dispelled.

> There still remained the question whether I could command any pathos: and that was to be decided by the mode in which I treated Milly's death. One night G. went to town on purpose to leave me a quiet evening for writing it. I wrote the chapter from the news brought by the shepherd to Mrs. Hackit, to the moment when Amos is dragged from the bedside and I read it to G. when he came home. We both cried over it, and then he came up to me and kissed me, saying, "I think your pathos is better than your fun."

Launched in the field of publication by the sympathy and skill of Lewes, *The Sad Fortunes of the Reverend Amos Barton* gained an immediate success. The anonymous author was rapidly and widely understood.

She had set herself the final tragic and alluring standard of every writer of fiction—the standard so imaginatively described by Frank R. Stockton and Sir James Barrie—her own standard. From now on her life as a novelist became the struggle at once not to repeat herself and not to impoverish the quality of her work, which makes the drama of her biography.

In attaining at least one of her aims—that of not repeating her contributions—she was markedly successful. No two of her novels are alike. In quality, in my view at least, she equalled her first tale in many others; and repeatedly exceeded the general value of her first book, a volume of which Amos Barton is indeed a part, but including also the far less able narratives of *Janet's Repentance* and *Mr. Gilfill's Love Story*. Her failures in a large part

of *Romola* and in *Felix Holt* have so much more interest than many a novel of lesser aims completely attained that one hesitates to mention their lesser distinction.

Her next venture, *Adam Bede,* if recognizably by the same hand as Amos Barton, is as different from it as possible. One evening in London in conversation with Lewes she described to him an episode in the life of an aunt of hers, a Methodist preacher. Visiting a town in the course of her calling, she found herself in the midst of extreme public excitement about a young girl who had murdered her child; and was condemned to be hung. The girl was like a creature in a trance of desperation and defiance, dumb and unrepentant. George Eliot's aunt visited her; and by the exercise simply of gentleness, sympathy and pity, soon induced her to pour out her whole tragic story; comforted her as well as she might; stayed with her all through the night; rode with her in the cart, in the terrible dawn to her inevitable execution. Lewes said that this prison scene would make " a fine element in a story," and it was around this episode that *Adam Bede* was built.

Reading the book after one is thirty, one appreciates with an especial admiration the subtlety of the novelist's delineation of the enormous social power of blind judgment. Milly Barton's tragedy is not caused by her husband, though he is too dull; and Hester's tragedy is not caused by Arthur Dimmesdale—though he is too weak. These catastrophes are wrought by the error and cruelty of social misjudgments, misjudgments strangely founded indeed on an intent of upholding human virtue, but basely shallow, hard and uninformed. It is this luminous perception of the author's in *Adam Bede* that gives the book its fine range in spite of the hard tragedy of its truth.

The Mill on the Floss repeating in a very different tone the tragedy of social misjudgment, is remarkably impressive in its masterly narrative of the economic fortunes of the Tulliver family. In her presentation of economic fortune as it touches domestic life, George Eliot is peerless. With plenty of common sense, with plenty of sympathy for sound, wordly ambition and plenty of humour and penetration about unsound worldly ambition, George Eliot's views of men's and women's occupation in general, and of the right

and helpful use of money, illumine her fiction with an extraordinary and original light of actuality.

Mr. Tulliver's loss of the mill affects one as one's knowledge of a murder might, with a sense of outrage, of despair and resentment; and when Tom makes up the last pound of the money for paying off the creditors and his father learns that the full amount of the sum he had expected would be three hundred pounds short, has been attained, you have a sense of contentment as complete as that you know when the Frog Prince resumes his rightful shape.

But the strongest tide in the fine current of *The Mill on the Floss* is neither its forcible narrative of the uses of human power in men's and women's occupation, nor the rush of its economic events, but its tremendous and varied story of love—not only of love in the sense of the desire of women and men, though in that tale, too, the book has greatness and absorbing interest—but the story of all the loves of a lifetime, of Maggie's and Tom's love as a brother and sister, of Mr. Tulliver's fathomless sense of protection of, delight and pride and tenderness for "the little wench," of Bob Jakins' passionate alliance with his childhood's friends, of Mrs. Tulliver's quick, unostentatious devotion to her daughter in despair, of Maggie's and Lucy's love for each other surviving through the sharpest pangs of jealousy, flowering with its own exquisite vigor like the blossoming staff.

George Eliot's diary for March 21st, 1860, says: "Finished this morning *The Mill on the Floss,* writing from the moment when Maggie carried out on the water thinks of her mother and brother. We hope to start for Rome on Saturday, 24th,

"Magnificat Anima mea."

It was on this Italian journey that she planned her Florentine novel *Romola.* Cosmopolitan was never easy for her; and *Romola* peculiarly drained her forces. She says that she began it a young woman; and when she had completed it she was an old woman. Everyone who is familiar with her general design as a composer of novels and creator of character will realize that she must have made to herself concerning this monumental effort every adverse discrimination perceptible to the reader.

The book remains overweighted with scholarship. A unique and original performance it seems to employ too massive, too heroic a manner for all its subjects. But it has its notable successes not only in Tito Melema, but in Savonarola. The characterization of the Titan monk, his faults, his nobility, his hidden weaknesses, his supreme devotion to his city, his cruel torture and death—the terrible scene of his martyrdom without the rewards of martyrdom, is a delineation by a master hand; and has a Shakespearean depth and scope.

If *Romola's* life left George Eliot an old woman, it left her not too old to create in the pages of *Middlemarch* and of *Daniel Deronda* numbers of men and women whose fortunes one never wearies of following. Even now at a distance of four generations and half of the world away from the scene of their first appearance people still talk about these men and women as though they were actual inhabitants of the globe. "How *could* she marry Casaubon?" "*I* think she never ought to have gone to see Rosamond Vincy."

About Gwendolen and Grandcourt indeed, the reading population never seems to stop talking—about what they ought to have done, and why they didn't do it, and why Gwendolen broke her promise to Mrs. Glasher. In the midst of a vast concourse of mere paper dolls, the Meyricks, Deronda's mother, Mirah, and all the other unbelievable creatures, George Eliot somehow produces some of the most brilliant and dramatic scenes in letters—quite unlike in their worldly tone any of her other presentments, and comparable in their vivid, brilliantly peopled effect to Daudet's famous ball in the first chapters of *Sappho,* or Mignon's dance around the supper table in *Wilhelm Meister.* The archery contest, the yacht scene, the gambling scene, the wild confidence at the Whispering Stones, all are made of the material of real romance; and whenever you pick them out, and read them over, you think, with excitement, how masterly they are.

They are masterly; but you do have to pick them out; and in the shorter tale of *Silas Marner*—I prefer the subtitle *The Weaver of Raveloe*—you pick out nothing. It is all irresistible. The whole narrative has a keen, refreshing fragrance, like that of the Forest of Arden, without a

tinge of the softness of sentimentality, but of an extraordinary and satisfying sweetness. But there is another and doubtless lower reason why one enjoys *The Weaver of Raveloe* and *The Mill on the Floss.* It is because they are hospitable and flattering books that seem to increase the importance of the casual reader; seem to welcome you in as a traveler through life, to understand you and to appreciate the sharp lights and shadows of the life you know, deeply though it may differ from the life of these great tales.

III.

In the spring of 1869, after writing her long poem, *The Spanish Gypsy,* George Eliot refreshed herself by a visit to Rome. Here she and her husband received a call from acquaintances of his who especially charmed both of them.

They were a Mrs. Cross of England, a clever elderly lady from Weybridge, her married daughter and son-in-law, and her son, an impressionable English youth. He loved and appreciated George Eliot's books and the spirit that created them; and tells us he was better acquainted with them than with any other literature. His imagination was touched by George Eliot's meeting with his mother, and indeed to any poetic perception his hostess' appreciation of the lives and powers of women would naturally be remarkably stirring and magnetic. The entire occasion was lit with glamour for his boyish fancy; and long afterwards he wrote of it, and his vision of George Eliot, at that time about fifty years of age.

> I have a very vivid recollection of George Eliot sitting on a sofa with my mother by her side, entirely engrossed with her . . . I still seem to hear, as I first heard them, the low, earnest, deep musical tones of her voice; I still seem to see the fine brows with the abundant auburn-brown hair framing them, the long head broadening at the back, the gray-blue eyes, constantly changing in expression, but always with a very loving, almost deprecating, look at my mother, the finely-formed, thin, transparent hands, and a whole *Wesen* that seemed in complete harmony with everything one expected from the author of *Romola.*

It will be perceived that in everything affecting George Eliot, Mr. Cross felt huge, cloudy symbols of a high romance. It was the beginning of a long and deep family attachment between them, expressed in many letters and visits in the next ten years.

At Lewes' and George Eliot's new establishment, the

Priory, Cross knew her not only as a celebrity but as a genius, an intimate friend. On the other hand most of the people—indeed all but himself, one may say, who have left us records of her—who saw her at the Priory, knew her as a famed and important personage, and in the last years of her life; and it is to these visitors that we owe the impression of her, the passing aspect I have mentioned, which has become characteristic of her for so many readers.

The guests attended her famed Sunday afternoons in the Priory; and listened to Lewes, always fascinating and versatile, as a raconteur, and talked with her in her lace head-dress and dark silk gown, a tall, graceful lady, with a deep, quiet voice. In hers and Lewes finely collected library of many thousand of exceedingly valuable books, she used to sit in a long armchair near the fireplace with the proof-engraving of Du Maurier's "Tito Melema" hanging over the mantelpiece. The Priory, a rather large house in Regent's park, surrounded by an acre and a half of wooded grounds, seems to have been an unpretentious and distinguished establishment; and the visitors who talked here with the cleverest man and the most famous woman writer of the mid-nineteenth century in England were so charmed by their sincerity, their wonderful mental range, and their native elimination of trivialities that this impression has obliterated almost all other conceptions of George Eliot's presence and spiritual endowment.

Yet the finest faculty of that endowment is, in my view, not her wide mental range, valuable as that gift is in her equipment as a writer, but in her power of intimate perception. "Her talk I think was always most enjoyable *a deux*," says Mr. Cross. Nearly seven years after their meeting in Rome, she writes to him, after a few weeks' absence of his from England:

> What a comfort that you are at home again and well. The sense of your nearness has been so long missing to us, that we had begun to take up life as inevitably a little less cheerful than we remembered it to have been formerly.

When Lewes died, a decade after the beginning of their family friendship with Cross, the young man was one of the first persons she was willing to see after the long break-down of hers that resulted from her grief and shock. He was acquainted with grief, with the thought of death and despair.

As she said of someone else, " His soul had known sorrow and love." Surrounding her hours with sympathy, with gentleness and protection he became, before two years had passed, indispensable to her.

They married in May. She died only eight months after their union; and he has left us in his biography of her, one of the most remarkable, most subtly expressive and deep-hearted books the world possesses. We have many works in many forms describing to us the emotional life of women. No other narrative I know records so completely and sympathetically as Cross' biography of George Eliot, the mental life of any of her sex.

It is a book one is glad to read with her novels, as a revelation of the spirit that expressed in many of their stories and scenes, in the characters of many men and women, a sense of mortal passion, of work, of money, of love, of sorrow and struggle and staunchness never expressed before, never to be expressed again in quite the same way.

" It was often in her mind and on her lips," Mr. Cross says of her, " that the only worthy end of all learning, of all science, of all life, in fact, is, that human beings should love one another better."

This inner music sounds from all her novels. Especially its movement carries the reader along in her masterpiece, *The Mill on the Floss,* one of the great creations, the great prides of our race, with an irresistible truth and beauty. Far, piercing bells of a thousand memories call in the distance of its wide-ranging pages. The flood of all one's mysterious days flows with it towards the unknown sea; and when Tom, turning to Maggie in the last moment before they drown together knows suddenly after his long blindness, the pain, the warm devotion of her lifetime, something in one rises and prays never again to fail in the human perception and affection which is our best mortal hope of happiness, and without which we are worthless.

Something in one prays and is comforted as the waters close over the brother and sister together carrying them away to eternity; and the peace that passes understanding breathes over one, as one thinks of them and of the heart born a hundred years ago that created them to live on so deeply in our hearts today.

EDITH FRANKLIN WYATT.

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH

The Chastity of Mr. Littell[1]

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

IF one were seeking to while away these long autumn evenings, when everyone is on strike except the few remaining Kings and Queens, and there is nothing to do but emulate Mr. Salteena and "canter after the royal barouche"—in these barren evenings, we say, it is good sport to concoct Imaginary Purgatories for Celebrated Authors. A slightly sadistic amusement, no doubt, but far more entertaining than laundering one's own collars.

What special Purgatory, for example, would bring most discomfort to Mrs. Wharton? To find herself the object of an inexorable affability in a social milieu worthy of her presence? For what was the rule devised by Mrs. Van Rensselaer Cruger in that distant past when she stooped to Letters, and was to be observed expounding through the lowly vehicle of fiction her conceptions of life and conduct? (It will be recalled that when Jane Austen was told that Mme. de Stael wished to meet the author of *Pride and Prejudice,* the ineffable Jane replied that she "wanted to be met not as an author, but as a lady.") Mrs. Cruger's advice to those desirous of achieving perfect social orientation was, as we recall it, as follows: "To your inferiors, be affable; to your equals, be indifferent; to your superiors, be haughty." Now, try to imagine Mrs. Wharton in a social environment reeking with affability—a sinister, deliberate, unescapable affability. Is not that as ideal a Purgatory as one could contrive for speeding up the most despondent of autumn evenings? And William Butler Yeats—what would be his perfect Purgatory? That is easy: To have his verse set to music by Mr. Reginald De Koven and sung by Mr. John McCormack, on the same

[1] *Books and Things,* by Philip Littell. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Howe, 1919.

programme with *I Plucked a Rose for You, Dear.* And Mrs. Meynell?—To discover that *The Rhythm of Life* had been pirated and serialized by *The Ladies' Home Journal?* And Mr. Thomas Hardy?—To find himself, as President of the Cheero Club, speaking kindly of God? And Mr. George Moore?—To be placed upon the Select Reading List of the Epworth League? And Miss Amy Lowell?—To be praised by Dr. Henry Van Dyke? . . . This is an unworthy occupation, to be sure; but these are direful days, and the soul needs unparalleled relaxations. So, to any one desiring to cultivate this delectable indoor sport and falling short of candidates, may we not propose an almost perfect subject?—Mr. Philip Littell, whom we do not mean to offend when we call him the most appealing of American critics.

Unfortunately, however, Mr. Littell is sensitive to torture upon so many sides that only a critic as exquisitely malicious as himself could invent imaginary Purgatories for his reception without finding the sport a little shadowed by contrition. Mr. Littell's vulnerability consists in this: He loves beauty as passionately as Congress loves water; but, unlike Congress, he spends most of his time trying to conceal the fact. He is naturally eloquent. If he had been caught young and kept away from the Best Models, he would probably today be confessing his passion for loveliness with the abandon of Swinburne writing about Victor Hugo. But Mr. Littell has been spoiled by reading too much good English prose. It has made him as jumpy and self-conscious as Mr. Chesterton confronted by the looming menace of a platitude. To some one who asked a relative of Mr. Yeats what that poetic philosopher was now busied with, the relative replied: "Oh, Willy is working hard: he is very busy trying to keep color out of his prose." That is also, apparently, Mr. Littell's prime concern. You can no more imagine him using a purplish adjective than you can imagine Miss Jane Addams using rouge. As a stylist, he exhibits an anxious chastity. Mr. Littell's perfect Purgatory, we are convinced, would be to find himself in an *Anthology of Prose-Poems,* and to know that the *Anthology* was being eternally reprinted and eternally sold out.

Probably Mr. Littell suffered in his youth some severe

literary shock. Perhaps he was read to sleep every night by the sonorous music of those incredible sentences of Oscar Wilde on the death of his mother: "Never in the most perfect days of my development as an artist could I have had words fit to bear so august a burden, or to move with sufficient stateliness of music through the purple pageant of my incommunicable woe." One can imagine Mr. Littell, as his nurse read him those plangent syllables, biting his pillow and praying that he might never, never, never, be tempted to write prose like Oscar Wilde's.

Well, so far as we know, his prayer has been granted. Mr. Littell reminds us of an observation quoted to us by Miss Rebecca West. Rebecca West, in her superb study of Henry James, remarked (quite innocently and incidentally) that Mr. James, in his early and bearded days as a newcomer in London, must have looked "like an Elizabethan seaman." A relative of Mr. James', reading this comment, protested indignantly. "Nonsense!" said she: "Henry James always looked like a gentleman." It sounds like a vicious and an unpardonable thing to assert, and we beg that we shall not be misunderstood when we say that Mr. Littell in his prose always looks like a gentleman. His literary breeding is almost oppressive. One imagines the shade of Walter Pater preparing an apology to him for the description of the Mona Lisa.

Every life, said John Addington Symonds, has its drawbacks: "The life of the saint . . . the pangs of mortified flesh. The life of the sensualist, its battles of lust and intervals of drowsy *crapula*. The life of the dreamer, its beauty of an evanescent dream, its unsatisfied, hungry, wolfish appetite." Mr. Littell is burdened with a sense of comedy so urgent that it is as inconvenient as a nail cut below the quick. It will not let him enjoy the normal recreations of freer souls—he has probably never known the experience of losing his self-control as a writer and reporting with gusto some deep delight, some gorgeous and implacable animosity. One cannot fancy him writing passionately in praise or blame—his sense of humor would not sanction that degree of seriousness. Life seems to him a thing not worth losing one's poise over. An impregnable detachment is figured to us as the only position tolerable to an intelligent man. He would smile at Baudelaire's con-

viction that "to be just, and to have any reason for existence, criticism should be partial, passionate . . . that is to say, made from a standpoint of exclusive vision." Mr. Littell is a satirist—one of the most delectable in contemporary English criticism. But he is also an emotionalist; and his emotionalism is what the worthy Dr. Freud calls "over-corrected." This has given rise in his literary behavior to various neuroses. It has made him self-conscious. He is too deliberately at ease; he is too inflexibly unmoved; one cannot imagine him knowing the wild and guilty joy of writing like a damned fool. He is as disconcerting an apparition as the little girl at the party who is superior to ice-cream.

It is a pity. One wishes for an American critic as incomparably malicious as Mr. Littell, as free from *cliches,* as unfaltering in tact and taste, as irresistible in mockery, as delicately and justly sensitive, without his too generous endowment of phobias. To be able to say that George Moore "has labored with zest to restrict the area of the unmentionable"; to be able to say of Max Beerbohm's prose that it exhibits "an almost masculine intuition into the essential virtue of words"; that "many a mannered sentence would have died of preciousness if he had not kept it alive by his mockery of its beauty"; and of John Jay Chapman's Tribute to his son Victor that in it "he and his mother come to life again, and will live with a tragic intensity forever, in this Memoir, where Mr. Chapman speaks of them with a passion of candor that is lonelier than any reticence" —to be able to perceive and report like that is to cause one to look upon American criticism with a lighter heart. Mr. Littell has made stupidity seem grosser, and beauty and intelligence matters not wholly unattainable.

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

MARY OLIVIER: A LIFE. By May Sinclair. New York: the Macmillan Company.

Like most of Miss Sinclair's novels, this story embodies one shining truth—the truth, namely, that the soul cannot be ultimately satisfied with anything save *reality*. The question whether or not it is possible for us, even in a very imperfect way, to take hold upon reality is of course doubtful. Practically we feel that we approach it in varying degrees, and that every approach, whether it be made by way of what we call goodness, or truth, or beauty, or through analysis or intuition or any other method, is a step in the right direction. Only timid people hang back; and a fool's paradise is a paradise for fools only.

To this truth "Mary Olivier," in Miss Sinclair's story, was absolutely faithful. She could not put it away from her even though she knew that her avowed belief in the doctrines of the Church was a piece of brutality toward her mother. When her favorite brother asked her how she would feel if it turned out that there is no God, she admitted that she would feel "sort of sold." But "I'd rather know *that* than go on thinking there was one when there isn't. . . . It's the risk—the risk that makes it so exciting. . . ." This high courage in the quest for reality sets her apart from the other persons in the story, and perhaps from most of those who inhabit the real world. It makes her vital and significant.

As for the others in the story, nearly all of them suffer from some form or other of repressed or undeveloped self-hood. Mary's father could never escape from his sensuality, his selfishness, his jealousy of his own children. One felt that there was something fine in him, something to be loved and admired, but one could never find it. One couldn't help adoring Mary's mother, but her true self, the thing that one adored, was undiscoverable: it was all overlaid with maternal cares and maternal jealousies, befogged with conventional views, unclear thinking. Then there was poor Aunt Charlotte, whose desires were always repressed, and who developed at last a form of insanity which made her want to marry every man that she met. Perhaps even Aunt Charlotte was happier than Aunt Lavvy, who was brow-beaten for years because she wanted to join the Unitarian Church. In the end she did join it, but not without unhappiness. The boys, too, Mary's brothers, were all unhappy, all came to more or less tragic ends, because they could never get what they quite intelligibly wanted.

Out of misery and fear and doubt—the misery of morbid self-repression, of diseased or mutilated personality, and the fear of it; the harassing doubt concerning reality—Mary at length found for herself a way of escape, exciting enough in all conscience. She found that it was

possible to experience reality directly, to be rid at once of the limitations of personality. Here is Miss Sinclair's account of the matter:

"If you were part of God, your will was God's will at the moment when you really willed. There was always a point when you knew it: the flash point of freedom. You couldn't mistake your flash when it came. You couldn't doubt away that certainty of freedom any more than you could doubt away the certainty of necessity and determination. From the outside they were part of the show of existence, the illusion of separation from God. From the inside they were God's will, the way things were willed. Free will was the reality underneath the illusion of necessity. The flash point of freedom was your consciousness of God.

"Then praying would be willing. There would be no such thing as passive prayer. There could be no surrender. . . . And yet there was. Not the surrender of your will, but of all the things that entangle and confuse it; that stand between it and you, between God and you. When you lay still with your eyes shut and made the darkness come on, wave after wave, blotting out your body and the world, blotting out everything but yourself and your will, that was a dying to live; a real dying, a real life."

Perhaps no mystic has given a clearer, a more intelligible statement of his doctrine, or a more convincing report of his experiences than does Miss Sinclair's heroine. And why may not it all be true?

Suspended judgment is perhaps the right attitude; but without finding fault with Miss Sinclair's philosophy, one may perhaps legitimately criticize her novel as an exposition of the idea which is its special reason for being.

The whole story is really a marvellously truthful and well-compacted narrative of Mary's inmost states of mind. When Mary wanted to know the reality of a thing she thought how it affected her. The way you felt about a thing was as near the reality as you could get. What other people thought about things, the ways in which they agreed to view them, the relations they established between them—these had little to do with reality. Marriage, for example, was really the sort of thing it would prove to be when you were married. Marriage as an institution had, it would seem, no high degree of reality. And so it appears not to have occurred to Mary that her liaison with the man she loved conflicted with any reality whatsoever.

One would simply note that the mystical idea is weakened rather than strengthened by resting wholly upon the experience of so subjective-minded a person That the private, inner world of each one of us is more real than the world of everyday conceptions outside can hardly be maintained even by an idealist. Yet throughout the story one has the uncomfortable suspicion that one will be asked to believe in Mary's discovery largely just because she sought it through this inner world—as if the inner world necessarily lay nearer to ultimate reality.

Closely connected with this subjectivity are the defects of the story simply as fiction.

To begin with, the constant playing up of personal impressions and reactions as having superior reality tends to become monotonous and nerve-wearying. One wonders, at length, whether these states of mind

are not the least real, the least significant things, in the world. Philosophical abstractions seem, by comparison with them, practical and solid.

Furthermore, the view of life which the story gives is one-sided and unrelieved. Though the "buried life" of many commonplace persons would no doubt, if revealed, turn out to be rather dreadful it cannot be doubted that great numbers of persons not at all mystical find fairly full release from the tyranny of self. They are not like "Dan" and "Roddy" and "Aunt Charlotte" and "Aunt Lavvy" and "Uncle Victor," unable to give up what they want without doing themselves a serious injury. You find people, from garage men to doctors of philosophy, doing what they don't like to do or doing without what they want, and yet somehow managing to be happy and sane. They take the outside world for real, and they find enough of supersensuous reality in it to make them heroes now and then. This is the common way. It is at least as fully confirmed by experience as the mystical way. A story which leaves it out seems to curtail truth for the sake of atmosphere or for the sake of a thesis.

Miss Sinclair's story is a piece of poignant intimate biography possessing a consistency, a coherence, such as is seldom compatible with subjective subtlety and with intensity of feeling. In it, ideas stand out, startling in their completeness, with that intellectual lucidity and that emotional verity which almost no one but Miss Sinclair can give them in the same degree. The progress of the narrative is wonderfully natural—is no way obviously determined either by the exigencies of plot or by arbitrary turns of mood or temperament. And the style, like that of a poet, while depicting the true nature of things with superior clearness, throws upon them the glamour—the revealing glamour—of art. But the author's very concentration upon one view of life and one type of character detracts from the plausibility of her central idea and robs the story of that broadly human quality without which a novel can hardly content us.

THE NEW MAP OF ASIA. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: the Century Company.

In part, Dr. Gibbons's book is an exposé of the methods and workings of European imperialism in Asia during the fifteen years preceding the war; in part, it is a demonstration of the breaking down of idealism at the Peace Conference. To those who love the comfortable doctrine that foreign rule is good for backward peoples, or pin their faith to the new internationalism, the treatise cannot but be disconcerting; for its thorough canvassing of facts, of a sort that are little known and less talked about, leaves small room for illusion. Dr. Gibbons's knowledge of things Asiatic is evidently not wholly derived from books, and in particular his intimate association, during the whole period of the Peace Conference, with the leaders and representatives of Asiatic nations who were then in Paris, put him in possession of information and of points of view without which the real nature of those Asiatic problems in which this country is now concerned cannot be understood.

In general the author seems to hold that imperialism is a purely selfish and unjustifiable policy; and since it is so, the inference is that it should be abolished everywhere. Before accepting this inference, one naturally wants to know what would actually happen if British rule were

withdrawn, for example, from Egypt or from India. To the argument of their rulers: "You are not ready for self-government," the subject race replies: "A race that does not have a chance to guide its own destinies, no matter how well off it may be in subjection, can never advance morally and become highly civilized and self-respecting." This is logical, but not entirely conclusive. Nor can one quite settle the whole question by asking, with Dr. Gibbons, "Can a man believe in 'the white man's burden'—with all that this phrase implies—and at the same time condemn what we fought Germany to destroy?" The question is embarrassing; the rulers of the Entente nations are perhaps not at present very eager to answer it; but the analogy is not perfect.

That there has always been a good deal of bunkum in the arguments by which imperialism has been justified is fairly obvious. That imperialism is in some instances justified by expediency and by real benefit to the subject people is possible. What strikes one is not so much that the subject races have all the best of the argument in the interesting clash of opinion that Dr. Gibbons has embodied in the last chapter of his book, as that European encroachments in Asia have been far more persistent, systematic, and greedy than the average person, fairly well informed about foreign affairs, has been permitted to realize. Dr. Gibbons's facts speak louder than any polemic. To know just what the doctrine of "European eminent domain" means in practice, one needs to read in detail the story of the exploitation of China and of the disgraceful attempt to partition Persia. These matters are already fairly well understood in a general way, though the story as told by Dr. Gibbons reveals motives and effects in a far clearer light than do most accounts. But the operation of this policy in less known parts of Asia is impressive as corroborative evidence. The progress of British control in Borneo furnishes an illustration; so does the paring down of Siam. The statement, too, that Great Britain draws a huge revenue from India *in addition* to what the latter country pays for the good government that British rule presumably affords, is also a severe blow to the "white man's burden" theory.

Is there likely to be any real abandonment by the great European Powers of the policy of asserting eminent domain in Asia? Persia was not invited to take part in the Peace Conference, but nevertheless sent a delegation to Paris to present her case. She had been left out because, though she had at length offered to join the Entente Alliance, her proposal had been ignored, the reason being, suggests Dr. Gibbons, that "Russia and Great Britain did not want to have the Persians bring up the notorious agreement of 1907 at the peace table!" The Persian delegates, however, submitted to the Conference a memorandum embodying ten claims that are "the *sine qua non* of a nation's existence." To this memorandum the Persian Government received no answer. Again, in the disposition of the Shantung question the Entente Powers wholly ignored the rights of China; they decided for a policy that has provoked wars in the past and is likely to cause more in the future. "The Powers," says Dr. Gibbons with little, if any, exaggeration, "showed their inability to rise to the high level of international morality essential to the creation of a society of nations." In the Near East the prospect for an idealistic solution of long-standing difficulties is hardly better. Problems of the Ottoman Empire

brought up at the Paris Conference were viewed in the old familiar light of national interests. "Promises to liberate Arabs, Syrians, Armenians, and Greeks, were war manœuvres and not intended seriously. Not President Wilson's 'fourteen points' and subsequent discourses, as had been promised at the time of the armistice, but the Anglo-Franco-Russo-Italian treaty of April 26, 1915; the Anglo-French Sykes-Picot agreement of 1916; the Anglo-French promises to Italy at Saint Jean-de-Maurienne in 1916; the Anglo-Hedjaz treaty of 1917; and the Franco-Russian convention of February, 1917, were the bases of the Ottoman settlement in the minds of the Entente delegates and members of commissions." Diplomacy, in short, appears to be the same old game!

Besides formulating the challenge to European eminent domain that is coming from many different quarters to-day with increasing force—formulating it and putting the facts behind it,—and besides showing the persistence of that policy at the Conference, Dr. Gibbons discusses with what appears to be full knowledge certain related subjects that are of especial importance just now. The chapter on Zionism points out in a practically conclusive manner the absurdity and injustice of the plan to set up a Jewish state in the already populated territory of Palestine. Of great interest, too, is the author's opinion that "if America accepted a mandate for only one of the liberated races, our conception of administering the mandate would inevitably and immediately bring us into conflict with the other mandatories"; while the only way to prevent Entente Powers from quarreling with one another over Near Eastern questions is for the United States to take over the future of all the Ottoman races.

But most of all, three ideas are impressed upon the reader of Dr. Gibbon's book. First, imperialism can no longer be dressed up as altruism. Secondly, selfish national aims are still the determining factors in European policies: altruism, at best, plays second fiddle. Thirdly—and this is a point on which the author's intimate knowledge of the East enables him to speak with authority—adherence to the doctrine of European eminent domain in Asia will inevitably lead to wars; not only because the European nations will have difficulty, as in the past, in adjusting their mutual differences, but because the Asiatic peoples, who have a far greater reserve power of knowledge and energy than is generally supposed, are today, more than ever before, determined to maintain their rights.

WITHOUT THE WALLS. By Katrina Trask. New York: the Macmillan Company.

There is nothing at all remarkable about the fable of Mrs. Trask's new play, which relates very simply the love story of a Jewish maiden and a Roman soldier at the time of the Crucifixion. Alceda, a Hebrew girl, all tenderness and purity and Hebrew intensity of emotion; Jahdiel, her father, a Pharisee peculiarly hypocritical and intolerant; Tiberius, a Roman of good family, chivalrous, high-minded, and determined; a faithful, garrulous old nurse, a sprightly, impudent serving boy;—these and some others give occasion for sympathy and for a clash of wills. Alceda's mother has been stoned to death in accordance with the stern Jewish law, and her daughter is accordingly deemed to be in disgrace. Fearing that no respectable Hebrew will marry her, Jahdiel provisionally promises

Alceda to the young Roman whom she loves; but when her beauty tempts the sensual Josephus, Jahdiel changes his mind and treats the girl cruelly in an effort to force her into a union which she loathes. The dawning of a new order, while it gives the lovers a vision of spiritual freedom, rids them also of persecution; and the dagger wherewith Jahdiel would have murdered his daughter drops from his hand when he hears that the veil of the Temple is rent in twain.

The play has one distinctive quality—its eloquent expression of the sentiment of goodness. Goodness in its simple forms—purity, honesty, good will—is beautiful, like light and air. Thus the better characters of the play have something of supernal charm and natural dignity about them —like the good people in *Comus*—though unfortunately they talk more often in a manner rather conventionally dramatic than poetic. The sentiment of goodness ought to be a strong feeling. Doubtless it is so with people who never express it. It is difficult to depict because it has not, like passion, rosy colors. Without preaching in the least, Mrs. Trask makes evident the real attractiveness of simple virtue—which, no more than "divine philosophy" is "harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose." Similarly, without dwelling upon scriptural events or lessons Mrs. Trask has filled her play with the atmosphere—as she conceives it—of Christianity. Christ's doctrine is rumored and the play is filled with a sense of the sweetness of it.

For the rest the play is far from compelling; it is only in a superficial way dramatic. Here is no insight into the real thoughts, the real feelings of men and women. The virtuous characters are a little too childlike to be taken very seriously; when their child's game is over, one feels that all, of course, will be well with them. And the evil characters are still less convincing. Jahdiel speaks lines that are cruel enough; but he has not the peculiar characteristics—the stigmata—of a ruthless bigot. Josephus, too, plays a part: one sees him leer, but one is not persuaded that the grimace betokens real sin. It would not be surprising if both these men suddenly turned good; it would be, in either case, but the dropping of a mask.

Perhaps the passage of the play which approaches nearest to literature is that in which various persons—Tiberius, Nicodemus (a ruler in Israel), Antiocles (a Greek philosopher), Marius, a Roman courtier—hear reports of the Crucifixion and speculate about the personality of Jesus. In this there is a feeling of awe and of serenity, and the human reactions are convincing.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

COLOMBIA, MAJOR LEMLY, AND MR. THAYER

SIR,—Mr. Thayer's reply to my letter *in re* "Colombia and 'Blackmail,'" published in your October number, does not answer a single one of my dozen questions. It does worse. It attributes words to me that I never wrote. At least I expected fair treatment from this distinguished author.

I distinctly stated that the adherents of Dr. Caro did not wish President Marroquin to receive the ten million dollars because they feared he might thereby perpetuate himself in power, but themselves desired to have the spending of this large sum—a perfectly legitimate proposition upon the part of a political party and the prospective president provided the expenditure were made wisely and honestly, that is, for the good of the country. Nothing was said or intimated concerning how they "could divide the ten million dollars spoils." Nor is it true that "according to his [my] own statement, the ringsters at Bogota regarded the Treaty as a means to their private spoils." This is a unique and incredible gratuity upon the part of Mr. Thayer. Dr. Miguel Antonio Caro was President of Colombia during six years, but lived and died a poor man. In dignity and education he was the peer of any of the distinguished Americans mentioned by Mr. Thayer. No comparison was suggested between our agents at the Geneva Arbitration and the so-called "ringsters at Bogota"—*the Colombian Senate*—because their functions were entirely dissimilar. It is only Mr. Thayer who compares three commissioners with a legislative body—treaty-*makers* with treaty-*ratifiers!*

Obviously it is impossible to discuss the matter further with an American historian who does not hesitate to misquote you.

How could the Colombians "foreclose in 1904" a concession "which was to run until 1910?" Apparently Mr. Thayer is not aware that the Canal Concession lapsed several times, but was extended. It might properly have been cancelled. There was no question then of twenty-five millions, and wherein "the value of the work the French had already done in digging the Canal" was an asset or "plus" to the Colombians, *once the concession were transferred,* is something that only Mr. Thayer has fathomed.

Mr. Thayer frankly exclaims: "Why should not the United States have helped the Panamanians in their struggle?" Well, because, in return for certain concessions, *the United States had solemnly guaranteed the sovereignty of Colombia upon the Isthmus.* But, if we violated the Treaty of 1846 for any cause, we could not morally or legally deprive Colombia of the one million dollars she was to receive during every four years of the ninety-nine of the Panama Railroad concession nor of her reversionary rights in both railway and canal.

My letter said nothing about the *dates* of "the despatches to and from Mr. Baupre." As to their *contents,* here are three extracts copied *verbatim:*

* * * "everything relative to this matter is included in the convention recently signed between Colombia and the United States, and furthermore, any modification would be violative of the 'Spooner Act' and therefore inadmissible."

"If Colombia should reject the treaty or unduly delay its ratification, the friendly feeling between the two countries would be so seriously compromised that action might be taken by the Congress next winter which every friend of Colombia would regret."

"If Colombia desires to maintain the friendly relations which at present exist between the two countries, * * * the present treaty will have to be ratified exactly in its present form, without amendment whatsoever."

Since this correspondence began, although subsequently withdrawn for ulterior reasons, the Colombian Treaty has been favorably and unanimously reported to the Senate by its Committee on Foreign Relations, consisting of Senators Lodge, McCumber, Borah, Brandegee, Fall, Moses, Knox, Harding, Johnson, New, Hitchcock, Williams, Swanson, Pomerene, Smith, Pittman and Shields.

Are these gentlemen the victims of Mr. Thayer's "industrious and persistent lobby"?

Does this look like *blackmail?*

Washington, D. C. HENRY ROWAN LEMLY,
(Major, U. S. Army.)

BLACKS AND WHITES

SIR,—Your editorial in the October number of the REVIEW should be printed on a broadside, and scattered over the country as a tract.

The exquisite humor of seeing an American President standing in Europe as the champion of oppressed races, when there are in this country two races as flagrantly abused as any in Europe, should have appealed to every one. The Indians have been as successfully exterminated in this country as even the Armenians were by the Turk. We may not have had recourse to the awful atrocities employed by Turkey, but the Indians were hunted, starved, shot on sight, and rounded up into an ever-dwindling corral, while every treaty made with them was shamelessly broken. This very year of our Lord, 1919, the Seminoles of Florida are being robbed of their land by White landsharks in exactly the same way the Germans acquired land in German Poland.

As to the Negroes, I am perhaps in a peculiarly favorable position for an opinion, as I was born in the South, of a slave-holding ancestry, but have spent some forty years of my life in the North (keeping in touch, however, with my Southern friends and relations), and have lived for the past eight years in Virginia.

When I first went North I had the idea that race antipathy was confined to the South, but the longer I lived North the more I realized that it was quite as strong there, but somewhat more controlled. I had opportunities for observation in various ranks of society, and could not find in any the least evidence of rising superior to the color of a man's skin, no matter what his mental or social qualifications. It may be remembered

that the hotels in Boston found themselves compelled to decline Dr. Booker Washington as a guest on account of the prejudices of their other patrons. And I saw a very nice, quiet young Mulatto man, graduate of Vanderbilt University, driven from the table in a public mess-hall in a Massachusetts college, where, as a matter of fact, I was the only Southern woman among all the representatives from other States of the Union, and the only one who did not object to his presence. So it is, as you say, not merely a Southern prejudice, but nation-wide.

And this hostile discrimination is bearing its natural fruit of bitterness and hate, because the Blacks *hate* the Whites, Southern gush to the contrary notwithstanding. I cannot speak for all the South, but I *can* speak for this part of the South and for Maryland, where I have studied the matter. The Negroes no longer sing, and are increasingly sullen and bitter. Just why Germany failed to make better progress with her propaganda among the Blacks of the South I cannot say surely. It may be that it was owing to the fact that the Negroes lack the faculty of organization, and did not "stay put" after the Germans thought they had them "fixed." If the German propaganda among them had been more successful, they would have been a far more formidable menace than the German-Americans, because they have a definite grievance to avenge.

In this part of the South they are not merely disfranchised, they have no legal rights. If a colored man has a calf to sell, the butcher gives him two or three cents a pound less than he would offer to a white man selling the same calf. If he goes to buy, he pays a cent or two a pound more, and he can never carry his grievance to a court composed of white men, because he knows he would get no redress.

Doesn't this all sound curiously as if we were reading about the unfair treatment of the oppressed small nations of Europe?

Mr. Wilson is not a Southerner [*sic*] but he has lived most of his life in the South, and so ought to know the facts, and sometimes when he was pleading so eloquently for the Poles, and the Armenians, the Jugo-Slavs, his mind may have flashed to our ill-treated Negroes, and the humor of his position must have appealed to him. Or perhaps he blushed, as I, knowing the facts, did when I read his words.

Greenwood, Va. ISABEL MCKEE HIDDEN.

[We have always supposed that Mr. Wilson was born in Virginia. Does not that make a man "a Southerner"?—EDITOR.]

AN AUSTRALIAN VIEW

SIR,—I have read with keen interest the articles which have appeared in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW criticising President Wilson's acts and pronouncements. I take a very serious view of the enormous extent of the evil which he has been allowed to work in the world.

I, however, cannot understand why he has not been extinguished in one universal roar of laughter. He so habitually steps over the line which separates pathos from bathos that his utterances put on the character of burlesque in a high degree. I will give an example: An extract from Wilson's Boston address of February, 1919, was cabled to the *Melbourne Herald* thus:

"America is the hope of the world.

"If America fails, what will become of the world? The confidence we have established throughout the world imposes a burden on us. Any man opposing the tide will find himself on barren ground.

"We will make men free."

When the above appeared in print I asked a well-known Melbourne man who admired Wilson what he thought of his hero now. He replied:

"An enemy hath done this. Wait till you get the full report and then you will see that that is a farcical travesty of what President Wilson did actually say." When the full report came to hand, we found that the cabled report was literally correct.

Since then, Wilson has gone a step farther in burlesque. What could beat the following?—

"The United States was offered the moral leadership of the world and dare not reject it If it refused that great duty, the United States would break the world's heart."

In his address to the U. S. Army in France he speaks of his Fourteen Points as the Chart of Peace which will establish Peace upon the permanent foundation of Right and Justice. It had been the privilege of America to present that Chart of Peace, and now the process of settlement of the Peace terms *had been rendered comparatively simple* by the fact that all the nations concerned have accepted that Chart.

If the Senate of the United States and other bodies continue much longer to listen to Wilson's egotistical highfalutin without indulging in irrepressible laughter, I shall think that all sense of humor has departed from the Earth.

Melbourne, Australia. G. S. CALDWELL.

A REVEREND GENTLEMAN PROTESTS

SIR,—As a subscriber to the REVIEW for many years, and an ardent admirer of Colonel Harvey as a writer, I very reluctantly wish to emphasize my dissatisfaction with the tone and policy of the magazine as revealed through its editorials and articles of the past few months.

The Editor seems to have become soured with the grapes of his own sowing and vintage; month after month we are treated with coarse vituperations such as one might expect to find only in third or fourth class magazines. By no such process can the world and civilization be improved.

What is more, he has gathered around him writers with apparently a grouch as large as his own; witness for example the articles by Mr. J. W. Jenks and Mr. David J. Hill in the September number. It would be a matter of great difficulty to find another whose disregard for stating facts is more pronounced than Mr. Jenks's article proclaims him to be. The Editor doubtless said, "Another on you, McGinty," when reading Mr. Hill's.

To those of us who have spent a lifetime in the Orient and paid China an occasional visit, Mr. Jenks's article is a good deal of a joke. What a pity he did not tell us something of the patriotism and Twentieth Century advances to be found there! Note the assassinations of the past

three or four years and you will find the people have no desire to advance and invariably try to kill those who would benefit them. Mr. Jenks seems to have given away his case in the concluding expression, telling us that he is not so interested in China's advance as "American interests." Exactly!

The great disgrace of our age and civilization, Sir, is not that we have stood aside and allowed Japan to dominate the situation in China, but that we have made no attempt to understand Japan's intentions or unite with her in improving China's condition.

Please, Mr. Editor, cut out some of the ravings to which we have been subjected of late and give us a more constructive policy through which we may glean some hope for the future.

Japan. (Rev.) Robt. W. Andrews.

REFLECTIONS OF A READER

Sir,—I have just read several articles in the Review for October, and want to bore you with a little summary of the thoughts that passed through my mind after reading them. We nominate and elect to public office as a rule men who are forcible speakers or writers, with little if any regard to their qualifications as business men. Most of them are lawyers and have no real business experience whatever, and so long as we do this we have only ourselves to blame for the results. In the article on Osa the writer appears to blame the Bolsheviks for unheard-of cruelties. Should he not properly blame the Government that raised such a race of vampires? As you sow, so shall you reap, says the Good Book; and the former Government and people of Russia are the real ones to blame for the conditions now existing. Russia will save the world from Bolshevism, but she will teach it that you must have some regard for your neighbors. She will save it because the experiment has proved such a horrible failure that the great bulk of the people are not likely to try it soon again, and the lesson taught the nations is that they cannot live for themselves alone.

My sympathy is with the colored people, for our ancestors brought them as slaves to America. We have only ourselves to blame. We paid for it by a civil war, and there are some who say Belgium was treated by Germany in like manner to the way she ravished homes in Africa. God cannot be mocked.

Manchester, Vt. Wm. H. Brown.

"UNIQUE FEATURES"

Sir,—I enclose my check for $6.00 for renewal to the Review and one year's subscription to the Weekly.

I fully intended to write a seven- or eight-page letter giving you my profound and world-interesting reasons why I rather liked the Review, but alas for human intentions! One Alleyne Ireland has "beat me to it."

I am a rather old man now, but I loved Theodore Roosevelt and I love his memory. I am not blind to what many thought his shortcomings, and I am no hero-worshiper (no normal mind is, at my age), but to me he was about the highest type of American citizen we had, and

whatever differences there were between Colonel Harvey and him (and there were many) you have certainly shown a spirit of justice and honor toward him that fills his old admirers with affection and delight.

The manner in which our friend Thayer stepped on Brothers Bowen and Lemly in the October REVIEW added several years to my life.

The marvelous paucity of "touch-holeism" in the REVIEW is another feature which is unique in modern journalism, and makes it still more indispensable.

Cadillac, Mich. H. S. KNEELAND.

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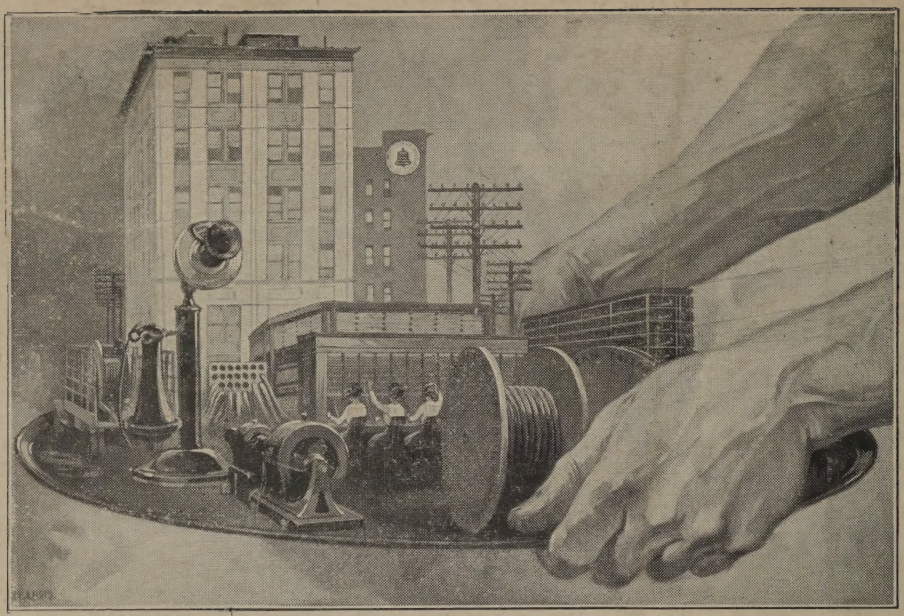

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